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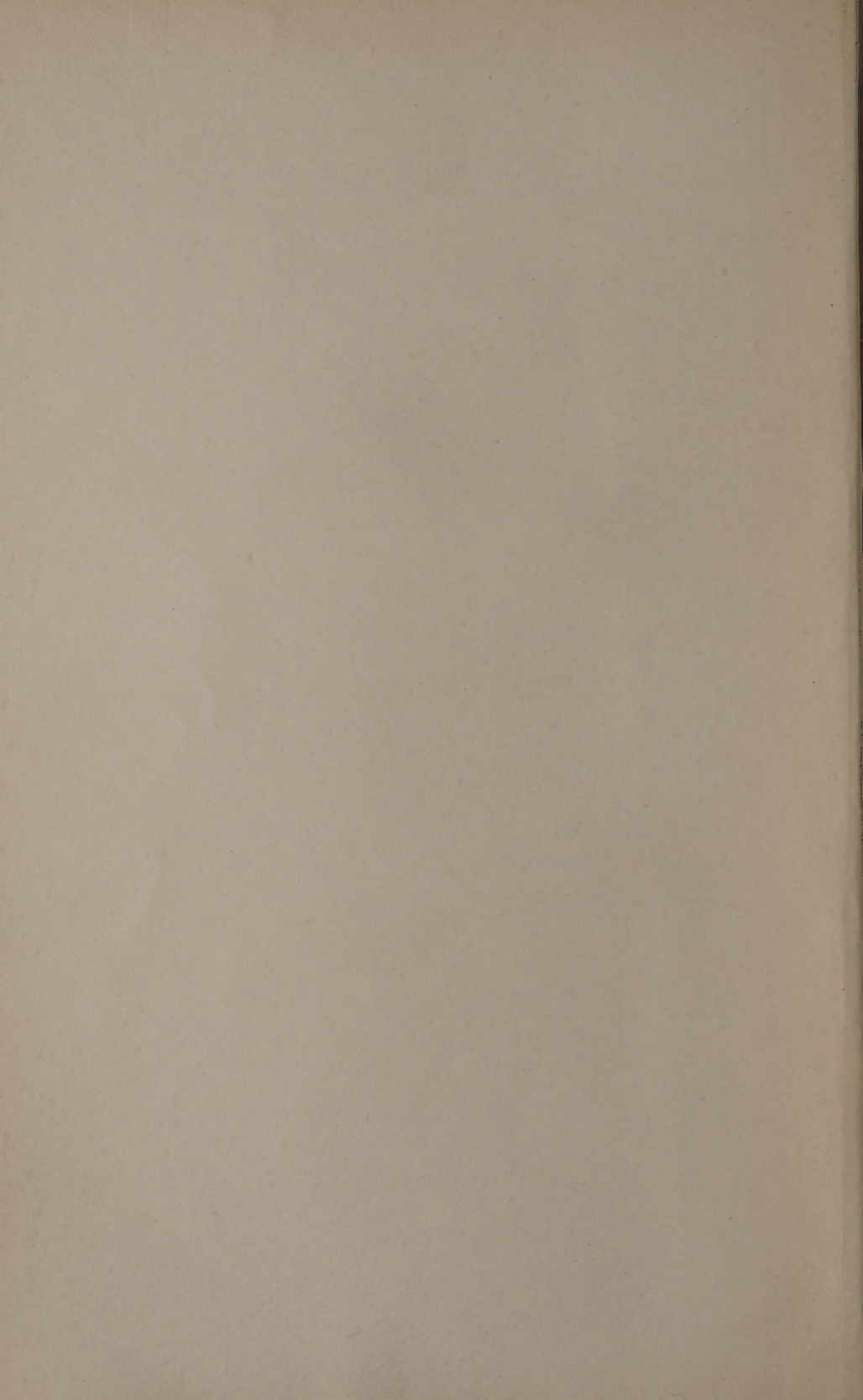
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Cora Phebe Mullin
Poet Laureate of Nebraska Federation of
Women's Clubs
Chairman of Editing Committee of
"Nebraska Founders and Patriots"

Founders and Patriots
of Nebraska



Miss Katherine M. Green
Organizing President
of Daughters of Founders and
Patriots of Nebraska

Founders and Patriots^c of Nebraska

Published by the Members
of the
Nebraska Chapter
of the
National Society of Daughters
of
Founders and Patriots
of
America



FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS
Of
NEBRASKA

Edited by

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The Nebraska Chapter
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July 1st, 1935

Miss Katherine M. Green
Organizing President 1920

Printed 1935
by
The Citizen Printing Co.
2308-10 "N" Street
Omaha, Nebr.
Printed in U. S. A.

1405500

Dedicated
to
the
Founders and Patriots
of
America

A CREED WITHOUT PREJUDICE

To be honest. To be kind. To earn a little. To spend a little less. To make upon the whole a family happier for his presence. To renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered. To keep a few friends but these without capitulation. Above all on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

ILLUSTRATIONS

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Chief of the Omahas—Courtesy G. P. Miller

Mrs. E. H. Clark

Joslyn Memorial
—Courtesy World-Herald

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Mrs. Donald B. Allan
President of Nebraska Society
of Daughters of Founders and
Patriots of America

Nebraska Chapter D. F. P. A.

The Nebraska Chapter D.F.P.A. was founded at Lincoln, Nebraska, Dec. 4th, 1920 at Hotel Lincoln, with the Organizing Chairman, Miss Katherine M. Green, presiding.

Forty-Five members responded to the roll call.

The object of this new organization in the State of Nebraska, is to commemorate the founding period between the settlement of Jamestown Virginia, May 13, 1607 and May 13, 1687, or the first 80 yrs. Also the Revolutionary Period of establishing American Independence between the years of 1775 and 1790 and to "Carry On" a reverent regard for the work of our Forefathers and to discover and preserve family records and history, otherwise unwritten and unknown of the first Colonists, their Ancestors and descendants. After a delightful luncheon and social time, the meeting closed, after which a short time was spent with old friends and new.

The 2nd Meeting of the D. F. P. A. met in Omaha, Nebr. 14th May, 1921, at Happy Hollow Country Club, for a luncheon. Miss Katharine M. Green presided and gave a very beautiful tribute to Mr. Robert Patrick, the original owner of Happy Hollow. Mrs. F. P. Larmon gave a most graphic account of the Ancestral Home of the Van Schaik's and her line back through Holland Ancestry. The meeting closed with music and song.

HISTORY

History is the passing of time and events. From History we find the trend of Civilization has ever been Westward—the goal of the Voyageur on the great Atlantic was some unknown land to the West. The first 80 yrs. of civilization in America, was founded by our Forefathers on the rock bound coast, and in the great river valleys of the eastern part of our Country.

Soon these Founders sought more land, and with the spirit of adventure gradually made a movement Westward, even into the wild forests of Ohio and Kentucky—and the rich Central States were thereby established. Then again, Westward Ho! was the Slogan, and the Oregon, California, and Mormon Trails led caravans of people over the wind swept plains, beyond the Rockies.

Nebraska, with her sunbaked treeless expanse, lay silently sleeping—till the onrush of home seekers came knocking at her doors to take up and develop her broad prairie lands.

After centuries of silence and inactivity, she awoke, responding to the call and will of man—and today we look over her fertile acres, with a pride which fills our hearts and souls—knowing she stands high in the Union of States, founded and fought for by our Patriotic Forefathers, such a few years ago.

“Time’s vast span by decades may be told.

In Time’s eyes a century or two, is less than a minute.
Let us realize that Life for us, is but a draught of youth.

Yesterday is only a dream, and tomorrow is only a
vision,

But today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of
happiness

Every tomorrow a vision of hope;

Look well therefore to this day, and let us run our way
In goodly cheer, as though we’d come to spend a week
end here.”

Bertha Devin Allen
Historian-1920-22

PRIMAL

Strange lives we little humans live
Hedged about by fear, grim, glowering goblins:
Our shrinking arms raise shelters on some stony ledge:
On stilted platforms or in trees:
On boats that stem the muddy tides:
Castles on crags, remote and cold above
Wattled huts and frozen cells of stone.
Only where thousands crouch and cringe together
In fear of debt and hunger do we build
Fair reasonable houses fit for homes.

The only mammal whose young must be guarded
Through helpless years against the enemies that snarl,
So great is man that in his fear he makes
Not only homes but towers, temples;
Not only paintings in smoky caves but Stuart canvases,
Not only log drums, dried gourds but singing violins.
Not only staccato grunts but flowing speech and poetry:
All this because he must protect his own.

Fierce, passionate, grasping,
Still the divine spark of love,
Has slowly won him from the beast.

Cora Phebe Mullin
Poet Laureate, Nebraska
Federation Women Clubs
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SOME CHIEF EVENTS OF NEBRASKA HISTORY

This summary of some of the principal events in Nebraska history was given as a luncheon address before the Daughters of the Founders and Patriots of America, October 25, 1930, at the Lincoln Hotel.

By Addison E. Sheldon

In the settlement of any unsettled region the most important subjects which must be considered by the settlers, stated in the order of their importance, are these:

1. Order and Social Control.
2. Land. The conditions and rules under which the use of land may be secured so as to promote production.
3. Medium and means of exchange. In primitive societies this is by barter. Money and credit become the later means.
4. Transportation. As production and social movement grow roads and other means of transport must be devised.
5. Education. As soon as sufficient surplus is secured progressive societies devise some means of educating the children so as to make them more efficient.

In Nebraska's settlement these items were all subjects of the early settlers. They brought their own system of social order from the states lying east of them. In dealing with land they proceeded on the theory that the first pioneers were entitled to a free homestead of 160 acres. Congress had been petitioned to pass such a law. It failed to do so and the first Nebraska pioneers organized claim clubs and passed an illegal act through the territorial legislature providing that each pioneer should be entitled to 320 acres of land and that they would protect each other in holding

such land, contrary to the laws of the United States. It was their theory that the pioneer would later sell 160 acres to a later comer and get enough money to pay the government for the 160 acres which he kept.

Nebraska pioneers undertook to supply money by establishing a set of territorial banks which would issue money for the purpose of doing business. The experiment was not founded on sound social principals and all these banks failed with loss to all the holders of their currency. Transportation was one of the first subjects considered, and the records of the early territorial legislature are filled with charters for roads and ferries to secure transportation between the settlements.

Education and the founding of free schools was one of the first subjects of the first territorial legislature.

Although three of the above items,—land, money and transportation were subjects of first importance in all the early settlements of America, the first time these subjects were put in the platform of a national political party was done on Nebraska soil, July 4, 1892 by the Peoples Party meeting in Omaha, Nebraska.

Trees. Nebraska's great gift to the world was the institution of Arbor Day and the promotion of tree planting. This included the tree claim act introduced by Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska which became a law in 1873. In world history Nebraska is outstanding as the leader in the idea of planting trees on treeless plains.

Weather records as a systematic means of knowing the possibilities of a region began in Nebraska in 1819 at Old Ft. Atkinson. It was continued at the establishment of Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie in 1849. Systematic weather records had begun in a small way in Europe and at one or two points in eastern United States, but its application to the problem of determining farming possibilities of a region found first full expression in Nebraska.

Dry Farming. Nebraska was the center of the dry farming movement beginning about 1890. Mr. Hardy W. Campbell made his home in Lincoln and became the chief promoter of the idea of soil cultivation in certain definite ways as a means of growing crops where the rainfall was

scant. Early experiments in this field had been made by the Mormons in Utah forty years before, but the founding of a literature and propaganda by Mr. Campbell and his associates is a Nebraska achievement and may be recorded as another of Nebraska's outstanding contributions to social progress.

The herd law enacted by Nebraska in 1870 became the means of making the open prairie, where there was no timber, and fencing could not be done by the settler, available for agriculture. This idea also was not original in Nebraska but found one of its widest applications in our state and marks a great event in the history of the West.

New crops. Winter wheat, and alfalfa were experimented with in Nebraska from the early seventies on. About 1890 their success had been demonstrated and their use revolutionized farming over our entire state. About 1900 sweet clover was added to the new crops available for plains agriculture and it has now become of equal rank and importance with alfalfa.

The husking glove. A Nebraskan, Mr. F. R. Lillie, invented the modern husking glove about 1903 and patented the same. The use of this glove has practically doubled the efficiency of corn husking and added millions of dollars to the total wealth of the corn growing region.

These are some of the high historical events in the history of Nebraska.

PIONEER WOMEN IN NEBRASKA

by

Mrs. Clarence Sumner Paine

The word pioneer has never failed to inspire in the American people a feeling of adventure and a conquering spirit. Originally, a pioneer was a foot soldier, detailed to remove obstructions. The word has come to mean those who go before, preparing the way for others to follow.

My first interest in Nebraska was the pioneer women whom it was my privilege to meet. My coming to the state was not in its pioneer days. I arrived in June of 1903, but for me it was a pioneer adventure, having been reared in a small, inland, city in Illinois where the word, Nebraska, still meant Indians and hazards of all kinds.

In 1903 and for some years later, many of the first settlers of the Nebraska Territory were still living and I spent many happy hours with these men and women and listened to their stories of hardships and pleasures in the early days of this wonderful state. I found that it was always the memories of pleasures and the satisfaction of accomplishment that outlived the memories of the hardships endured. However, many able writers have told the stories of these early settlers. In this article my concern lies in those women who were in Nebraska by permission of the government as teachers and missionaries to the Indians or as the wives and camp followers of the army posts.

Nebraska was made a territory in May of 1854 and was opened for settlement. Previous to that date no permanent residence could be established without the consent of the government. Thus the women who lived in the Nebraska country before 1854 deserve a special place in the history of the state. They endured untold hardships and lived under circumstances beyond our comprehension.

An army post, originally Camp Missouri, but later known as Fort Atkinson, was established in September of 1819 on a stark bluff two miles east of the present site of

Fort Calhoun. It was garrisoned by unusually large bodies of troops for the times, fluctuating from the first 1120 to 490 which was the number there at the time it was abandoned in 1827.

The main buildings consisted of the barracks, magazine, mess halls and probably one or two commissary stores. These were all joined together to form a rectangle. The Indian Council house, a necessity in these uncertain times, together with a large barn and stables were outside the stockade. A Journal of the Fort from which I have taken some of this material states "Toward the river was the ice house, the blacksmith shop and ranged about the Fort were the quarters for the laundresses." By this statement it is established that there were women at Fort Atkinson. No doubt, many of the officers were accompanied by their wives because, we read of whist parties, dances and other social affairs at the Fort and Lisa's Post.

In 1821 an order was issued, by the officer in charge, forbidding camp women to sell their portion of whiskey under penalty of punishment. The ration included but a single gill of this liquor and no doubt most of the women were glad to give or sell their portion to the men in camp. The laundresses are frequently mentioned in the Journals. In October of 1821 an order was issued providing that rations shall not be issued to camp women unless they wash for the number of men required. Later it is noted that the price of laundry paid to "washer women shall be fifty cents per dozen." Many of the notations which follow, I have included to show to my reader what difficulties the women had to endure outside of the inconveniences normal to the times. Although some of these items are not pleasant to read, still I cannot but feel that they are a part of the picture. The women included in these records are not the wives of the superior officers—their lives, while most picturesque and interesting to us, were not deemed so by the recorder. He kept a journal of orders and offenses and we can find nothing of the other phase of their lives which we know must have existed.

In 1822 "Mary," a washer woman, was beaten by Corporal Latham for which he was tried and punished by court martial. In 1823 it is stated that Mary Vaizen and Catherine Stackpole were beaten by their husbands who were punished by court martial.

It is unfortunate for those of us, interested in the lives of these pioneer women, that the Journals do not record the more pleasing experiences of their varied lives. Our only record is filled with notations of offenses and punishments. The laundresses, who are mentioned, were, no doubt, wives and sweethearts of the privates and the ordinary camp followers which were common at that time. We know that there were unmarried women at the fort for the Journal mentions that "Mary Johnson" was beaten by a sergeant, in a brutal way, with a rawhide. His defense, before court martial, was that she had broken her promise to become his wife. He was found guilty and reduced to the ranks. This set back in rank was a common punishment for crimes committed by the soldiers. Sometimes their whiskey ration was taken away and for serious misdemeanors a soldier was required to wear a spiked iron collar.

In 1824, one Hannah, a laundress, was fined for disobedience of orders and selling whiskey to soldiers. Later Mary Mitchell, a laundress, was found guilty of selling whiskey and was sentenced to be drummed out of the garrison and sent down the Missouri river. However, it is noted that the commanding officer remitted the drumming. Mrs. Contal, a laundress, was sentenced to deportation for selling whiskey and the mercy of the commanding officer is again evidenced in his remittance of the sentence because of her husband, Sergeant Contal, and her large family of children. The Journals show that Margaret Smith and Mrs. Gess suffered abuse at the fort.

The Journals record many notes of human interest showing, as always, that the women in camp were busy and doing their best to care for the children, nurse the sick, and making life easier for their men. On October 6th, Mrs. Salley Moore was paid \$15 for board and washing for Horace Bebbcock, an orphan child. Later Mrs. Magee declined money allowed to her, the reason for this allowance not given.

There were children at Fort Atkinson for on November 30, 1821, an order, granting the children of soldiers half rations, was issued but the following year it was rescinded. On September 1822 the first compulsory school law was enacted in Nebraska. A post order was issued requiring all children to go to school regularly, no excuse being accepted except illness. On April 1st, 1827, John Ridge asked for

help in caring for two orphan children and was allowed \$6.00 per month from post funds.

There was more or less friendly intercourse with the Indians for it was considered quite safe to leave the women and children in camp. May 5th, 1825 an order was issued that camp women were not to go on the Yellowstone expedition but should remain in quarters at Fort Atkinson and draw rations while the expedition was up the river.

Dr. John Gale, the army surgeon, married an Indian woman known as Ni-ku-mi, and descendants of this marriage are among the famous in Nebraska.

This record of the first white women in Nebraska is rather an unpleasant one but the story of their good deeds, nursing the sick, ministering to the wants of the soldiers is entirely untold. Understanding readers, however, know that whether wives of officers or privates, the women worked along with the men and ministered to all their wants, enduring the privations of the soldier.

During the winter of 1819-1820 Mrs. Manuel de Lisa spent the winter with her husband at his trading post near Bellevue. She was a daughter of Stephen and Mary (Lewis) Hempstead and was born in New London, Connecticut, Oct. 25, 1782. She was first married to John Keeny, a sea captain and a widower with several children. She devoted herself to the care of these children. In 1810 Mr. Keeny died and in 1811, with her parents, she set out for St. Louis to join four brothers who had made a home in the territory of Missouri. About 1816 Mrs. Keeny with seven others, mostly members of her father's family, organized the first Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. On Aug. 5, 1818 she was married to Manuel de Lisa, renowned as an Indian fur trader. He came up the Missouri as early as 1807 and establishing a trading post, Fort Lisa, not far from the site of Fort Atkinson. He was beyond question the most active and successful man who ever entered the Indian country in the early days and rendered much service to the government. Mary Hempstead was his second wife and he also had a wife, Mitain, among the Omaha tribe, whom he had taken as was the custom to strengthen his influence against rival traders. He had two Indian children, Rosalia and Christopher, whose education he provided and who were recognized in his will as his "natural children." Manuel died August

12, 1820 at Sulphur Springs, a suburb of St. Louis. Mrs. Manuel de Lisa died Sept. 3, 1869 in Galena, Ill. Among her wide circle of friends she was known as Aunt Manuel and in houses of suffering and mourning few were as frequently found. Her picture, taken in her later life, shows her a beautiful and serene woman.

Eliza Wilcox Merrill, the wife of Rev. Moses Merrill, accompanied her husband to Bellevue, November 19, 1833 and they immediately opened a Baptist Mission school for the Otoe Indians. Her second son, Samuel P. Merrill, was born at the Otoe Mission July 13, 1835. Letters and diaries left by the Merrills reveal the difficult conditions under which they lived. The Indians were not friendly and frequently threatened to rob and burn the Mission house.

Mrs. Merrill lived in constant terror when her husband was away. He was in ill health and died of consumption on Feb. 6, 1840. He was buried on the east bank of the Missouri river, several miles above Bellevue and his grave has long since been washed away. The old mission house has gone into decay and the last stone has fallen from the chimney.

Emeline Palmer of Mansfield, Conn. had come to Nebraska as a Congregational missionary to the Pawnee Indians and in the spring of 1836 she married Samuel Allis, who had come in 1834 to teach the Pawnee. Their home was at Bellevue until 1842 when the Pawnees were moved to a reservation on the present site of Nance County. Mr. and Mrs. Allis built a school house and established a mission school. They remained there until Aug. 1846 when they were advised to move because of the depredation of the Sioux in that vicinity. They returned to Bellevue where they lived until 1851 when they retired to a farm near St. Mary, Iowa. During their residence in Nebraska five children were born to them, all before 1850. There were no doctors, nurses, hospitals or medical care available.

Mrs. Elvira Gaston Platte was a government Indian Teacher coming to the Nebraska country in 1843, a bride of two years, to assist her husband with the Pawnees. They labored continuously until 1872 and enjoyed in their later years something of the new civilization of Nebraska territory.

In 1846 the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society sent Reverend Edmund McKinney and his wife, Theresa, Daniel E. Reed and his wife, Mary, to establish a mission among the Otoe and Omaha tribes. Rev. McKinney and his wife were succeeded by "Father" William Hamilton in 1853.

Continued search would bring to light many other women who have braved the life on the plains to be with their husbands and shall we leave all unsung the heroic women who traveled thru Nebraska over the Oregon trail and the Mormon women who trudged across the prairie in 1856, pushing hand carts all the way to Salt Lake. There were many who died and are buried in unknown graves but there are some whose names have lived down thru the years. Rebecca Winters, a Mormon woman, died in 1852 of cholera and her grave was discovered marked with a wagon tire, her name and age cut upon the wheel.

"Amanda, Consort of M. J. Lamin of Devonshire, Eng. born Feb. 22, 1822. Died June 23, 1850 of Cholera" is the marking upon a stone on a beautiful knoll overlooking the Platte river, southeast of Bridgeport. Mr. Lamin returned to Fort Kearny, walking all the way, to procure a stone which he erected at his wife's grave.

The story of the terrible sufferings of the emigrants and of the victims whose graves daily marked the journey can never be told and it is too harrowing to the feelings of the people, even today, to render the effort desirable for the historian's pen. Fifteen miles a day was a good day's journey and now a very ordinary automobile can travel that far in as many minutes.

In this brief history it has been impossible to enumerate all the women of whom a record can be found, living in Nebraska before it was opened for settlement but all the statements given are of record in the Army Journals, reports of Indian affairs, letters and papers in the Historical Library.

John Erskine, noted educator, says: "American women were happiest in the old frontier days because there was then no question about their being necessary. The frontier women knew their men needed them to share the hard work and build strong families."

THE EPIC OF NEBRASKA**By Cora Phebe Mullin**

The land west of the Missouri River was visited by Coronado in 1541 and afterward claimed for Spain, but France from her colonies in Quebec and New Orleans sent traders to the Mississippi river country to buy furs, and thereupon claimed the country.

Choteau founded St. Louis to outfit the traders and trappers and buy their furs. In 1803, Napoleon sold Louisiana to President Jefferson and the United States. President Jefferson sent two young men, Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark, to explore the region as far west as the Pacific. They were to make maps and reports and to make friends with the Indian Tribes.

Lewis and Clark outfitted at St. Louis during the winter of 1803-4; Madam Choteau gave them the quick silver from the back of her mirror to make their thermometers.

In May 1804, the expedition left St. Louis with forty-five men, one sail boat and two smaller boats for oars, and two horses for hunters.

They used the sails if possible, but men assisted the oarsmen by running along the bank and pulling the boats by means of long ropes. In sixty days they had reached what is now Nebraska and stopped at a beautiful bluff to call a council with the Indian tribes.

Clark described this place "as the fairest I ever looked upon." It was called Council Bluffs because Lewis and Clark called a council and made a treaty with the Omahas, Otoes, Poncas and Pawnees to keep the peace.

Lewis and Clark went on their way up the Missouri across the mountains and to the Pacific where they raised the United States flag on the Columbia. Twenty-eight months later on their return to St. Louis they set to work on their journals, which when published told of the fertile prairies, great plains, swift rivers, rocky mountains and Pacific Coast.

This awoke in the Americans, the determination to settle and defend this grand domain. First to act was the Span-

ish Manuel Lisa, who left St. Louis early in 1807, to come up the Missouri to Bellevue where he built a trading post and twenty miles North he built Fort Lisa and for thirteen years carried on a great trade with the Indians.

He married a girl of the Omahas who warned him during the war of 1812 that Tecumseh's messengers were persuading the western tribes to join him in his alliance with the British, who used the Indians to harry the American border.

Manuel kept the western tribes loyal and even led them next year on an expedition against the Ioways, who joined the British.

Manuel Lisa took the chiefs to St. Louis to see Governor Clark. Lisa received the thanks of Congress for his services and was made Indian Commissioner.

On his trip Lisa met the Hudson Bay trappers and knew that they were selling knives and guns to the Indians. He urged the building of Fort Atkinson six miles north of his Fort Lisa. The Fort was built in 1818 with a thousand men to protect the border.

In 1819 the Western Engineer, the first steamboat to come up the Missouri, brought Major Stephen Long to Fort Atkinson with his men to classify the fauna and flora of the region and make maps of it. In so doing he named the plains of Nebraska and Kansas—"The great American Desert" and the name remained for forty years.

Lisa died in 1820. In 1827 Fort Atkinson was abandoned as no longer needed and the center of activities was transferred to Bellevue where Lucien Fontenelle set up a trading post and Peter Sarpy was a sub agent for the Indians.

The Forts were built upon the Oregon trails which crossed Nebraska on the way west to Oregon.

In 1833 Prince Maximilian of Wied came up the Missouri River to Bellevue and to Cabanne Post eighteen miles north, who wrote in his journal valuable information concerning the tribes of these days which is still the best records we have of them.

In 1832, Lucien Fontenelle guided the missionary Marcus Whitman to the Columbia, the first missionary to those tribes. In 1838 came Father De Smet as a Missionary to all the Missouri River tribes. For nearly forty years he gave his life to teaching his faith to the Indians, helping to make the Fort Laramie treaty which was really made at Scotts Bluffs in Nebraska.

Again in 1868 he helped to make the treaty with the Sioux, which averted war until after his death in 1874.

A Baptist missionary, Moses Merrill, built the first mission school in the Platte Valley a few miles west of Bellevue.

In 1842, John C. Fremont was sent out by the United States Government to find a better way for the increasing tide of settlers for Oregon and mark forts for their protection.

Where he built his camp fires have sprung up cities, one called Fremont, where the Oregon Trail is marked and a fine hotel called the "Pathfinder," named for him.

On the death of his grandfather, Big Elk, and his father, Lucien Fontenelle, young Logan Fontenelle became chief of the Omaha tribe and abolished the liquor traffic with them.

To him in 1846, came Brigham Young, seeking to lease Omaha lands fifteen miles north for an encampment of his 10,000 Mormons driven from Nauvoo, Illinois, and seeking to found a state in Utah, then belonging to Mexico.

The Mormons remained at Winter Encampment for two years while Brigham Young laid out Salt Lake City and returned to Winter Encampment in 1847 to plant an elm tree in celebration of his election as President of the Saints.

In Pioneer Cemetery there are six hundred graves of those who died of cold and hardship. The mill still stands which ground meal for the Mormons who left in 1848, to find Utah a part of the United States, acquired from Mexico.

Meantime Fremont and Commodore Stockton had raised our flag in San Francisco. Santa Anna had taken the Alamo but had lost Texas. Gold was discovered in California and

the Oregon trail became a great high way, broad and dusty with the travel of a thousand wagons a day.

Nebraska was Indian land, forbidden to settlement but in face of increasing pressure Stephen A. Douglas finally succeeded in getting his bill passed making it a territory March, 1854.

Logan Fontenelle and Omaha chiefs went to Washington and agreed to sell the land of the Omahas reserving the land seventy miles north where the Omahas have since resided.

President Pierce gave him a flag now in the keeping of Omaha Chapter Daughters of American Revolution, and Logan Fontenelle came home to lead his Omahas to Decatur.

Father Hamilton had established the Presbyterian Mission at Bellevue in 1846 and had built a large mission school, a house for himself and in 1855 the first church in Nebraska.

Henry Clark founded a College, thus bringing the ideals of the pilgrims to this "Plymouth of the West." It is of interest that Morton, Ferguson, and Clark, were all of Pilgrim ancestry, as were many other pioneers.

Meanwhile President Pierce sent out Governor Francis Burt to be Territorial Governor. The long journey from South Carolina by water from St. Louis and by wagon for forty miles was exhausting and Governor Burt was ill and lived only eleven days in Bellevue where he took the oath of office. His secretary, Thomas B. Cuming became acting Governor and with the aid of Judge Bradley, Judge Ferguson, E. H. Clark and J. Sterling Morton organized a government, took a census and held an election for a legislature which met in Omaha, ten miles north of Bellevue.

This legislature voted to make Omaha the capitol which it remained until it was removed to Lincoln in 1868.

J. Sterling Morton removed to Nebraska City where he built a home and published a paper. He served in the legislature urging, "Plant Trees, Plant Trees," setting the first Arbor Day in 1872, which later became a National Arbor Day.

In 1858 J. Sterling Morton saw the ceremonial dance of farewell of the Pawnees who had just ceded their lands south of the Platte to General Denver for the United States Government. It made a lasting impression on him and in 1901, when the artist Haskell Coffin visited him at Arbor Lodge, Mr. Morton asked him to paint the scene which hangs in the great hall of Arbor Lodge. This home which is given to the citizens of Nebraska is surrounded by a park filled with the beautiful trees, he planted in the most beautiful orchard region of Nebraska.

Now let us hear of the Indians. When the Omahas went out to hunt buffalo in 1855, near St. Petersburg, Nebraska, on Beaver Creek, they were attacked by their enemies, the Sioux, who killed the great leader, Logan Fontenelle while he covered the retreat of his people.

His death at thirty was mourned by Indians and white men alike for he belonged to both. His grave is beside the Missouri River near his old home in Bellevue. In Omaha, a forest, a park, a boulevard are named for him and his picture dominates the lobby of the Fontenelle Hotel.

The Pawnees who left their homes for a reserve at Genoa, suffered severely from the Sioux until they came back to the Platte, asking for troops to protect them. When they were denied they went slowly back to Genoa with "bad hearts" and some of the young men killed a settler's cow and ate it, unknown to their Chief Peta-La-Sharu.

In answer to the outcry of the settlers, General Thayer took a company of soldiers from Fort Omaha, who followed the Pawnees up the Elkhorn Valley. On reaching the brow of a small hill, General Thayer saw the camp of the Pawnees just below and ordered his cannon trained upon them.

He sent an envoy requesting that the Pawnees give up the cattle thieves. Peta-La-Sharu called a council of his chiefs who refused to surrender the young men. When the envoy returned with this verdict General Thayer set his troops in battle formation. When Peta-La-Sharu saw the cannon being loaded, he dashed into his tent and wrapping himself in the United States flag, given him by President Pierce, he ran out in the face of the cannon and held up his hand crying "Good Indian, don't shoot."

General Thayer called another parley during which the Pawnees agreed to give up the young men. Although no battle was fought, the place is called Battle Creek. The Pawnees continued on their way to Genoa under military escort.

In the following year the Pawnees suffered so much from their enemy, the Sioux, that a fort was built for their protection. This was called Fort Hartsnff, and it is still standing on the Loup River near Elyria.

Most of the forts built to protect the Oregon trails have been dismantled. Fort McPherson, on the Platte River near Maxwell, has become a National Cemetery where eleven hundred soldiers, who perished guarding the trail, are buried. Over five hundred of these graves are marked "unknown."

In 1862 Congress passed the Free Homestead Act and it was signed by Abraham Lincoln. The first Homestead was taken by Daniel Freeman who was enlisted in the civil war but persuaded the clerk to open the book at one o'clock A. M. of the day he must leave for the front, enabling him to file on homestead number one near Beatrice, Nebraska.

In 1864 while building the Union Pacific Railway, the Ogallalas and Cheyennes killed the construction gangs and burned the stores; Major Frank North was ordered to bring one hundred Pawnee scouts who had enlisted in the Civil War to Fort Kearney to assist in driving off the Ogallalas.

They patrolled the railroad line and took great satisfaction in driving their old enemies into the Black Hills. After the Union Pacific Railway was completed the Pawnee scouts were disbanded for a short time during which the Pawnees were removed to Oklahoma. In 1876 they were again enlisted by Captain North to drive Red Cloud and Crazy Horse back to their reservation.

A marker was dedicated on this spot by Red Cloud's daughter and Governor Bryan of Nebraska in 1933. It is in Chadron State Park near Chadron, Nebraska.

Another State Park is on the Platte River west of Fremont opposite Pahuk Hill, the sacred hill of the Pawnees.

Another State Park is at Halsey where there is a great tree nursery.

The new capitol at Lincoln, dedicated in 1932, houses a fine historical museum collected and arranged by Addison Sheldon, Historian.

On the hill at 22nd and Dodge Street, in Omaha, Mrs. Sarah Joslyn has built a memorial for her husband, of Tennessee marble, which contains ten galleries of pictures and objects of art and also contains an auditorium, seating twelve hundred persons where concerts are held.

This is the epic of the west. In the span of one life time the prairies, the buffalo and wandering tribes have given away to the highest type of civilization.

FRANCIS LA FLESCHÉ

**"Tepee Indian" Became Famous Ethnologist
and Recipient of Litt. D.**

Courtesy Omaha World-Herald

They are burying at Macy, Nebr., today, Francis La Flesche—son of the last chief of the Omaha Indians, and a doctor of letters.

Francis La Flesche was 75 when he died Monday evening at the home of his brother, Carey, there among his people. His life had spanned the vast gulf from birth in a tepee to distinction as an ethnologist and recorder of the vanishing culture of his people.

At noon today his Indian friends gathered for the traditional feast. Then Masonic services were to be held. He was a member of the lodge in Washington, D. C. At the next tribal ceremony his blankets and shawls and other properties will be given away to his closest friends.

As a boy Francis La Flesche lived in the aboriginal way, for though the Omaha tribe was confined to a reservation it still subsisted by hunting buffalo and trapping. At 15, Francis was sent out as a runner to locate herds of buffalo. He traveled a hundred miles in 18 hours, on foot, to find the first herd.

His chieftain father, however, saw that the white man had come to stay and that the Indians must get along with him somehow. He sent Francis to the Presbyterian mission school at what is now Sioux City. There the boy learned English and conceived a desire for knowledge which led him ultimately to the highest of the white man's distinctions. He has written a book about that little mission school, and his boyhood, "Middle Five."

Several years later he was called as an interpreter before the senate committee of Indian affairs. Senator Kirkwood of Iowa became interested in him and got him a position as copyist in the bureau of Indian affairs.

He worked in the bureau for nearly 30 years, studying at the National university law school on the side. He received degrees there in 1892 and 1893.

He had early resolved to preserve in written form the history, religion, poetry and folklore of his tribe. His first vast collection of this material, written in collaboration with Alice C. Fletcher of Boston, appeared as the 1905-06 annual report of the bureau of American ethnology. In 1910 he became associated with the Smithsonian Institution as ethnologist, and continued to study the culture of the Omahas and a related people, the Osage. Because of his almost unique combination of personal experience and scientific training, he was considered one of the institution's most valuable men.

In 1926 La Flesche was called to Lincoln to receive the honorary degree of Litt. D. from the University of Nebraska, in recognition of his researches. For the past two years he has lived at Macy with his brother, retired from active work.

One of La Flesche's most interesting studies was that which led him to conclude that his own race was doomed. The Indian, he pointed out, had survived the white man's rifle and the white man's whiskey; but predicted the eventual disappearance of the race through intermarriage. The newly-made citizen of Indian blood preferred a white woman to one of his own kind for a mate, La Flesche found, and since the Indian was often rich, and since there was no strong white prejudice against him, he usually found a white wife.

La Flesche believed this infusion of Indian blood was a good thing. The children of such an intermarriage were usually of excellent qualities, he held, and he believed the Indian had fulfilled his destiny by infusing his aboriginal blood, with its distinctive qualities of mind and character, into the stream of American development.

His 1905 work is a ponderous tome telling everything about the Omahas from their language to their ethics. In it he tells the story of his father.

Joseph La Flesche was the son of an Omaha Indian woman and a French trader by that name. The parents separated, and the trader took little Joseph to St. Louis, where he gained that knowledge of white men which distinguished him as a chief later. Accompanying his father on trading expeditions, he became a favorite of the Omaha chiefs, especially Big Elk. The tribe was then living near Bellevue.

La Flesche did all he could to break up this return of his son to his people. But Joseph was determined, and he finally left his father to become a full-fledged member of the tribe. Soon he was asked to sit in the council, and when Big Elk died in 1853 he became one of the two principal chiefs. His discipline was rigid; he ordered that any man who drank should be flogged. He married a woman of the tribe.

Carey La Flesche is now the only son of chief Joseph living. His sister, Mrs. Marguerite Diddock, lives at Walthill. Another daughter of Chief Joseph, and sister of Francis, was Susette, known as "Bright Eyes." She was the wife of Thomas H. Tibbles, pioneer newspaper man and Indian scout. She died in 1915. Longfellow called her the embodiment of his character "Minnehaha."

PROTESTANTISM 100 YEARS OLD IN NEBRASKA

**First Missionary Came to Bellevue, Then a Part of Missouri,
a Century Ago, to Establish a Baptist Church
for Indians and Traders.**

By T. R. Porter

(Reprinted by Permission of Omaha World-Herald)

One hundred years ago today a dilapidated wagon drawn by two decrepit oxen drew up before old Peter Sarpy's fur trading post at Bellevue. A young man got out, and assisted a young woman to descend. The two entered Sarpy's log cabin, leaving the team just as it was. The oxen showed no disposition to wander. They had been 28 days on the road from Shawnee Mission in Missouri and the two oxen almost had to lean up against each other to keep on their feet.

The young man was Rev. Moses Merrill, of Maine. He was the very first Protestant preacher to cross the Missouri river into the great plains country. The next day he preached a sermon, the first sermon preached by a Protestant preacher west of the Missouri. The woman with him was his wife, Mrs. Eliza Wilcox Merrill.

The Merrills were from the state of Maine, but had been sent out by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions from Boston. They were appointed missionaries of the Baptist church in June, 1832, for service in Nebraska, but it had taken them more than a year to reach their post.

In the archives of the Baptist board of missions are a number of letters written by Rev. Mr. Merrill from Bellevue, in which he tells of affairs at that time. So far as known, these are the first letters written from Nebraska, and certainly are the oldest extant from this state. They are all dated "Bellevue, Missouri," not "Bellevue, Nebraska."

At the first sermon delivered by the young preacher, there were two Americans, several French trappers, and a number of Indians of the Otoe, Pawnee and Omaha tribes. Several songs were sung by the preacher, a short sermon delivered and a prayer said. Mrs. Merrill and Rev. Mr. Merrill were the only ones who took part in the services.

The first Sunday after his arrival in Nebraska, Rev. Mr. Merrill organized a Sunday school. He wrote back to Boston all about the school. The letter is still extant. He says there were nine pupils. Two were French children, one was an Otoe, one a Pawnee and five were Omahans. Neither Rev. Mr. Merrill nor his wife could speak French or Indian, and none of the pupils could understand or speak English.

Right away, the missionaries organized a day school. The same nine children who attended the Sunday school were the pupils at the day school. The preacher and his wife set out to teach the children English, and they gained much of their knowledge of the Indian languages from their pupils.

One of the first tasks to which Rev. Mr. Merrill set himself was to translate the Bible into both Otoe and Pawnee. He never completed the work, but his partial translation of the Scriptures into those two languages is still in existence.

Soon after his arrival in Bellevue, Rev. Mr. Merrill was authorized by the Baptist board to construct a "dwelling house and school house" among the Otoes. The cost was to be five hundred dollars, according to the records. The building was located about four miles southwest of Bellevue, near the Platte river. The old building is still standing. It was built of split logs, two rooms with an open porch between the rooms. The roof over one room and the porch has caved in. The other roof is all right and still sheds water. That room is used as a sort of storage room by the farmer who operates the farm. For many years the room was used as a blacksmith shop.

One of those two rooms was used by Rev. Mr. Merrill as a school room during the week days, and a church on Sundays. The Merrills used the other room as their living quarters. They had no bed, but at night spread their blankets and buffalo robes on the floor. In time, they built bunks

against the wall. They had no stove, but used an immense chimney and fireplace, both for heating and cooking. The big old fireplace and chimney are still standing, just as they were one hundred years ago. Nebraska Baptists are planning to purchase this old building, restore it to the condition it was when the Merrills lived in it, and make of it a sort of shrine. The First Baptist church of Omaha has this plan under way.

Rev. Mr. Merrill's first letter to the Baptist board in Boston is dated December 14, 1833, less than one month after his arrival in Bellevue. He tells the secretary, L. Bolles, that his Sunday services are crowded with French trappers and Indians, none of whom can understand what he is saying. The two Americans who attended the religious services were connected with the Indian agency at the post.

But both of the Merrills came from "fighting" stock, and were not daunted by the wilderness. Rev. Mr. Merrill's father, Rev. Daniel Merrill of Maine, although a Baptist preacher, was a soldier in the revolutionary war, and Mrs. Merrill's father was Brigadier General Wilcox, a famous revolutionary war soldier.

Seven years the Merrills lived among the Indians down at the "dwelling house and schoolhouse." There was a son, born in 1835, two years after the missionaries had crossed the Missouri.

In 1838, when the Otoes went on the tribal buffalo hunt, Rev. Mr. Merrill went with them. He dressed as an Indian and lived with the Indians. But the hardships of the hunt were too much for him. He contracted a cold, which developed into pneumonia, and then into tuberculosis. In 1840 he died, and was buried on a hill on the Iowa side of the Missouri, near the old trading town of St. Mary's landing. His widow and son went back east.

In 1912, Samuel Pearce Merrill, the son who was born in the log cabin, and who was the first white child born in Nebraska, came back to Nebraska searching for the grave of his father. He found that the Missouri river, in its wanderings, had washed away the grave, as well as the whole town of St. Mary's Landing. The younger Merrill at that time was 77 years old.

BELLEVUE**By Mrs. E. R. Hume**

No where in all of the beautiful Nebraska is there a prettier spot for a town than that at Bellevue.

At this point the river bottom is from one-quarter to one-half mile in width. Back of this low land rise higher bluffs and hills which drop to the south as they approach the Platte River and melt into the low lands on the north bank.

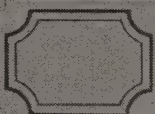
Many of the white men who came up the Missouri River in the early nineteenth century, have left us written records relating to the beauty of this special location and short sketches describing the Omaha, Otoes and Ponca Indians, who roamed these hills. It is said Emanuel De Lisa with a party of Frenchmen about 1806 passed up this river and upon sight of this beautiful spot, exclaimed "La Belle Vue," and the place was afterwards known as Bellevue.

In 1810 the Astorian Expedition established a trading post at the north point of Bellevue under the name of the American Fur Co.

There were plenty of white people passing up and down this river in the nine years between 1810 and 1819, but they wrote no books so far as is known.

The next known fact regarding Bellevue is in 1820, the Indian Agency was removed from Ft. Atkinson to Bellevue and was called Council Bluffs Indian Agency.

In 1824 Peter A. Sarpy, a young Frenchman came to Bellevue to buy furs from the Indians. He found the Indians well stocked with furs which he bought and sold for many years. Buffalo hides at this time sold for two dollars each. When the river washed the bank away he moved his quarters to the plateau. He was perhaps the most influential man who came into this region. Sarpy was a nephew of Choteau, for whom he worked at first and afterwards for Fontenelle.



1. Merrill Mission
2. Bellevue Presbyterian Church
3. Old Mission School
4. Presbyterian and Methodist Mission
5. Fireplace Merrill Home

George Catlin celebrated painter of Indians and frontier scenes came up the river on the steamer Yellowstone in 1832 stopping at Bellevue and going up the river as far as the present site of Bismark, North Dakota. He returned the next summer and the following is part of his report:—

“Bellevue is Beautiful”

“Belle Vue is a lovely scene on the west bank of the river and is the agency of Major Dougherty, one of the oldest and most efficient agents on our frontiers. This spot is, as I said, lovely in itself.

It was a pleasure to see again in this great wilderness a civilized habitation, and still more pleasant to find it surrounded with corn fields and potatoes and with numerous fruit trees bending under the weight of their fruit — with pigs, poultry and kine; and what was best of all to see the kind and benevolent face that always looked welcome to half-starved guests who throw themselves upon him from the north, from the south, the east or the west.”

In 1833 Price Maximilian of Germany came with the second trip of the Yellowstone. His report on Bellevue was similar to that given by George Catlin.

This same year Moses Merrill and his wife, first missionaries to Nebraska arrived at Bellevue. The first school for Indian children was taught by them at Bellevue. Moses Merrill's diary from 1833 to 1840, when he died near Bellevue, is a series of vivid pictures of frontier conditions about Bellevue.

“Dr. Marcus Whitman, who saved Oregon to the United States stopped at Bellevue to replenish his outfit, and finding a scourge of spasmodic cholera raging, he remained until it was checked and he also forced the removal of the village from the low ground to the plateau.

Bellevue owes its present location to this man, whose name stands out so prominently in American history.”

The next important event connected with Bellevue is the establishment of the Presbyterian Mission in 1846. Rev. Edmund McKinney was selected by the Presbyterian

Board to find a suitable point on the Missouri River for a Mission. He arrived in Nebraska Territory the fall of the same year and after careful observation settled at Bellevue where he erected a log house as his residence and headquarters. In the following spring Walter Lowrie, secretary of the Board visited Bellevue and formally located the Mission. The building was begun at once and completed in 1848. Soon after this Rev. McKinney resigned and Rev. William Hamilton was sent to fill the vacancy.

Hamilton and his family arrived June 6th 1853, took charge of the Mission, maintaining an efficient school for the children of the Omaha, Otoe and Pawnee Indians and half breeds until 1854, when the Omaha tribe, under the leadership of Logan Fontenelle, moved to Thurston County, Nebraska.

The Mission House has been minutely described by H. T. Clarke, Sr., one of Bellevue's noted pioneers, as built of large hewn cottonwood logs, the main part 26 x 80 ft. and two large L's each 20 x 40 ft. and the entire structure two stories high. It contained twenty rooms arranged to furnish living quarters for the Missionary family, school rooms, and also rooms for travelers, who preferred it to the accommodations of the Indian trading post and Government Agency. In 1856 the Presbyterian Board sold this building and grounds to Mr. James T. Allan who publicly opened it on July 4th, 1856 as a hotel and re-named it The Bellevue House.

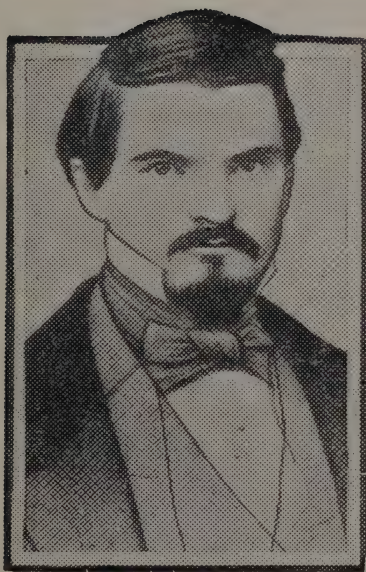
It was the chief building in Bellevue until it was destroyed by fire, in the sixties. The Major Isaac Sadler Chapter of the Daughters of American Revolution of Omaha, Nebraska, have placed a marker in Bellevue, describing the exact location of this old Mission House with dates and etc.

Soon after Rev. William Hamilton arrived at the Mission he built a house for himself and family, a short distance south of the old Mission House. This house was built of limestone rock with door and window frames made of black walnut, having been brought up the river on a boat. This house is still standing on the edge of the bluff over looking the river.

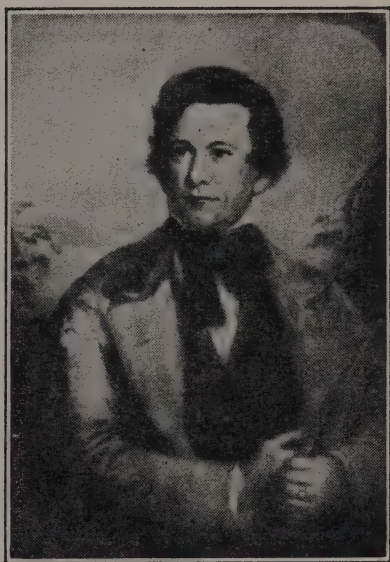
To Bellevue belongs the distinction of having the oldest church organization in the state of Nebraska, called "The



First Territorial Capital
Bellevue



Thomas B. Cuming
Governor of Nebraska, 1854



Peter A. Sarpy
Indian Commissioner

Presbyterian Church of Nebraska," organized in the year of 1850 by Rev. Edmund McKinney, with five charter members.

The erection of the church building which is still in use in Bellevue was begun under the supervision of Rev. William Hamilton, the second minister of the church in 1856 and complete 1858. After other churches had been organized in Nebraska, its name was changed to "The First Presbyterian Church of Bellevue." In 1927 The Omaha Chapter of The Daughters of American Revolution marked this historical spot by placing a drinking fountain on its lawn, built from the stones that were once a part of the Chief Justice Fennor Ferguson house that was built in 1854.

The first news paper published in Nebraska was the Bellevue Palladium in 1854 by D. E. Reed & Co. Mr. Reed was also the first post master of Bellevue with the Post Office established in the Mission House. Mrs. Reed was one of the teachers in the Mission school.

The first Thanksgiving Proclamation in the state of Nebraska was issued Nov. 19th, 1854, from the home of Rev. Wm. Hamilton and first session of the District Court was held in Bellevue, March 12th, 1855.

Aug. 2nd, 1854 Francis Burt of Pendleton South Carolina was commissioned as Territorial Governor of Nebraska. He reached Bellevue Oct. 6th, but being ill was removed to the home of William Hamilton. On Oct. 16th, 1854 at high noon he took the oath of office as Governor which was of short duration as he passed away on Oct. 18th, 1854. Mr. Thomas B. Cumings succeeded him as Acting Governor.

The deputy grand master of Illinois granted a dispensation for a new Masonic Lodge in Bellevue. The first Masonic Lodge west of the Missouri river. Lothrop B. Kinney was chosen Master. Henry T. Clarke, Sr., was the first person made a Master Mason in the territory. The lodge received its charter, that granted the name of Nebraska Lodge No. I, Sept. 23rd, 1857. This historical event has been perpetuated by the placing of an appropriate monument in the park at Bellevue.

There is now standing in Bellevue a building that it is said, was built for the home of the first bank in Nebr. called the Fontenelle Bank, established in 1856 and went out of business the next year. This building was also at one time the Territorial Capitol of Nebr. On January 16th, 1934 The Daughters of American Colonists placed a marker on an inside wall opposite the front door and with appropriate ceremony dedicated it to the memory of Nebraska's First Capitol Building. This building also contained the first jail. The iron cells were brought up the river from St. Louis in a boat. It also served as the first Court House in Sarpy County.

As is said "she is still Old Bellevue with all the glory and romance and early dreams of old Nebraska gathered within her borders. She is now and forever will remain the center of interest for all those who live the story of Nebraska's early days, and is the keeper of Nebraska's earliest memories and traditions for all time."



Old Mission School
Later Bellvue House

A PIONEER STORY

By a '49er

By DeMaris O. Van Arsdale

I have been so much interested in some of the stories which I have read describing the lives of early settlers and as I have heard much of the early history of some of my own ancestors, I have concluded to write what I can remember for the perusal of my children and anyone else into whose hands it may fall.

As I have not been well posted as to dates, I will have to say about the year 1829 or, as some of the fairy stories say, "a long time ago," there lived in New York state a family, descendants of the Hollanders, named Van Dorn. As the portion of the state where they lived was quite thickly settled and land was high, prospects looked brighter in some of the newer states, so the father, Isaac Van Dorn, concluded to move his family of a wife and seven children to Ohio where he secured a primitive home. The children of this family are the ones of whom I wish to write, but there is but little more to be said of the family as a whole.

Not long after settling in Ohio the mother died, leaving the seven motherless children in a strange land, among unknown people. The oldest, Peter, was about 18, almost a man, but according to the custom those days, he was apprenticed to a trade for two years, receiving only board and rough clothing and had not a minute he could call his own, but must work early and late until two years were past. Then he would be a carpenter, and receive one-half his wages and the other half would be paid his father until he was 21. The next younger was a girl, Harriet, who stayed at home, helping with the work out of doors and in the house. Third, Sarah, aged 13, was out to service which meant work early and late, doing washing, milking and all other kinds of hard work, and receiving from 50 cents to \$1.00 per week. The next younger were two girls aged 9 and 11, named Mary and Dorcas, and they attended a very

common school, walking a distance of nearly six miles a day to do so, but as the older ones had never had as good an opportunity, they considered themselves fortunate and already had glowing hopes of sometime being teachers. The two youngest were boys, aged 7 and 9, named George and John.

For a time after the mother's death they tried to keep on as they were, but crops failed and the father became discouraged and finally bound out the four youngest. The two young girls seemed for a time to be doing very well, but George, the seven-year-old boy, was with two maiden ladies of uncertain age, well enough off but very grasping, who thought that all a boy was good for was to work hard and take all the scolding their hardened natures could heap upon him. But in reality, a girl was treated about the same for they had a niece living with them who fared but little better. Another thing set in those old ladies' minds was that young people should not eat much, so poor little George was seldom satisfied unless Lizzie, acting on the motto, "God helps those that help themselves," frequently helped herself on the sly and also gave little George a handout.

The youngest did not thrive under the treatment of his foster parents, either, but for a couple of years each had to stay and bear what fell to his lot. But about this time Peter finished his apprenticeship and to celebrate the happy occasion went to visit his sister Sarah, who had gone to work in a "Tavern" for as she was a very capable cook and housekeeper, she had secured a very good place. The work was heavy, with time stolen off each end of the night for extra work, but she was to have the sum of 50 cents per week and go to school four days a week and the privileges of going to church or Sunday school on the Sabbath. Mondays she stayed from school to do the heavy washing, while Saturday was the cleaning and baking day. And I have heard her tell of the mid-week bread and pie baking which she accomplished by working late at night and having all ready for the big brick oven when she would get up at an early hour in the morning.

When Peter visited her, she went walking with him instead of going to church and they talked of the younger brothers and sisters, and he planned to call on them and find out how they were getting along as the father was married again and would perhaps be forgetful of them. His

calls revealed the troubles of little George and also how poorly baby John, now five years, was cared for, so at his earliest opportunity, he again consulted Sarah and they decided to start housekeeping and take care of the boys as easily as they could, and take them from the people by proving how they had been treated. But before their plan had matured, little George had run away from his place and found his way to his brother Peter, a distance of twenty miles, through rough, unbroken country, keeping away from public roads lest he be discovered and taken back; and was so terror-stricken that he had a serious sick spell after finding his brother.

The small, poorly furnished home was soon started and Peter and Sarah worked to care for their two young brothers, though they always said George helped with the home as much as they, as Peter was away early and late and George, now nine years old, did the chores, or worked in the garden and occasionally picked up a little cash by working for neighbors.

John grew strong very rapidly and as he developed a taste for books and study, they planned to give him the best education they could, and they really gave him a good start. By perseverance, he acquired what learning he could in the poor schools of the country and when quite a young man studied law.

All this time Peter and Sarah were living lives of deprivation and hard work, but happy in the thought that they were performing a sacred duty to the best of their ability. The three sisters had been growing and Harriet, the oldest, was soon to marry a nice young man with whom she had become acquainted in one of the homes where she sewed, as that was the way she supported herself. They were not possessed of lands or money, so made their plans accordingly and after going to the humble home of Peter and Sarah where the marriage ceremony was performed, they climbed into a prairie schooner, drawn by a yoke of oxen, and taking Dorcas, one of the younger sisters with them, started for Illinois where they could settle on government land.

They were very young but endured hardship and looked for nothing better than a few acres they could call their own. For some time they lived principally on wild game,

while the sale of the skins furnished a little money with which to buy a few necessary articles. They entered a tract of land, and began to break and cultivate it; at first only a few acres, which in that productive soil responded abundantly. A garden helped furnish the table.

All these long months since the brothers and sisters parted in Ohio not a word had they heard from each other. Now the little settlement about ten miles from their home had begun to put on the air of a town. Had a post office and some stores and had been named Lewiston. Thither Frank and Harriet went in their prairie schooners, drawn by the faithful ox-team that had brought them to Illinois and did the work on the farm. While there, they started a letter back to the dear ones in Ohio, telling where they were located and how prospering, but the letter never reached its destination. Mails were then carried by men on horseback through rough, unsettled country and many a poor mail carrier was drowned in a stream when trying to ford, or killed by Indians, or devoured by wild beasts.

At any rate, when they made another trip three months later, they found no answer, but with true, pioneer perseverance, they started another. In those days stamps were not put on letters, but when one went to the post office and found a letter, or was notified that there was a letter awaiting them, they paid 35 cents to get it. They waited another two months, made the long trip over the hazardous trail to the post office and were rewarded by receiving the longed-for letter from home.

Peter was married and Sarah soon to be and that Sarah and husband would come to Illinois and no doubt settle near and would bring Mary with them, who had been sick and so lost the home in which she had worked and shared the small pittance the times allowed, since her father bound her to them. She was now 13. George was now knocking around from place to place, taking care of himself. Peter would keep the youngest boy.

We have no knowledge of any more communications till Harriet and family, now numbering four since the birth of a little daughter which they called Mary, were happily surprised by the arrival of Sarah and husband and sister Mary. And, strange to say, both Harriet and Sarah had married men named Wilcox; very distantly related. Time passed, the

young couples worked hard on the farms and the two younger sisters worked out for the scattered neighbors as was a common custom among early settlers. Mary learned tailoring and so made good wages for those days. Dorcas married young, the son of a Mr. Leslie, who died soon after, leaving his mill in Bernadotte to the son. The burg never grew much, though well situated on Spoon River, but Luther Leslie did well in the mill, as it was patronized by all the farmers for miles around. As lumber was in demand, Mr. Leslie also started a saw mill.

I cannot describe all the ups and downs that life, at this time, served these four sisters, but they had the comfort of knowing they were doing as well as anyone in their vicinity, and they were situated so as to be company for each other. But things did not remain in this happy state long for Sarah's husband early developed a tendency to consumption and the hard work and exposure hastened the disease, so after about eight or nine years of married life Sarah was left a widow with one child, Adda Wilcox. She, left thus without help, wrote to her brother George to come and live with her and thus she was able to hold her fine acres which in after years made a lovely home.

George tilled the land and raised stock for a few years. Then Sarah married again, Mr. Francis Overton, who had been teaching the district school in Bernadotte for a term of years. In the meantime Mary had married a man by the name of McIntosh, who lived but a short time. I think he was drowned while loosening a jam of logs in the river near the sawmill. And now, as Sarah had a husband to run her farm, George went to live with Mary and work for his brother-in-law, Luther Leslie, in the mill.

Now, though there has been the sorrow of parting and death and hard work and hardships common to pioneer life, there were many happy days and jolly incidents. The following incident has caused many a laugh as I member it told by my father, George Van Dorn, and his sister Sarah when they were both advanced in life. During butchering time Mr. Overton and Sarah needed help, so George hooked up the oxen and with Mary went to their aid. Arriving there George turned the team loose to go and get water, while he strolled into the cabin a few minutes. When he came out to put the team in the shed to feed, he found they had upset a large kettle of soft soap which Sarah had boiled and

left to cool preparatory to putting in a barrel, and he began to scream, "Oh! Sarah, your soap will kill my oxen," and she, running out, exclaimed imperatively as she viewed the wreck, "Why! George, your oxen have spilled all my soap!" each thinking only of their misfortune. But the cattle did not die as they had not swallowed any of the stuff, only lost some hair where it had slopped on them and much of the soap was saved, so both Sarah and George were happy it was no worse.

But back to my narrative! Now Mrs. McIntosh or Mary and George were living comfortably and happily, both working and saving and planning for a warm home to be owned and conducted in partnership. After some time they arranged that George go to Iowa where Harriet had already gone to live at Fort Des Moines, her husband being employed in a government store. And if George liked the country he was to pick out a claim and go back for Mary and what movable possessions they had. Accordingly, he started out on horseback about the first of September, with saddlebags well filled with provisions and an Indian blanket for use on rainy days and chilly nights.

After nearly three weeks' travel through an almost uninhabited wilderness, he reached Fort Des Moines. He visited Harriet and family and looked the country over, but not until he started back did he decide on a place in Buchanan county. Then he hastened home before the heavy fall rains set in, making the traveling streams too high and travel hard. Near the first of November he neared the cabin home, his mind filled with plans for the future prairie home and a pleasant trip thither in the springtime with his sister in the ox wagon containing their household possessions. But the cabin seemed rearranged and strangely cold as if deserted. He repaired to the nearest neighbor half a mile distant, and there learned the sad fact that soon after he had left that Mary had been stricken with western fever and only survived a few days, so he was left sorrowing and discouraged. After a few lonely days with the other sisters, he loaded what he needed of the household articles into his wagon, yoked the two teams of oxen to it and started back to Iowa to be ready for early spring farming. After bidding farewell to the families of Sarah and Dorcas, he started west over the long, lonely trail; his oxen, his horse and dog his only companions. For days he would not see a human being and then more likely a wigwam or tepee where dwelt

Indians, than a cabin inhabited by pioneers. When possible he kept at a distance from Indian camps, but if they could not be avoided, he would have something to offer their chief as a gift, and thus make friends with them. He had been wise enough to lay in a store of pipes, tobacco, bright blankets, red handkerchiefs, beads, etc., and could easily trade such things for dried beef (jerke, as they called it) and other provisions. Several times he was forced to camp near a settlement and rest the teams and secure a supply of grain for them. In February he reached Fort Des Moines where he stayed till time to think of spring work, then moved on forty miles to his little cabin with an immense fireplace, which was to be his lonely home.

Spring was so filled with work there was no thought of neighbors but as summer advanced George began to wonder what manner of people there might be living about three miles from him and one day he rode over to see. Near the cabin were women, one small, delicate, tidy looking, past middle age, in her garden in which grew a few flowers as well as vegetables. The other, a young girl, comely, with dark hair and eyes was hanging clothes on the line. He inquired for the man of the house and finding he was away, informed the ladies he would call again as he was their neighbor, and giving his name and learning their's was Messenger, went his way. But the face of the girl haunted him. She didn't look in good health and she thought he resembled his beloved sister Mary, and he wondered if the sadness in the dark eyes was caused by ill health or loneliness.

Ere he had nerved himself to make another call, which was necessary as he wanted to get acquainted with Mr. Messenger, that they might plan the harvest work together, a great prairie fire broke out. Mrs. Messenger saw him when a long way off, coming right toward their place. She immediately put her young son Samuel on the riding horse (all early settlers kept one horse which was used only for riding), and told him to ride fast to their young neighbor for assistance. She and daughter Almeda began to back-fire, that is to burn small streaks around the buildings and whip the fire out till a strip is wide enough where the approaching avalanche of flame finds no food for its fury. The boy made good time, returned with George and by the time Mr. Messenger returned the buildings and stock were saved and those who had fought the fire together no longer strangers.

As there was a small stream between, George's place was not endangered. Now that the Messenger fields were laid waste, George told him to come and help care for his crops and there would be enough for both. As the summer advanced they became intimate friends. As George was a good cook and housekeeper as well as farmer, they ate their meals at whichever house they chanced to be working at meal time.

A cow at each place furnished her part. The two gardens were a great source of supply. A few chickens and wild game furnished the rest and with the addition of some wild fruit made appetizing meals for hard-working, hungry people, even though the bread was of unbolted flour, ground in hand mills at home. Fine flour was only available when someone made the 40-mile trip to the fort with ox team and wagon.

By fall George and Almeda were planning on getting married and as both were living quite a lonely life the parents made no objection as George, being eight years her senior, was old enough as well as capable of caring for her.

But think of a wedding in that country. No stores, no preachers, not even a justice of the peace within 40 miles. But love and youth can bridge most difficulties. George was ready and willing to make the trip to the Fort to buy articles necessary for the occasion, but it was hardly the proper thing for Almeda to go on the lonely trip alone with George and she was hardly able to do so. So it was decided that her mother should go with George, and take Sammy along for company, as the boy was anxious to see something of the world. But, as Mrs. Messenger was taken quite sick, it came about that only George and Sammy were to go. The bridegroom was provided with money to buy goods for a suitable trousseau for the bride and some extras for the wedding feast, a memoranda of extra length, yet I never heard of any fault found with the things he brought back. On the contrary, I have often heard that the shoes fitted; the shawl nice and warm; the bonnet comfortable and becoming, and went nicely with the goods which Almeda took to a woman who had been a dressmaker in some eastern state, now living about five miles from the Messengers. While the woman sewed, Almeda helped with the housework, taking the completed dress home after a few days. And Almeda enjoyed the visit so much that she was lots

better for it. It was about her first visit except with her married half brothers and sisters who never took any extra trouble to make it pleasant for her, as she was only a young girl and they had their own.

As the time for the nuptials neared, great preparation was made. The cabin was made as clean and tidy as a scrupulously neat housekeeper could make it, and plenty of good things prepared for the wedding feast. I never heard all the menu, but know wild turkeys formed a part of it. Everyone with whom they were acquainted was invited and the married children.

I must tell of them right here. Mrs. Messenger had been married twice. First to a man named Parks, who was killed or died of disease in war of 1812, leaving her with five children, Asa, Isaac, Jane, Julian and Cordelia. Some years after she married Kiby Messenger, who was also a soldier. They continued living in Onondaga County, N. Y., and Asa, Jane, Julian and Cordelia married there. Asa married a girl named Sweet. Jane to Samuel Howd. Julian to James Benedict, Cornelia to James Durant.

When the Messengers went west, they took Isaac Parks, Orissa and Almeda Messenger with them and first settled on government land in Wisconsin. Here Isaac married and Samuel was born. Afterwards they moved on to Iowa, lured by prospects of a better location. Isaac went also and soon all the others and their families except Jane and Julian were in Iowa. And all near enough to be at the wedding of George and Almeda, even if some did have to camp more than one night on the way. George fixed his cabin ready for company and the bride, then made the trip to the Fort and brought his sister Harriet, her husband and daughter Mary, about ten years of age, and also brought the chaplain and his sister's family to his own home. All this happened on the 15th of October, 1845. After a day's visit they all embarked in the emigrant wagon again and went back to the Fort where George and Almeda visited a few days; then went home taking their household supplies for the winter.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Messenger and Samuel were left to spend the winter without a daughter. Orissa had married a man named Williams sometime before, living near enough to permit of frequent visits. But this tale is of George Van Dorn and Almeda so we will follow them.

Almeda had suffered from western ague until her health was very much impaired, and as George was used to doing housework and there was little for him to do in the winter, except hunt and slay sufficient game for table use, or chop enough logs for the fireplace, he continued efficiently in the culinary department, especially as the young mistress had never cooked by a fireplace and he was afraid she might burn herself up in the attempt. Remember her people had come from New York state where cook stoves were first used and had brought one with them.

At that time every householder made most of the furniture himself. Stools were made from hewn slabs for bottoms and stakes for legs were used instead of chairs. However, the Messengers and Van Dorns each had a couple of rocking chairs brought from the Fort. The bedsteads were stakes driven into the logs on one side and legs in front; tables were hewn slabs, smooth on the upper side, long and narrow. These home-made devices were left behind when a family moved, thus lessening the job of moving.

A year passed with few changes. The first real event was the arrival of a little daughter November 11, 1846. A horseback rider made the 40-mile trip to the Fort and brought a physician who of course arrived too late to assist the stork but was useful in caring for mother and child a few days; then left, riding his faithful horse on the long trip home, his saddle bags well filled with lunch and horse feed after the common custom, and bearing good news to the Wilcox family.

The baby was named DeMaris Orissa Van Dorn and seemed to fill a place to the complete satisfaction of the parents. While the doctor was there to oversee, the father hewed out a cradle from a log for the baby. Then they cheerfully entered another long cold winter, almost a period of hibernating.

(This baby is myself, the writer, now 72 years old.)

Spring brought plenty of hard work for the father and the young mother's health was still poor. The whole care of the baby is a colossal undertaking at the age of 16 years and 5 months and no doctor within 40 miles. But they were young and ambitious and each did the best they could, and in time spring sowing and summer harvesting were over.

As they heard a glowing report of the climate of Washington territory and the wonderful productiveness of the soil, they planned to sell their claim to some of the many emigrants now filling the new state of Iowa, just admitted to the Union and go to Washington; feeling convinced the climate would be better for mother. Accordingly, when I was near 11 months old, they started with two large covered wagons and four yoke of oxen. The parting was hard for mother, but with the hope of youth she pictured herself coming back in short years, with good health and prosperity.

One half-brother, however, objected so strenuously that he and father almost came to blows. As mother was not able to travel all day without resting a comfortable bed was arranged in one wagon for her use, both day and night. The first day's journey brought them to Fort Des Moines some time in the night, but they stayed in the wagons until morning and did not arouse the Wilcoxes, preferring to camp. They were joined by the Wilcoxes with a couple of wagons and teams and others. And as they went on, the number of wagons and families increased until there was quite a train traveling towards what was to be the state of Oregon. It may be interesting to note some of the rules followed by the emigrants. First, they were to help each other through all difficulties, but each separate family provided for itself when able. Only part of the men, at a time would ride horseback and watch for game, which was always divided, and when opportunity offered for fishing some were detailed for that. Each day they drove as far as possible, but if any team gave out or for some reason it was necessary for one outfit to stop a day or two, at least two others must stop with them to insure help in time of trouble. It was deemed best for all small parties to stop over frequently, scattering the train over quite a long distance. As the rested teams caught up, some of the tired would stop. During these stops the women would do washing, baking, etc., that they were too tired to undertake when stopping only for a night.

So slowly they made their way over the long stretch of miles. Over plain and mountain. Fording rivers as there were neither bridge nor ferry.

Within 50 miles of the Fort was a small settlement (afterwards Oregon City), the headquarters of government

land agents. The whole train camped in a body, forming a corral in which the oxen could be driven and not have a guard to watch all night. When they had rested a day or so, they concluded to send three men ahead on horseback to interview the land agents, and see the available spot for pre-emption. And ere long after much riding and looking each had selected a place to stop and call it home.

Some went into the settlement near the fort. Among them the Wilcox family, as he liked business life and could have employment in the government quarters. My father selected what he often said was "most beautiful prairie land that the sun ever shone on" with a border of timber, mostly tall fir trees on one side and a stream of water, 30 miles from the settlement. Here he immediately went to work to prepare a place for his family and team and the cow that had made the long journey with them, and even the two dogs that had helped herd the cattle and made themselves so useful, they were almost considered part of the family, especially as to watch over the baby.

First a corral was built of logs of the tall fir trees for the cattle at night, next he cut timber for a cabin. When he had sufficient timber he drove to the settlement for men to help. All this time they had been living in the wagons and here my mother stayed, and cared for her babe while father made the three days trip for men, provisions, ammunition and so forth. Occasionally roving bands of Indians were to be seen, but so far they had not been disturbed. While father was gone mother planned her domicile, staking it out right near to shade and water.

Quite heroic for she was not yet quite 18 years of age. I have heard wonderful description of the double cabin—two rooms, with hall between broad enough to drive an ox team bringing large back logs for the immense fireplace. In that mild climate they needed no windows, only small openings for light and air, and doors for protection from wild beasts.

But now father was obliged to quit work on the house, before putting the doors in as it was time to break prairie, which would not do much good the first year though he might try to raise a little for his own use. But "fortune favored" as a man living three miles down stream needed help with his ground which had been under cultivation for

a year or more and would give father a good share for work with team. So father took his helpers back and on this trip brought mother a present, an old hen with 15 chickens, a veritable prize. About this time he traded his riding horse, which he always considered unsafe for mother, to an Indian, for a very pretty, fleet-footed Indian trained one, which the Indian said was "good for white squaw" (and his word proved good). With the new horse came squaw saddle with beaded blanket. All this time mother's health had been improving and now with horseback riding she had a degree of happiness hitherto unknown.

When father would go away to work, she would often go with him, with me in her lap, one dog following and the other left to keep wild pests from her chickens and garden. Some of father's work was quite a ways from home, so he made a canoe, after the fashion of the Indians and would leave his team where he worked and paddled home night and back in the morning.

They were living happily, with bright prospect and through a letter to Aunt Harriet Wilcox at the settlement, had heard good news from the home folks. Father was not only earning some of the crop by helping the older settler; but also getting his place ready to raise some another year; some real fencing had been done with rails that he himself cut and split. The doors were hung so they no longer had to keep a fire burning outside to keep the wolves and other wild animals away, when it was rumored that GOLD HAD BEEN DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA.

Many were making a rush for the mines. In fact, men were wild to go and as they thought, to pick up the precious metal. They loaded their wives and children into wagons and with incompetent young men sent them back to Iowa or other states. They started west in gangs. When the Indians saw so many leaving and feeling imposed upon by the great amount of travel which frightened away the game and scattered their herds of ponies, they began to be savage and the war cry was sounded. This made it dangerous for the few which wished to live peaceably in the homes they had started. Numbers flocked to the fort for protection. But with none to till the soil and such poor facilities for bringing supplies from other places they soon found they must abandon this place, leaving it to the government agents which was all that could be taken care of.

A council was held and some 30 men with teams and wagons loaded with what supplies the government agents could spare, made a start in the same direction the greater crowd was traveling. Among these were the Wilcoxes, my parents and one other man with his family. Father now had eight yoke of oxen; two wagons with four teams to a wagon; two cows and the two faithful dogs that had been my companions and protectors whenever I was outside the cabin door.

Mother had her horse which she rode most of the time, carrying me in her lap. When they forded a stream, she would get into the wagon; so did Aunt Harriet Wilcox and Cousin Mary as they "felt more safe with George for teamster. Mother's horse turned loose, would swim along near the oxen and when one wagon was across father would mount mother's horse and swim back, and take the other team across, hanging onto the "leaders" (ox) bows on the down swing side to keep the oxen from turning and swimming down stream. Sometimes he had to use the whip to keep them straight. The wagon boxes were tight like a boat and bolted fast to the running gears.

All were well armed and ready for an attack at any time as the Indians were still on the warpath trying to keep the whites from their hunting grounds. Even the women had firearms and bowie knives. All this was much in evidence whenever Indians were near. At this time Indians did not have guns and were very much afraid of them. The company kept together, as it was not safe for any to stop and let others go on. When they reached the mountains, the work of doubling teams so often and helping made progress very slow. The teams were tired, the soil was poor and vegetation was short. They had to camp longer each day and sometimes rest for days.

They finally reached Fort Laramie about the first of December and made application to stay until spring but could not be allowed to do so as there were lots more to follow and grass would be still less then. However, they stayed two or three weeks and then went on with still more of a crowd than before. They had only made a couple weeks more time when they were overtaken by some horsemen from the fort who had escaped during the great Indian massacre when nearly all at the fort were ruthlessly slain, including Rev. Marcus Whitman and his wife and family, the

missionaries who had been so kind and taught the Indians so faithfully.

When our party heard this terrible news, they camped for awhile and some of the men well armed rode back a ways in hope of finding some other that might have gotten away but not until long after did they hear of any and that was a girl that crawled into a storage cave and must have become unconscious from fright and when she came to, found herself alone with the smouldering ruins of the fort in which all the dead had been burned. She wandered away, she knew not where, and after days was picked up by another emigrant train in a starving condition and was cared for, eventually reaching the same destination as the others and was recognized by mother who remembered her at Fort Laramie. She clung to mother some time.

When my people started from Oregon they had two cows. One they left at Fort Laramie as a present to the missionaries who had been so kind to them and the other, mother was determined to keep, driving it as she rode on horseback in the best places through canyons and over mountains, though father kept telling her not to work so hard with it. One morning the cow was missing and mother was obliged to ride on without her cow and never knew whether she got out of the corral in search of better pasture or was driven off by the Indians as she strayed away from camp. The cow lost was Bob. I had been told the old nursery rhyme of the cow jumping over the moon but hardly believing it made up a version that suited better, viz.: "Old Bob jumped over the barn" (the shed at the Oregon home).

About this time one of the valuable dogs that helped with the hunting and was the fierce protection of mother and child, was missing. So well were they trained when they had a wild animal "treed" one would guard it and other go for father, and when we heard a certain peculiar howl he would grasp his ever-loaded gun, sure of being guided to something worth shooting.

One day the dogs found a grizzly bear and chased it toward a small lake in front of the wagon trail. The men immediately grabbed their guns. Father ran up to mother with me in her arms on horseback. Helped her down, jumped on her horse and rode furiously after the dogs. This is the only incident I can really remember of the long, tedious

journey. I was not yet three years old, but I can see how the bear jumped into the water and the water splashed high. They got the bear which meant fresh meat. The hide was saved with many others to be sold to the first fur company they had come in contact with.

But the longest journey will end in time, so after six months of homeless traveling and camping, they crossed a swift river and set foot on new soil where Sacramento now is. And the three women of this train, Aunt Harriet Wilcox and her daughter Mary and my mother, Almeda Van Dorn, were the first white women and I the first white child that reached the wild landing or camp, as there was nothing but that.

The other family who started had joined another party where they found relatives and acquaintances, who camped some time before crossing the river.

In this city of tents were also many members of the Hudson Bay company of early fame. I was the only white child in the whole settlement, but was not old enough to realize the distinction. Soon after getting into this camp where the Hudson Bay company had headquarters, father hunted up the head man of this division, a Mr. Burnett, and sold him the hides and furs that our party had saved up and also sold him the claim back in Oregon for \$600. He hated to part with the claim as he liked it so much and wanted it for a permanent home, but he was out of money and he feared it might be a long time before it would be safe to go back there. But it was not many months before the government had sent troops to many points in the western states and territories of the Indians were somewhat subdued.

But now just imagine father receiving the price for his claim and those furs in weighed-out gold. No coin at all. And the only way that he could take it back to his camp was in his hat, and that was somewhat the worse for wear. Within a couple of days father had secured a large tent from the Hudson Bay company and had cleared out his wagons and started two hired men with his teams to the mines with loads of men, implements and provisions. And these men were to bring back report of the mining location, etc. But let me say right here, that my father never went to the mines but kept teams going back and forth all the time. He also hired two colored men. That is, he bought their time of their masters who had brought them from the

south. They were both cooks. Father and uncle Francis Wilcox with mother and Aunt Harriet for partners, commenced keeping boarders and, by the way, did a big business in that line, as it was the only place where the great rush of men that came either by land or by sea could buy a meal.

Not long after they were located, a man came in to dinner with a fine dog following him. Father spoke the name of his lost dog and immediately the dog jumped to greet him. The stranger said he had traded for him with a man who claimed to have raised him. Then father got me and stood me where I could see the dog and what happened convinced all present that two fond friends had met after long separation. Stub had already died and Bounce soon followed.

Ere long a number of the men that belonged to the Hudson Bay company and Uncle Francis Wilcox and father began to plan for more permanent homes. Father sent to New York City by a sea captain and had a large house framed and sent by steamer all ready to set up and thus was the first to erect framed house in what is now Sacramento City. Soon carpenters began to work and numbers of men sent for their families, mostly Spaniards and Mexicans, but Mr. Burnett of whom I have spoken was an American and his wife and family came by water from the eastern states, I think. They also built them a house at this time. (I am not informed as to the material, but as in all new places, men make homes.)

I do not know how much of a family Mr. Burnett had, but of a wife and son and a daughter I am sure. This son and daughter were young and they and Cousin Mary Wilcox were soon fast friends. Mrs. Burnett had been a teacher before marriage and the Burnett young people had brought their books and as Cousin Mary had never had much opportunity for attending school, she taught all for a time. But ere long the son who began to be his father's helper in many ways concluded that he and my Cousin Mary could just as well study and work together and in about a year after their first meeting Dwight Burnett and Mary Wilcox were married.

Another wedding with many obstacles! The day was set and both families interested in the preparations. I think

it was the latter part of March and spring was coming on, with rain and sunshine that melted the snow in the mountains. The water came pouring down into the river and filled the beautiful valley, washing away many habitations. At this time my uncle and parents and the Burnetts were all living close together in some kind of small houses. The "Van Doren Hotel," which stood on the highest ground in the settlement, was occupied by renters as the work and care had proved too arduous for aunt and mother. Father had a man living with them who had a team of horses. They needed an extra man in every household as there were so many lawless people. When they went to bed this rainy night, they were aware the valley was fast filling with water, so father began to mark it and watch the time and found it would take the quite temporary house. He called the teamster and told him to get out his horses and they would go to the hotel. When they left the house, mother stepped from the door where the water was already several inches deep on the floor, into the stirrup of the saddle and when seated, father put his accumulated gold into her lap and the teamster in front of her. Then he mounted the other horse, with me in his arms and the horses were guided toward the hotel, swimming part of the time. When this haven was reached, father immediately sent a boatman for Aunt Harriet and family, also the Burnetts.

Now, the following day was the day appointed for the Burnett-Wilcox wedding and here they were at the Van Doren family hotel on the highest ground in the settlement, the lower floor covered with water to the depth of several inches and a boat fastened to the front steps, so they could escape if matters grew still worse. But fortunately the rain stopped and the water seemed stayed the next morning. So the young people insisted that the wedding be not postponed, as that was considered a bad sign. A man with a boat was sent out to look into the deserted houses for the few nice things that had been prepared for the bride. The clothing which was packed in a chest was wet and would need a thorough renovating. The cake that my mother had concocted with the best ingredients available was soaked to a sloppy mush. In fact, all that had been prepared was ruined, but they were not to be thwarted if the priest was alive. The Burnetts were Catholics and a priest was the only cleric available. No justice or lawyer or magistrate of any kind as California was not a state yet. And no law but the law of the strongest and quickest over the weakest and slowest or each for himself as best he could.

So the wedding was solemnized without any fancy clothes or extra viands and sweetmeats, but there was this satisfaction, no other young people were watching and laughing at their discomfiture. Soon after this great inundation, the government began looking after her rich estate and a dike was made to protect this section and I believe it is so protected to this day. In due time California was made a state and Mr. Burnett, Dwight's father was made the first governor and continued in that position for either two or three years.

A couple of personal incidents may interest my grandchildren. While my people were living at the "Van Dorn Hotel" a troupe from the state found their way to the settlement, thinking to make a lot of money off the lonely men congregated there, but found there was no place at all suitable for their entertainment so began to pack up to go to some other place. As some of the company stayed at our place, I was used to playing with them, so when one of them took me to their camp and hid me, I was not at all frightened. It seemed to be their idea to kidnap me, thinking they would be able to get a good ransom. But ere they left on the boat I was missed and my father and friends gave alarm and began to search. Someone had seen the show man playing with me, so to their camp went armed men. Of course, they denied knowing anything about my whereabouts but at the point of the gun one of them led the searchers to the place where I was hidden and soon I was home. It is needless to add that the troupe were quickly escorted from the little settlement and given to understand they dare not return.

A little child was a curiosity in this new land and such surroundings. Lonely men would watch me play, thinking perhaps of little ones left behind. One such brought me a pair of bracelets of rather crude style. It was not until some time later that I was playing I broke one that mother herself realized that they were fashioned out of pure gold, a loving gift fashioned by hand.

When I was five years old, or in the spring of 1851, my father disposed of most of his property in Sacramento and started for New York state. At that time they made their way down what was called the Chagres River and crossed the isthmus with pack mules. And right here was one of the most dangerous parts of all their travels. The trip down

the river was made in small boats manned by incompetent men and many were drowned. When crossing the isthmus, they were in the power of lawless Mexican muleteers, given to thieving and robbery of the worst type. In company with my people were several men who had been in their employ and who, like themselves, wanted to get back to "the states" or "God's country" as they often called it.

All were well armed and fully determined to protect themselves. My mother also wore a belt with two revolvers, and she was capable of using it to good advantage too, quiet, mildly spoken, gentle woman that she was. She rode a mule, as did all the rest, but me, and I was carried on the back of the faithful colored man who was coming back to the states with gold enough to buy his wife and his mother who were still slaves in the south. He was free because his master who had taken him to California as a body servant, had sold him to my father cheap when it became understood that California would be a free state and that soon his master would have no further claim on him. Although free he came with us as it was unsafe for a colored man to travel alone.

The nights they had to put in on the isthmus they slept in seaman's hammocks, swung high, out of reach of prowling beasts. But a greater fear was of human marauders. Part of the company stood guard while others slept and at different times the company were aware that the robbers were trying to overhaul them. Once they tried to separate the company by trying to get Charlie, the colored man away, thinking that part would follow him and thus weaken the force. But Charlie was not easily led astray, but kept close to mother, with me on his back in a small chair which was strapped to him and in which I was fastened so I could sleep at will or keep awake and watch proceedings.

One incident that happened on this trip to my mother. She wore a large, old-fashioned straw bonnet, securely tied under her chin. Once when riding under a tree it caught on a limb and her mule went on, leaving her hanging, not exactly like Absolem, by the hair, but by her bonnet. But helpful hands were near to cut her loose and place her on her mule. Right here I must add that the camphor chest now in my possession was strapped to a pack mule and crossed the isthmus with me. Do you wonder that I prize it so highly?

After we were on board ship and under way for the states I have heard mother say, came the nearest real rest of mind and body she had ever experienced and father was much the same for he had keenly felt the dangers of the crossing of the isthmus. My parents both escaped seasickness, but not I. However, as the only child on board, I was well cared for. I still have little tokens of the friendship of both the captain and mate.

At Jamaica the mate stayed with me while father and mother went ashore. I still have the silk dress mother bought that day with the many other things she needed, as she had not been where there was an opportunity to buy for some years. To keep from paying duty on her purchases, she cut the silks into breadths which made it the same as clothing.

Arrived in New York, they went to a hotel awhile for a much needed rest. Father and Charlie (the colored man) with him as a servant until he could get him off for his old southern home.

Father's substance was all in gold dust which necessitated use of scales, so he took it to the mint and exchanged it for coin. At that time there were no bank exchanges and one traveling must carry money with them. And that is why this same camphor chest was broken into at two different times, the burglars thinking that father kept his money locked up inside, but both times they were mistaken.

As soon as she could compose herself, after arriving in a civilized country, and being located comfortably, temporarily, mother wrote to her sisters, Jane Howd and Julian Benedict, who had stayed in New York state when the Messengers went west and from whom she had not heard for years, and return mail brought the hearty response.

We stayed in New York City about three weeks, during which time mother copiously replenished her wardrobe. This must have been a wonderful experience, for she was still a young and comely woman, not much past twenty and she never had but a few nice clothes. Indeed, she had been so low on changes of dresses that she had colored some unused tent cloth with bark of a nut tree, and made it into dresses. Though she had saved her wedding dress and one or two finer articles of apparel while living where there were none but savages to see her.

When they felt presentable they went to Syracuse, their first ride on the steam cars, and so started on a delightful round of visiting among the relatives here in other points in New York state. And I, who had no brothers and sisters and never but few playmates, became acquainted with a number of nice cousins who have ever since been very dear to me. * * * *

Soon after father bought a farm adjoining Uncle James Benedict's in Onondaga County, where he resided several years. Here my father became converted and he, mother and myself (aged 8) all joined the M. E. church of which my mother had been a member in childhood. Father was made local preacher and for several years acted in that capacity, moving occasionally to a small town or country community that needed him most. He missed an education in public speaking as his youth had been so full of deprivations, so went to Fulton, a college town, and was for some time under private tutelage.

In the fall of 1860, having sold the farm near Syracuse, he bought one in Oneida County, three miles south of Trenton Falls and we lived here until the spring of 1862, when he again sold and started west, stopping in Ohio.

Some time was spent in temporary abodes while looking for a location here, and near Bernadotte, Illinois. In October, 1862, we settled in Fairview, Fulton County, Ill. Here, I formed my acquaintances, the most important in my history, being Peter Van Der Veer Van Arsdale, to whom I was married May 16, 1866. In March, 1872, we came to Iowa and settled on a farm near Chariton, and this town has been our home ever since.

Now, I have led you back to the state where I started. My mother passed away a couple of years later. I have passed my golden wedding anniversary and still have the kind husband and four of my dear children who grew to maturity and are married and living near in Iowa, to comfort my 73d year of age. I also have three grandchildren. I feel that God has been very good to me.

In thinking this over, I see I left out about my being stolen by an Indian in Sacramento. But fortunately I was rescued by a posse of men before he reached his tribe.

THE GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE TO THE GOLD FIELDS

Commonly Known as the Nebraska City Cut-off

By Lucy M. Haywood

Most of the early overland travel to what we now call the western and northwestern portions of the United States, passed through the territory now known as Nebraska.

From the earliest days, definite paths were established, each one bearing a name showing the destination of the travelers who followed the trails.

In the early years of the territory the best known of these paths, and the most important, were the Oregon and Mormon trails. Fur traders had passed through the territory for many years, before any trail was established, but in 1830 a Captain William Sublette started from St. Louis, with a number of wagons, bound for the Big Wind river in Wyoming. The trail which he followed from St. Louis passed through Independence, Missouri, which town was soon to be known as the eastern terminus of the Oregon trail, and entered Nebraska at the southeast corner of Jefferson County, going west through Thayer, Nuckolls and Clay Counties, across Adams County, striking the Platte river valley in Kearney County.

The Mormon trail, which came into existence because of the Mormon persecution, passed through Council Bluffs, going westward until it reached the Platte and North Platte rivers, following the north part until it reached the present site of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, where it crossed the Oregon trail. A third trail, little known nationally, but of great importance in the early history of the territory was known as the Old California, or Ox-bow trail. This trail was known as early as 1855, going from Nebraska City across Cass County, crossing the Salt creek at Ashland, and following the south part of the Platte until it joined the Oregon trail in Kearney County. When we ask why such trails were made through certain portions of the territory, we find sev-

eral factors entered into their adoption. They followed the rivers—the Kansas, Blue and Platte, for adequate water supply for man and beast, even if the way chosen proved to be a longer way around.

Another great necessity for the traveler was fuel and as most of the streams were bordered by more or less timber, this also was a good reason for the location of a trail. A third and most important factor was enough grass for grazing purposes for live stock. So the pioneer, even though passing through a wide territory, must of necessity keep near the streams. The trail in which we are particularly interested is known, upon our early maps, as the Great Central route to the gold fields, though later it was generally spoken of as the Nebraska City Cut Off to the Oregon trail. This trail served several purposes. Not only was it used for pioneer travel on the way to the gold fields of California, but it was used also by settlers on their way to the great northwest country, and brought many travelers into the state.

This was especially true of those who sought a more northerly route to the west because of the terrible scourge of smallpox which raged for some time in Independence, Missouri, which town, as has been mentioned before, was the eastern terminus of the original Oregon trail. To escape this terrible epidemic the settlers journeyed north to Nebraska City, and from there they headed almost straight west to join the Oregon trail at Fort Kearney.

Nebraska City was a most important post in those early days. In 1836 Congress passed a law providing for a military road, extending from the junction of the Des Moines and Mississippi rivers to the Red river of the north and S. W. Kearney and Nathan Boone were appointed to designate the points at which military posts should be established for protection of traffic along the route. In April, 1838, these men reported to the War Department that they had selected a site for a post at the junction of Table creek with the Missouri river. The settlement was first known as Fort Kearney and was so named by the government in 1848 in honor of Col. Stephen W. Kearney. Later the troops were withdrawn from this post and a new Fort Kearney was developed further west on the Oregon trail. The town we now know as Nebraska City came into existence in 1858 and was a consolidation of three small towns. During the years when the Mormons were establishing themselves in what is now

Utah, disturbances constantly occurred between Mormons and Gentiles until it seemed evident that the Mormons intended to refuse obedience to Gentile law. At that time President Buchanan determined to send a military force into the country to maintain order.

In January, 1858, the War Department awarded a contract for war supplies for the Utah army, to the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell of Fort Leavenworth. It was left to this firm to select the river port at which goods should be unloaded from the boats. The final responsibility was placed in the hands of Mr. Alexander Majors who visited Nebraska City and attended a mass meeting of the citizens in regard to the matter. In February, 1858, Mr. Majors gave his decision in favor of Nebraska City and as the amount of goods to be unloaded at this point was large and very valuable, a new route, more direct to the new Fort Kearney and the Oregon trail, was necessary.

For two years the Ox-bow trail was used and by 1860 the Mormon war was over; however, to accommodate the increased traffic the need for a new trail become more and more apparent. In February, 1860, another mass meeting was held in Nebraska City at which Mr. Majors and Governor Black were the principal speakers. Governor Black referred to the fact that the previous legislature had asked congress to appropriate funds to build a military road to Fort Kearney. Three commissioners had been appointed by the legislature to have charge of building and operations, and congress was asked to appropriate \$50,000.00 to use for road construction. No real result came from this meeting.

Difficulties in crossing Salt Creek in Lancaster County and the Blue river in Seward County, together with the constant menace of the Indians, were possibly the reasons why so little was accomplished.

After much delay Mr. Majors and his firm hired a Mr. Harvey, city engineer of Nebraska City, to locate the road. This was in March of 1860 and the road was begun in simple fashion.

Mr. Harvey and his assistants went ahead on horseback, indicating the course to be followed. Later a man, with four mules hitched to a breaking plow turning a furrow, followed the course indicated. This procedure was fol-

lowed all the way from what is now Saltillo to Fort Kearney.

When settlers came they drove their wagons astride this furrow and by 1863 so much traffic had passed over the course that deep ruts had been worn in it, and a road some 200 feet in width was marked. This trail passed through Otoe, Lancaster, Seward, York, Hamilton, Hall, Adams and Kearney Counties. Maps were later prepared through interviews with pioneer settlers, which showed the exact course of the trail. A marker has been placed, by St. Leger Cowley Chapter of D. A. R., eight miles south of Lincoln, upon what is thought to be the exact spot where the trail crossed Lancaster County, at the junction with the present Highway No. 77. After 1862 this trail came to be known as the Steam Wagon road for the following reasons.

A number of business men of Nebraska City had heard of experiments made by a Major Joseph Brown of Minnesota with a steam wagon which was used to haul freight in certain counties of Minnesota. The wagon had not been a great success in Minnesota but it was thought it could be used to greater advantage on the prairies of Nebraska. Arrangements were made with Major Brown to bring a steam wagon to Nebraska City and after many tests it was started on its way to Denver in July, 1862.

The first load consisted of three freight wagons, each of which carried the usual load of 5,000 lbs. Almost three miles west of Arbor Lodge a crank shaft broke and the trip had to be abandoned. Repairs were ordered by Major Brown from New York City, but there were necessary delays and it was 1865 before any further attention was given to the steam wagon project. By that time a railroad had been built to Omaha and the scheme seemed no longer feasible.

The old steam wagon was in the custody of J. Sterling Morton, at Arbor Lodge, for some years; later was removed to a foundry in Nebraska City where it gradually fell to pieces and was sold for junk.

The failure of the early invention should not cause it to be forgotten as it was without doubt one of the ancestors of our modern tractor and automobile.

The imagination is tremendously stirred by any study of our early roads and trails. As we cross our state today by train, automobile or bus, it behooves us, we children of

Founders and Patriots, to try to visualize just what it meant to follow the trails of an earlier day.

May the generations of today, and those to come, have the courage, the faith and the vision of our pioneers and build as truly, as did they, for the benefit of generations yet unborn.

A TRIBUTE TO OTIS ALLIS

Recalls Early Events of Life in Nebraska, Where He Was Born

The first white child still living to be born in Nebraska, Otis E. Allis, was feted on his eighty-ninth birthday Sunday by his children at the home of a daughter, Mrs. G. C. Plumer, 906 Fourth Avenue, Council Bluffs. A brother, Henry, who died at the age of two months, was the first white child to be born in that state.

Son of a pioneer missionary in Nebraska, the anniversary yesterday recalled to Mr. Allis the stirring events of his early life. He was an eye-witness of the marriage of Henry Fontenelle, chief of the Omahas, to Emily Pappan, who lived with his family. Hostile Indians drove the Allis family from the birthplace of Otis in Nance County, Nebraska, when he was still an infant. The gruesome "hangman's tree" near Folsom is a symbol of the strenuousness of his early manhood.

Father a Missionary

His father, Rev. Samuel Allis, came to Bellevue, Neb., in 1834 and for 40 years was a missionary, interpreter and friend of the Indian in eastern Nebraska. The son, Otis, was born on the Pawnee reservation in 1843. In 1846 hostile Sioux forced the family back to Bellevue. In 1851 they moved across the river to near the town that was then St. Mary's. It is believed that Mr. Allis is the only surviving resident of that village. He resided in that vicinity until his removal to Council Bluffs 15 years ago.

Emily Pappan, part Pawnee, part French, was reared by the Allis family. She was found deserted and wrapped in a bundle of rags in a tribe in which cholera had struck. Mr. Allis, then a small child, stood up in bed to watch the marriage of his playmate to Henry Fontanelle, for whom the forest reserve and the hotel were named. Henry, he recol-

lects, was ill of typhoid at the time and had been a patient in his father's home.

Village is No Longer

He saw Emily in 1929. She was then 101 years old. "Oh, Otis," she cried, "I've prayed to God I would see you again." He hopes to visit her next summer.

The village of St. Mary's no longer exists. Its site is now the bed of the Missouri River. But the Allis farm remains and on it is a peculiarly bent willow tree still locally known as "hangman's tree." Its mention recalls to Mr. Allis the epoch when every man was his own law enforcement officer and the finer points of judicial action were often emphasized with a gun.

Horse theft, as in all the pioneer west, was the major crime. Common procedure was lynching of thieves by citizens' committees upon their discovery.

It was on "hangman's tree" that Mr. Allis discovered the Long boys, two brothers who came from back east to investigate the murder of a relative and were themselves killed by the assassins.

Children present at yesterday's dinner were Mrs. Plumer, Oliver E. Allis, 611 Bluff Street; William R. Allis, 408 South Eighth Street; Mrs. R. C. Saunders, Lewis township; Samuel Allis of Omaha and Mrs. B. F. Anderson of Mills county. Another son, Otis E., jr., lives in Long Beach, Calif.

—Courtesy World Herald

EARLY DAYS IN BELLEVUE AND OMAHA

Br. Mrs| James T. Allan

James Thomas Allan came to Bellevue, Nebraska, on a tour of inspection in December of 1855. His father, James S. Allan, and his mother had come to Bellevue the previous August, in the interests of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Father and son purchased the Omaha and Otoe mission, a large cottonwood block house, and immediately began the work of transforming it into a hotel to be called the Bellevue House. James T. Allan returned to Pontiac, Michigan, for the territory of Nebraska, with his wife and nine-months-old baby, Jean, some young apple trees, and a bushel of apple seeds.

Quoting an article written by his wife, Elizabeth Budington Allan:

"The journey from St. Louis to St. Joseph at that time was made in palatial steamboats. From St. Joseph to the upper Missouri river points was a long journey but a very pleasant one. Among the passengers was Professor Kellom, his wife and daughter, and the Chapman family, bound for their farm just above Florence.

"The Bellevue House was opened for business June 1, 1856, but the great event was the opening ball, July 4, when all the people in the vicinity danced until the following day. Farm horses were tied to fences all night and fed from farm wagons. The ball tickets were \$4 each.

"Among the early patrons of the house were Governor McComas, Major Upson, Dr. Boykin, Judges Hall and Ferguson, General Bowen, General Strickland, Henry T. Clarke, William A. Gwyer, J. Sterling Morton, Peter A. Sarpy, Stephen Decatur, C. P. Storrs, Mr. Wattles, and many others prominent in the fifties but nearly forgotten now.

"In the excitement of the new and somewhat lawless country religious observances were neither neglected nor

forgotten. The hotel dining room was cleared after breakfast and supper, every Sunday. The Reverend William Hamilton acted as pastor, and his four daughters and the congregation as choir, with the help of a little melodeon, making music of which we were not ashamed. When the days grew short, services were held in Mr. Hamilton's parlor, in a concrete house now standing.

"Claim disputes were common, but I knew of but one case where blood was shed. The three Blore brothers were involved in one such case. Richard Blore, a fine young man, was shot in the abdomen and brought to the hotel in what was thought to be a dying condition. Dr. Boykin of Bellevue and Drs. McClelland and Malcolm of Council Bluffs were summoned, and all pronounced the case hopeless. Mr. Allan said, 'I hear that Dr. Peck, the young surgeon lately arrived in Omaha, has a reputation for being very skillful. We shall send for him.'

"He at once started Tom Alsop off on horseback to get Dr. Peck, and it wasn't long before the four doctors were in consultation, three of them still deciding that there was no use in trying to save the young man's life.

"Dr. Peck said, 'I will take the case,' and in six weeks he was on his feet, though still looking like a ghost. Eventually he fully recovered, and became a rancher in Colorado. Alsop was one of Edward Creighton's trusted drivers, who later went into the cattle business in Wyoming, and died some years ago, a very rich man."

Dr. Peck was the father of Edward Porter Peck of Omaha. He continued to practice medicine in Omaha for thirty years, until his death.

"The arrival of the steamboat, or rather 'its whistle round the bend,' was a signal for a general rush to the landing. This was very near the old trading post, where Sarpy, Decatur, and others dispensed money and goods, and hospitality galore. The greedy Missouri swallowed its site years ago. In fact, I hardly think one could mark the spot today.

"The Indians, though friendly, were a great nuisance. After the 'How, how,' came 'eat, eat.' Their out-of-doors appetites were hard to satisfy. A season in the wash house, however, usually made the squaws ready to take, 'French and Indian' leave.

"In the absence of cultivated fruits, wild ones were a very good substitute. The wild plums, raspberries, gooseberries and grapes were good and were abundant, and strawberries, too, if one had patience to pick them.

"We were fortunate in having a fine vegetable garden under the care of a first class gardener (William Greenhouse, an Englishman whom Mr. Allan brought from Pontiac with him). Help could be procured only from the steamboats, and these were mostly negroes from St. Louis and St. Joseph. Too much style and too much extravagance among the colored help with high prices did not tend to swell the hotel bank account. In a day account book before me I notice that the bill for ice from July 18 to September 10 was \$45.44; flour, \$9 a barrel.

"A typical menu of the Bellevue House is interesting.

BELLEVUE HOUSE

July 21, 1857

Soup

Vegetable

Fish

Roast

Beef, Mutton, Turkey, Chicken, Lamb

Boiled

Chicken, egg sauce; Leg Mutton, caper sauce;
Tongue; Ham; Corned Beef

Entrees

Scalloped Ham; Redding Ham, a la mode Beef, Casserole, Mutton,
Chicken Voilyran, Macaroni and Cheese, Veal Filet, Chicken
a la Cardanelle, Deviled Ham, Mutton Chops Braised,
Medeira Sauce, Beef Tongue Doped, Rough
and Ready Corned Beef and Cabbage

Vegetables of the Season

Cabbage, string beans, salads, et cetera

Pastry and Dessert

Cherry Pie, Currant Pie, Damson Pie, Blueberry Pie
Peach Pie, Plum Pie, Peach Puffs, Apple Puffs

Puddings

Pound Cake, Maderia Sauce, Lemon Jelly
Maderia Jelly, Jelly Cake

Fruits

Almonds, Filberts, and Raisins

Wines

Champagne, Mederia, St. Julien, Sherry, Port, Catawba,
London Porter, Scotch Ale, Pittsburgh Ale on Draught

"The first interment in the beautiful Bellevue cemetery was that of Mr. Allan's mother, in November, 1856. As I remember it Elsie Hamilton was the second one buried there.

"With the certainty that the capitol would never be located at Bellevue enthusiasm and business began to diminish. After three years of pleasant but not profitable effort we decided to move to Omaha. In the spring of 1859 we rented the Bellevue House, furniture and all, to Judge James Gow.

"In 1860 the family moved into the Herndon House, at Ninth and Farnam Streets, where Jessie and Donald Allan were born. The Herndon House register for 1865, now in the possession of Donald B. Allan, carries the names of illustrious men in civil and military life, as General W. T. Sherman, Grenville N. Dodge, George Francis Train, John J. Ingalls, Henry Fontenelle, and many others equally well known."

This story submitted by Carlynn Ann Visscher, who was married to Donald Budington Allan at Lincoln, Neb., March 19, 1895.

THE MITCHELL HOUSE OF FLORENCE, NEBRASKA

Dictated to Mrs. C. H. Mullin by Mrs. Hannah Beals

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Carlyle says, "Biography is the stuff of which history is made."

In revising biographies we are intensely interested in preserving for the history of the American people the truth about men and places. Popular stories of cherry trees must give place to proved facts.

In Nebraska, not yet sixty years a state, we are engaged in unraveling the stirring and romantic stories of our territorial days to find the threads of truth.

Nebraska has a collection of true yet romantic tales which are found in Sheldon's History of Nebraska.

The story of the Mormons' stay for two years at Florence in 1846-7 catches the fancy because of the contrasts in their life there with their present powerful position at Salt Lake City. After Brigham Young had obtained permission from Logan Fontenelle to bring his band to "Winter Quarters" they came into Nebraska territory 10,000 strong.

They spent a terrible winter there and in the spring of 1847 Logan Fontenelle requested them to move on as they were cutting the timber and driving out the deer belonging to the tribe of Omahas. So in the spring of 1847 Brigham Young with over a hundred men moved west to Utah, a part of Mexico. They strove to reach land beyond United States supervision. They laid out Salt Lake City and Brigham Young returned to Florence only to lead the 10,000 of his people in the spring of 1848, never to return to live in Winter Quarters.

The Mormons drew men's eyes to Nebraska and Logan Fontenelle, chief of the Omahas, was persuaded to deed to the United States Government the lands of the Omahas for 100 miles west of the Missouri River.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed and in 1854 Nebraska territory was thrown open for settlement. Among the first to cross the river from Kanesville (Council Bluffs) was James Cumley Mitchell, who formed the Florence Land Co. with James Parker and called the town Florence after his little granddaughter, Florence Kilburn.

His business prospered and in 1855 Mr. Mitchell built the first large house in Nebraska, on Bluff Street, where it may be seen today just west of Florence Park and west of the great tree said to have been planted by Brigham Young to celebrate his election to the presidency of the Mormon Church just before he left Florence forever in May, 1848. Therefore it is quite clear that Brigham Young never was in the house as he was gone from Florence eight years before it was built by Mr. Mitchell.

Tradition has grown to maintain that the house was Brigham Young's but the Omaha Chapter of the D. A. R. decided to correct this false story and give the correct one which is far more interesting.

Mrs. Philip Potter asked Mrs. Hannah Beals of Fort Calhoun, who owns the site of old Fort Atkinson and is the niece of the Captain Mitchell who built the house, to come with the friend of her childhood, Mrs. Byron Reed, to the D. A. R. meeting at the home of Mrs. Edgar L. Means on November 9, 1926, to tell the true story of the Mitchell house. The two vivacious and interesting women sat before the audience and discussed people and events of seventy years ago with enjoyment and were listened to with great interest.

Mrs. Beals' story is as follows:

"Yes, that house in Florence west of the park was built by my uncle, James Cumley Mitchell, in 1855. The lumber was brought up on a boat from St. Louis and the brick was made right there in Florence, by the same man who furnished brick for the Florence Bank. My uncle was part owner in that bank, with James Parker and the Florence Land Co.

"I don't know why anyone should say that house was built by Brigham Young. He lived in a little log house and was gone seven years before my uncle built this house.

"Anyway, I think uncle's story is much more interesting. My uncle was a Quaker, born in Bristol, Pa., and my father's brother. He often told how his mother, Hannah Cumley, showed them the deed to their land given their ancestor, James Cumley by William Penn in 1675, which was kept in a mahogany box.

"My uncle was wild to see the world and he ran away to sea when he was fifteen. He worked hard and got to be a ship's officer. His captain was fond of him and took him home to London to visit his own family. He had a widowed daughter-in-law and her little girl living with him. Her story was very strange.

"One time the captain touched at a port in Africa and a negro girl came to see him with a white baby girl in her arms. She told him the natives had killed the baby's father, who was an English missionary, and all of his family. But this nurse girl hid and saved their little girl and had traveled nights to get to the sea port. The captain took them both to England and adopted the baby. They called her Eliza and she married the captain's son when she grew up and the nurse always stayed with them. After young Kilburn was lost at sea, my uncle fell in love with Eliza and they were married. After awhile she went to sea with them. When the captain died they came to Bristol to see Uncle James' mother. Then Uncle James was appointed Indian commissioner at Trader's Point, near Bellevue, Iowa, on the Mississippi River.

"Years later they came to Kanesville and Uncle James was among the first to cross the Missouri and file on that ground. He organized the Florence Land Co. He named the town Florence after little Florence Kilburn, Mr. Mitchell's grandchild.

"Uncle James found that he had a boom town on his hands. Men had been waiting for years to enter Nebraska Territory. He and James Parker organized a bank and they became very wealthy. So he built a house for Aunt Eliza like English houses.

"Some people say it was just like a steamboat but I don't know about that. I was a little girl seven or eight years old and all I can remember was that my uncle wanted it to be very fine and planned everything to please my Aunt Eliza. It was the largest house in Florence, built on the slope of a hill so you could walk out of the back parlor on to a platform, level with the servants' quarters in the other houses at the back.

"They kept four servants and the north building was a kitchen and washhouse with a bathroom and cook's quarters upstairs. That was the only bathroom in town and the big metal tub was filled from a large cistern.

"The south house was where the gardener and other servants lived. There was a large barn that had a floor and people used to come miles to see it; barns had dirt floors in those days.

"Uncle kept an English coach and when I was a little girl I used to watch the coachman polish the silver on it.

"When the large, two-story house was about finished Uncle James and Aunt Eliza went on the boat to St. Louis for carpets and furniture. When they came back they brought a carpet with roses on it for the parlor and a grand piano of rosewood.

"Most of the furniture was of mahogany. One wardrobe with mirrors in the doors cost a thousand dollars. There was a silver service, too; the urn stood three feet high.

"When everything was put in place, Uncle James lit a fire in the fireplace in the parlor. A carpenter had left a wood support in the chimney and it caught fire and filled the upper parlors with smoke. There was no fire department and no water handy so the neighbors formed a bucket brigade and scooped up snow off the ground and put it on the fire.

"One man got excited and started to chop the legs off the piano so they could carry it out but my uncle said, 'No, don't do that; I'd rather it should burn,' but there was always a big chip out of the piano leg.

"When the fire was smothered, the rugs and house were not much damaged and Uncle James gave a large dance at the Taylor Hotel to thank his neighbors for helping him.

"When spring came my uncle was busy planting the cedar trees along the front of his property and he planted an apple orchard in the 20 acres at the back of his home.

"I used to help carry water to the cedars and sometimes I would get the nosebleed so my uncle made me stop. He said I must take a nap every afternoon after lunch, but I couldn't sleep so I got up the third day that I had tried to sleep and turned the green shutters so I could see and began to sew on my patch-work. After a while uncle saw my shutters open and came in and that was the only time he ever scolded me, but Aunt Eliza said, 'Why, James, the little thing wanted to get her quilt block done.'

"Uncle never could resist her so he laughed and said, 'Alright, Hannah, come on out and see me dig around the trees.'

"My aunt had a green parrot which used to call the dogs and set them to fighting. He used to swear in Spanish, they said. He had been with them on their sea voyage.

"I liked to talk with him and run in and out of the big house. My uncle was fond of me and when he died in 1860, I felt very badly.

"Just before he died my aunt, Mrs. Mitchell, said he put a mortgage on the house to help a friend start a freighting business to Denver.

"The man who lent him the money came to my aunt and asked for his money. She had no money handy so she gave him the \$1200 silver service to pay off the debt. She said she never would use it again. She had wonderful jewels, diamonds, coral and turquoise but she kept them and wore them until her death.

"She knew nothing of business and when the man presented the mortgage again she had to pay it. A third time he presented it and then she went to her friend, J. J. Brown, for advice. He told her she must pay it again as she had not had the mortgage released but went with her and had the release recorded.

"She always wore black after uncle's death and loved to talk of him and how good he was.

" 'Yes, I remember Mr. Mitchell,' said Mrs. Byron Reed, 'and I knew Mrs. Mitchell for many years and I know they built that house in 1855 and she owned it till her death.'

"As a service to this community I put on record this story of the Mitchell House of Florence built in 1855 seven years after Brigham Young left Florence to make his home in Salt Lake City."

FLORENCE BRIDGE

(Omaha World-Herald, May 2, 1935)

The move for a bridge at Florence is now in its eightieth year, we learn from a journal which Mrs. J. B. Brisbin has found among the papers of her father, James M. Parker. Omaha was threatening the leadership of Florence in 1856 and the go-getters of both towns were active. At Florence it was thought a bridge across the Missouri would put both Florence and Omaha in their proper place. It was estimated that \$200,000 dollars would be required. We quote from the journal:

"In accordance with notice given as provided for in the act passed by the legislature of the territory of Nebraska incorporating the Florence Bridge Company, this book was opened for subscription to stock in said company this twentieth day of January, 1857."

Subscriptions were: \$25,000, James C. Mitchell; \$24,000; Cook, Sargent & Parker; \$15,000, R. W. Steele; \$12,000, D. B. Hawley; \$10,000, P. C. Chapman, R. S. Bryant, A. B. Malcolm, Henry C. Riordan, A. T. Heath, J. B. Stutsman, A. C. Smith, William Conner, Alling & Chapman, and W. L. Baugh; \$5,000, John H. Brackin, J. T. Pugsley, James C. Chapman, and E. R. Brewster; \$2,000, Samuel Forgey and Charles Howe. Total, \$200,000.

A 10 per cent assessment was made at once for expenses in getting congressional approval and Mr. Parker went to Washington. He was not successful, due to Omaha opposition, it was charged, and the project was abandoned.

NEE-SCAW (WHITE WATER), THE FUGITIVE

A True Story of the Blue River Valley

By Major A. L. Green, Indian Agent at Barneston, Neb.

The personage mentioned in the caption of this true story was an Otoe halfbreed whose strange admixture of vices and virtues contributed to a career as inexplicable and contradictory as was that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. His character was like a two-strand coil of which one strand was wholly good the other wholly evil and both the product of heredity. The strand that tended to goodness and virtue stretched through a long line of Otoe ancestry to a famous chieftain of that tribe, while the strand that continually prompted to evil was thought to be traceable to a renegade white stock of criminal tendencies and antecedents. Under the influence of the former he was an affectionate husband, brother, and friend, but under the spell of the latter he became a demon incarnate—seemingly goaded by an irresistible impulse to kill.

His boyhood had been spent among the Ioways—a tribe of the same lineage as the Otoes, and it was while with them that he attended a mission school and learned to read and write and it was also while with them that his first murder was committed, but in those days a murder among the Indians was usually atoned for by a gift of ponies to near relatives of the victim—otherwise only the blood of the murderer could appease the names of the slain. How many murders Nee-scau atoned for at various times I cannot say, but he came to be regarded, by both the Otoes and Ioways, as a very dangerous man—and yet withal a very religious character—a puzzling admixture of piety and devilry. The Bible and the Otoe medicine bag were jointly objects of his reverence. Among the Otoes he professed all the ancient beliefs of the tribe and the writer has heard him calling with a loud voice upon Wa-con-da (the Great Spirit) for His protection and help in a horse-stealing expedition that he had in contemplation, but among the whites at the government agency he was usually seen on the Sabbath day with a Bible

under his arm and a pious devotional look on his face. There were very few Otoes who admitted relationship with him and it seemed that his affections were centered entirely on those who did—chief of whom were his wife and a half brother—to the one he was a faithful, devoted husband, to the other a trusted companion and bosom friend. A little more than half a century ago there was a small hamlet of bark wigwams or lodges near the mouth of Mission Creek known as Cee-na-shunga-monco—a name signifying Medicine Horse's Village, and it was there that Nee-scaw and his wife, Tah-sha-me, built their cozy nest of bark and poles. She was quite young but very industrious and skillful, not only in decorating with beads and many-hued porcupine quills the moccasins and leggins that she delighted in making for her husband, but also in raising beautiful ears of blue and red corn, spotted beans and squaw pumpkins to be dried for winter use. They were very congenial and seemingly very contented and happy—except when, at long intervals, an evil spirit, that seemed to haunt their wigwam, cruelly tortured Nee-scaw with terrifying nightmares or visions and it was after such a disquieting visitation that the terrible day dawned that was to end forever their happiness and companionship.

The Otoes had recently returned from a late summer buffalo hunt and Nee-scaw had failed to arrive with them, but had reached home one evening several days later, suffering from a terrible wound that had nearly severed the thumb from his right hand, splitting the latter nearly to the wrist. He endured great pain, had a fever, and was in an excited and suffering condition. Tah-sha-me did what she could to relieve and soothe him, but she soon realized that the evil spirit was at work upon him, torturing his very soul, so that when morning dawned it had changed him into a demon—his face was distorted with rage and wickedness and he was bitterly denouncing the white race when the Government's Agent suddenly entered and stood beside him. With the glaring eyes of a maniac he at once reached beneath a pillow with his left hand and drew forth a heavy army revolver which he cocked and pointed at the officer, exclaiming: "This is my last day, but I shall not leave the world without taking a principal white man with me." It was only by his being pressed closely by the agent as he backed toward the rear exit of the lodge and his inability to use his right hand, that prevented him from shooting. On emerging from the lodge, still closely pressed by the agent, he was intercepted

by Officer Alexander of Fairbury, who had been stationed there to prevent his escape. Then having an opportunity to aim his pistol he shouted: "Now two white men shall die," but the exclamation had hardly escaped his lips when Chief Medicine Horse seized his arm, twisted the weapon from his grasp, discharged it and returned it to him. Finding escape impossible, he sullenly entered the agency carriage and was driven with the officer to the agency and large Indian village a few miles distant. Scarcely had the village been reached, when, by a cunning stratagem, he escaped from the officer and speeding with the swiftness of a deer, was soon out of sight on the wide open prairie.

A day or two prior to the events just narrated, a terrible tragedy had shocked the entire state—the cruel and fiendish murder of two valued citizens—each the head of a large dependent family, who were returning to their sod-built homes on Rose Creek after a long and wearisome trip to Brownville for badly needed repairs. It was their last night out—they had stopped beside a slough where grass could be cut and water obtained for their tired horses, and they expected to sleep within or beneath their wagons. One was busily engaged in mowing, while the other was approaching his unharnessed team with an armful of mown grass when the report of a pistol was heard and the latter dropped dead; another loud report and the mower, mortally wounded, found himself facing a fiend from whose repeated shots he weakly strove to defend himself with the scythe. In a few minutes all was over—the fiend had left the scene of his terrible crime with a wound that would fasten the guilt upon him. The dead lay undiscovered until the next day.

It became known that a saloonkeeper named Wehn, the day of the tragedy, had furnished Nee-scaw with liquor and that he had been crazed with drink; also that he had been terribly wounded, all of which tended to throw suspicion upon him. News spread rapidly that the Otoes were responsible for the crime, and this, together with the fact that the recent Indian raid and murders on the Little Blue had made the settlers distrustful of all Indians, caused a very bitter feeling against them. In order to dissipate this feeling the Otoes were very anxious to recapture Nee-scaw with as little delay as possible. The search was continued day after day and was attended with many exciting incidents, but perhaps the most exciting and strangest occurred one

day immediately after a recent trail had been lost. I would say here that Nee-scaw's trail was distinguishable by a peculiarity in the cut of his moccasin soles, and that it had been found and lost in many widely separated localities on the two hundred and fifty square miles of the reservation. On this occasion the writer noticed that in the midst of a large assemblage of Indians something very unusual was taking place—certain mysterious performances by the "monco" (medicine) men—followed by the departure at furious speed of two mounted braves who quickly disappeared in the distance. Their return was intently watched for and when they appeared it was seen that they swayed as if ready to fall and the horses were in a lather of sweat. A rush was made to meet them and both fell unconscious into the outstretched arms of their friends. They were laid on the grass and in a few minutes revived and in gasps whispered that the fugitive was sighted in a nest of tall grass on a bluff south of Cedar Creek at a point that commands a wide view in all directions. Fifty horsemen, including the Indian police, started at once for the place indicated, but, when almost within rifle shot, halted for they knew that Nee-scaw was armed and would shoot to kill—and besides if anyone had to kill him it must be done by his brother—otherwise his blood would have to be atoned for. The writer, who had no faith in the hecatomb of the Otoe medicine men, assured the police that it was perfectly safe to ascend the bluff, and started up on a gallop, when a few hesitatingly followed—the ascent was from the south, the north side being nearly precipitous to the creek. On arriving at the top abundant evidence was found to justify the faith of the Otoes in their Monco men—the grass next to the fugitive had evidently been occupied only a short time before, and a fresh trail led from it down the face of the bluff, which was followed for perhaps a mile and lost. From his outlook the hunted man had seen his pursuers approach.

According to Indian ethics if the capture and delivery of Nee-scaw resulted in his execution his captors would have to atone for his blood to his nearest kin—otherwise his spirit could not rest. This threw a great and sorrowful responsibility upon his brother, to whom he had always been dear and tender and who attributed the trouble that had befallen him to that wicked spirit that had haunted his lodge and followed him since childhood—an heritage perhaps from an evil white ancestor. His heart was filled with pity and compassion for him, for he knew that his sufferings were great.

But duty to the tribe required him to deliver him by force to the officers of the law, which was equivalent to shedding blood, for it would probably result in that.

For more than two weeks, search and trailing had continued and still the fugitive had eluded capture; and the whites believe that the Indians were concealing him and their resentment increased. In the meantime, prompted by love and great anxiety for the safety of her hunted mate, who, almost naked, desperately wounded and without food, had been for many days and nights exposed to cold rains and storms, poor distressed Tah-shame had also secretly kept up a search, carrying a little food and a blanket for her beloved. Indian hunters had caught glimpses of her slim figure, gliding ghost-like, through the timber in far-off places, and wise men of the tribe concluded that perhaps a woman's love might be able to accomplish what man's cunning and skill in trailing had been unable to. She was therefore secretly watched and followed by spies until, despite her many efforts to elude them, they were convinced that she had been successful in her quest; that the object of her search and their's, was, at that time, secreted in the dense timber near a certain point on Wolf Creek. It was then that his brother and two old-time friends sought him out and, with words of kindness and sympathy, induced him to sit with them for a little talk. He looked wretched and was suffering greatly from his wound, all of which intensified the conflict between love and duty that raged in his unhappy brother's breast. But love and compassion could not soften a stern and cruel duty. Seized and firmly held in that brother's strong arms, he was soon tied hand and foot by his trusted friends, whose hearts revolted at the deed.

The Indian police were notified, irons were placed upon him, and he was taken to the agency.

The next morning the large agency carriage occupied by the agent, interpreter, and prisoner, preceded, and followed by a dozen Indian policemen in cavalry uniforms, with a large United States flag carried in advance, and a long line of mounted chiefs, braves, and head-men followed, started for Fairbury. Having been informed that the people of that village were feeling very bitter against the Indians, there was much anxiety and uneasiness felt as to how they would be received and when late in the afternoon the procession drew near the town, the Indians began chanting or croon-

ig a song which the interpreter said was an invocation to Waconda, asking that He would incline the hearts of the Fairbury people to treat them kindly. The astonishment of the citizens was indeed great when the Otoe soldiers stationed their flag in the center of the public square, placed the prisoner beneath it, and formed a close circle around him, the other Indians forming a group by themselves. The entire population of the town seemed to have gathered around and it was not long before the ladies of the place were busily engaged in preparing a feast for the entire party. All were hungry for they had not eaten since morning and the roast beef and coffee filled a long-felt want. There being no jail at Fairbury, the prisoner, after a hearing, was to be taken to Pawnee City to remain there until the next term of court. The Otoes folded themselves in their blankets on the square and when morning dawned the entire cavalcade was soon moving towards the agency. That Waconda had heard their invocation was very evident to them.

It was several months later that Nee-scaw was brought before Judge O. P. Mason, who sentenced him to the penitentiary for life, a punishment more terrible than death to an Indian. Oh, how slowly the weary years passed and how irksome to such a being. The writer received many a pitiful letter from his lonely cell, asking for news of those he loved, but the tribe had been removed to a far-off land and I could give him none. It was reported that he had become very religious and took an active part in Sunday exercises among the convicts. Seventeen long years of imprisonment had undermined his health and brought premature old age upon him when a pardon restored his liberty but was unable to restore the dear ones of his youth, all of whom had passed away. His health declined rapidly and soon he died. The good and evil of his nature had been weighed in God's balance. Let us hope that the good outweighed the evil and that he and Tah-sha-me are reunited and happy.

Letter from James Whitewater, written from the penitentiary at Lincoln, Neb., where he was serving a life term of imprisonment for the crime of murder:

Lincoln, Nebraska, 3 Mo. 16th, 1873.

My Dear Friend:

Thy letter of 10th came duly to hand and I am very much pleasure to hear from thee with thy family and also

my poor little boy and with his mother and I have delayed writing until today and I have very much oblige to their kindness toward my poor little one and thy wife she had nice suit of clothes for him and that thee have some prospect to coming up to visited to Lincoln.

I wish they bring me up some of pair of moccasins and I have sorrowful for James Whitebland. He was at point of death we are knowing the person had consumption. They would not live no medicine to cure that sickness and another thing that thee advice me to do and I have trying to keep patience and now I remember the duration of this life and I have remember the Great Spirit and I cannot see no other way to save from this wicked world, and now I dont believed the Indian way. I believed only one one thing that is pipe of Peace and the speak in the bible and the something they had the first place when the Indian meet with William Penn.

If thee want to know I will tell thee next time, and the Indian they think it prophet what secret thing they had to take the war with. Maj. I dont believe such secret thing the Indian have and since I study the holy bible and the bible telling me one God made the whole creation everything we see on the earth now, our Indian they think gone one place together after thee died.

I dont believed that the bible says only two way to go after they died from this life and the righteous people when they died ascended to heaven. When the wicked people they died they descended in hell to the darkness forever. Another place the bible says in the last Judgment day the every nation and every tribe be there at that last day before Jesus. I think we all be there. Now I wish our Indian they all know these.

Now My dear friend if God is so merciful as to let me out of prison I promise and vow to Him that I will talk to the poor indian all the time if I live and get them to serve Jesus and I pray God to help me keep my promise.

Now my Dear friend I have nothing more to write.

May God in heaven bless thee with thy family and my constant prayer.

From thy friend

James Whitewater
Lock Box 34, L. Nebr

Write soon to thy friend.

Maj. will thee Please Send me a few P Stamps.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN COLONIST

It broods over our troubled councils
As a guardian angel
Holding us loyal
To the mighty past.

With hope our forefathers left their homes
To come to America
What did they see as they sailed?
Long waves before them for their graves.
A frowning shore if they might cheat the sea?

No—freedom was here!
Freedom to worship—to think—to live.
They greatly dared that they might
Greatly give to us our heritage
In this new shining land.

We do well to honor them:
Penn and Calvert, Brewster and Bradford
Were leaders of men like themselves,
Honest workers, frugal and earnest
Who visioned churches, homes and schools;
Who built with prayer and toil and song.

With prayer they consecrated America
With toil they builded America
With song they inspired America
To endure to her noble destiny.

—CORA PHEBE MULLIN,

Poet Laureate of Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs

MY HOUSE AT FORT CALHOUN

By Mrs. Fannie M. Potter

My father, E. H. Clark, came with Judge Bradley to Bellevue early in October, 1854. In 1855 he settled in Fort Calhoun, where he built a log cabin. To this log cabin he brought my mother and me, and the following letter from my mother to her beloved aunt and uncle, gives a description of the furnishing of our first pioneer home and the attitude toward pioneer life by our finest pioneer women.

Ft. Calhoun, Sept. 18, 1856



MRS. E. H. CLARK

My dear Uncle and Aunt:

Well, Uncle Van, the time has come, the good time we used to talk about, when we are settled in our own home where I am "Monarch of all I survey, of my right there is none to dispute." Where I have a right to say to an intruder "Puck-a-chee." And as I never knew what it was to be so situated before, I do enjoy it supremely.

You have heard from me often through others. I would have written to you before but you know I told you I was going to wait till I "got a good ready." That means until I got our house arranged as I wanted it, then I promised to let you know.

Ft. Calhoun is our stopping place. It is situated on a beautiful plateau on the Missouri River, sixteen miles from Omaha, the capital, and is the county seat of Washington County. In the town there is a hotel, grocery, store, blacksmith shop, courthouse, a mill and a few dwellings. There is plenty of timber close to the place, and several good springs of water. There is a good landing place for boats, though none have stopped yet.

E. H. Clark & Co's cabin is situated on his claim (which joins the town on the north side) just at the foot of a bluff, which is as high as Bald Hill, that celebrated place to which all you folks resort for pleasure rides. Thank fortune we don't have to go so far to see a hill. It is not sloping as Bald Hill and we intend to plant a grove of forest trees all the way to the top next spring.

The main travelled road passes a few rods from the front door; there is room between the road and the field for a block to be fenced in, which is commenced to be done now, which we intend to ornament and give the dignified title of "The Park" and it is possible that when the fence is nearly completed a deer or two may be caught napping and on waking may find itself fast, though I think it most possible that said deer-park may be dedicated as a calf-pen first. True it would be quite a coming down, but the useful comes before the ornamental, you know.

We have a garden enclosed, two locust trees of good size before the door, they are higher than the house.

But now we'll just take a peep within doors and see what a good housekeeper Phoebe makes. I don't allow any comments to be made, you must take things as they come, making all the necessary allowances for new beginners &c.

I'll give you a seat in my rocking-chair whilst you take a survey and a very comfortable one you'll find it, hair bottom, cane back and cherry frame.

Well, the house is a hewed log house twelve by twelve on the inside, well chinked and daubed. At a first glance you would think the walls were lathed and plastered, but look a little closer and it is only lined with white muslin. The walls we intend to paper over the muslin this winter, leaving the ceiling white.

A good ingrain carpet covers the rough boards, but they are not rough now, for I scrubbed them smooth before the carpet went down.

The front door faces the east and the Missouri; we have a view of the river from two points. As you come in just turn to the right and look at yourself in the looking glass and do not be astonished if your face has turned a shade or

two darker since you left Laporte, for this a great place for people to tan. If you were here you would be in the top of the fashion, for every one is dark complected. If they aren't when they first come they soon get so.

Next look out of the window and take a view of our glorious corn field, "Old Muddy" &c. A chair is on each side of the window. Next comes Fan's food chair, which is in the corner; turn to the right and next is a table, a nice damask table-spread over it, then a chair, then a lounge covered with striped green and white furniture calico. It has a pillow which makes a very good place to rest ones self upon. Then you turn corner the second, a chair, then a door opening into the kitchen, another chair, and you come to the grand stairway, which makes the third corner, then a chair, and the remainder of the south side of the house is filled with books, Hicks' law books most of them. A book-case reaching from the ceiling to the floor will not hold them, so the remainder are piled up behind the door, which makes corner the fourth and that's all. We had a clock, but it was not worthy a place as it would not go, so we helped it down and laid it on the shelf and a watch is in its place.

You must not slight the kitchen, for there is where the good things to eat come from. There I will not be so precise in describing, fearing to tire you. Suffice it to say it is a little place, twelve feet by eleven, contains a bed for our old Scotchman, some of Hicks' own handy work, a table, cupboard, stove and all the appurtenances thereof, a water bench, flour barrel, and a trap door to get into the cellar, a couple of chairs and several utensils without which the kitchen furniture is incomplete. It is a little place to have so much in, but when everything is in its place there is plenty of room for a little body like me to turn around in. I have a nice cool cellar with shelves all around it upon which stand certain ominous looking jars, covered up tight, but which are found to contain preserves of different kinds, as strawberries, tomatoes, plums and melon rinds, which are a very good substitute for citron, and some tumblers of grape jelly.

Now for upstairs, and if you are not a lazy man you will want to mount the steps, no matter if they are not easy of ascension as your own. I'll warrant them to be as good as your cellar steps.

Now I suppose some would call my upstairs a garret, but it is my bedroom and I sleep just as sweetly in it as though it were a palace. The walls of it are lined with white muslin also. I have two beds in it, one of them another specimen of Hicks' work. Both of them have mosquito bars around them and they have been a great source of comfort to us this summer. There are two windows, an east and a west, with oil curtains to them, four trunks and a box to hold bedclothes. We have straw matting on the floor, though we have enough left of the ingrain to nearly cover it this winter, a couple of chairs and that is about all; we have to make our wardrobes on the wall. And now you must be tired, so come down and lie down on the lounge and rest.

Well, I have given you a complete description of our little domicile and it may seem silly to you, but remember it was written at your own request.

Now perhaps Camille and others of the girls think, "Well I don't see how Phebe can be willing to live in such a heathenish country!" Why, my good gracious, girls! We are not at all out of the world. People think, act, talk, walk, and hollo "Hurrah for Buchanan" just as they do in the state exactly. And I know if you all had as good husbands and loved them as dearly as I do mine you would be happy in any place with them. Here I imagine Uncle Van says "The honeymoon with them is not over yet." Well I hope it never may be. They say "Contentment is happiness." If so then I am supremely happy, as indeed I am.

We have two horses and a buggy, a lumber wagon and yoke of cattle, a cow and calf, a pig, sixteen chickens, a cat and dog and a baby. I make all our own butter and you just find better, sweeter butter than it is if you can. I wish I could send you my last churning for to taste, and I can make good bread. We have every thing good to eat that you have except sweet potatoes and apples.

I have one good neighbor; the rest place us (very kind in them) among the aristocracy, so we don't have much to do with each other. There are a great many fine families living in Omaha that I think much of I wish they were nearer.

Now Uncle and Aunt, I try to do just the best I can keeping house and I succeed pretty well, I think. I am perfectly contented, and if you can say as much no doubt but you are a happy man too.

I am afraid my guitar is lost; we have never heard from the box that Father sent us. (It arrived safely, later.)

We have most excellent health here. I have not been sick a day since I came. It's the very place for Aunt and Father. All the sickness seems to be chills and we have escaped them so far. Fan lives on melons, green corn, cucumbers and anything she wants and has never had the slightest touch of illness. She is the pet of Ft. Calhoun and as happy as a bird.

Now you must not think from what I have written that I am glad to be away from you all; I often think of you and some time I'll be there to see you.

We are blessed in one particular where you are not, that is we have no flies of any consequence. Hicks says it is because we are cleanly.

You did promise to answer this, Uncle Van, and you must remember it very soon. Give our love to all.

As ever,

PHEBE A. CLARK

Since writing the foregoing Hicks and I have had a few of the nicest little chills in the world, but I guess we drove them out with quinine.

The Little Log Cabin

By Mrs. Eliza Freeman Carre

A March morning in the year 1865, they had come to the end of their journey by train and were soon hurried across the Missouri River into Nebraska City. Securing the little black pony team that had been waiting there for a month, they were soon again on their way to the First Homestead.

For these were the young homesteader and his bride, who for the past month, or since their wedding, had been visiting relatives in Iowa and Illinois.

Arriving a day later at the small village of Beatrice, they found the Blue River too swollen with winter snows to ford, and the homestead yet four miles away—so what to do? Leave that to the young homesteader.

A man with a flatboat agreed to take the young wife safely across, together with the precious oak hope chest which her father had made and a trunk full of clothes of latest fashion.

The light wagon was taken over on a pile of driftwood by the homesteader and with two men to help, the team was made to swim across. The bride suffered great fear and anxiety and was sure she was to be a widow.

Soon to the brow of the hill which is the eastern boundary of the homestead.

Looking down on the little stream winding through the valley they saw nestling near the rude bridge that spans the stream, the "Little Log Cabin" their future home.

Three great oak trees stand guard over this cabin. These trees were probably planted by the hand of the Creator the day these acres were laid outdoors.

The Homestead Act was approved May 20, 1862, and became a law January 1, 1863, and this soldier, Daniel Freeman, was right there at Brownville, Nebraska, the nearest land office by five minutes past twelve o'clock (midnight) January 1. The filing had been made for the first homestead ever taken under the Homestead Act.

For this soldier had applied to Uncle Sam for a grant of this particular quarter in Section 26, Blakely Township.

The patent for this grant of land was issued September 1, 1869, and signed by U. S. Grant, President of the United States of America. This patent was recorded January 6, 1870, in Deed Record "F," Page 114, in office of County Clerk of Beatrice, Nebraska.

Daniel Freeman, a federal soldier, was sent with a company to protect the white settlers from the raids of the Indians. It was during this period that he built his little log cabin and log stable, and broke out a few acres as required by law.

As soon as he was relieved of his military duties, he went east for his bride, Agnes Suiter. They were married February 8, 1865, in the home of her father, John Suiter, Le Claire, Iowa. Agnes Suiter was a graduate of the Christian College at Abington, Illinois, afterwards teaching her home school for one year. She also taught the first school in Blakely Township. Her school was a group of seven neighbor boys. Her salary was \$21.00.

One trial this young woman was destined to endure was homesickness. It became almost a scourge. She never missed a chance to visit her parents and brothers in her childhood home on the Mississippi River.

The next year, while Nebraska was yet a territory, the first baby came to the First Homestead. Before the birth of the second child, Nebraska had become a state.

A new and bigger log cabin had been built farther away from the timber and it is this second cabin; the one we see in the pictures and the one we read about. For the Little Log Cabin was never photographed, never written about, nor scarcely remembered, excepting by her who was born within its walls.

It is now seventy years since these sturdy people started out together, with little equipment besides strength, courage and devotion to each other.

A simple stone marks their resting place on the brow of the hill, where they first looked down in the valley and saw "The Little Log Cabin" nestling near the rude bridge that spans the stream.

FORT MC PHERSON

By Daisy C. Hinman (Mrs. York A.), North Platte, Neb.

Because of the trouble with the Indians during the pioneer periods; in 1862 with bitter hostilities existing between the Sioux and Cheyennes, and the many depredations being committed it was necessary to keep constant watch by day and night, for safety of the settlers.

The government concluded it must protect the settlements by military supervision and in 1863, Sept. 27, Old Fort McPherson, 18 miles southeast of North Platte and three miles south of Maxwell on the south side of the Platte River, was established, and the 7th Iowa Vol. Cavalry placed there.

It was first named Cantonment McKean, then changed on May 18, 1864, to Fort Cottonwood. The name was again changed, June 24, 1866, to Fort McPherson which it retained until the fort was abandoned and dismantled in 1880. Quite early, a part of the reservation of four miles square was set aside for a soldier's cemetery, and in October, 1873, the government reserved 128 acres for a national military cemetery, the only one in this part of the country. Part of this land was later sold so that now the reservation only includes 20 acres. Four acres were inclosed by a high brick wall inside of which was built a two-story red brick house for the keeper or superintendent, the bricks being made on the grounds.

The east and west walls are 425 ft. 9 in. long and the north and south walls 440 ft. They are 6 ft. 8 in. high and quite thick. When the graveled roads had been made and the trees planted, bodies of soldiers were brought at various times and reinterred, from at least sixteen abandoned post cemeteries this side of the Rocky Mountains.

On the east side is the main entrance, a large iron gate, supported by brick pillars with a smaller pedestrian gate on each side. Just inside is a large bronze tablet, 3 ft. by 4 ft., with these familiar words:

“On fame’s eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread
And Glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead.”

In the center of the cemetery, in the main walk, the flag staff rises for close to a hundred feet, to let “Old Glory” fly each day and here, from sunrise to sunset, the regulation flag, 12 ft. by 12 ft., can be seen for miles around, as it flutters in the Nebraska winds or droops in seeming accord with the spirit of peace and quiet that prevails the place.

Twenty-seven superintendents have been stationed at the cemetery, each required to give it the best of care. Charles E. Wingert is the present superintendent and in his care are the huge books that record the little or much known facts of those sleeping within the “little white tents.” It is a beautiful sight, as one enters the big iron gates, to see the hundreds of little white stone markers that dot the carpet of green, each watched over and protected by the spreading arms of the old trees that have stood there, on guard, for more than half a century. There are 1,127 of these little white markers, in regular rows, 558 of them bearing the pitiful word “Unknown.” Then there are a few larger monuments telling brief stories, of the silent sleepers lying beneath. On one is a list of 28 soldiers of Co. G, 6th Infantry, killed in action by Indians near Fort Laramie, August 19, 1853, known as the Gratten Massacre. Another stone, marked No. 258, tells of a Pawnee Indian, Spotted Horse, who gave splendid service as a government scout.

On each Memorial Day, exercises are held in memory of the country’s hero dead, and hundreds gather at the cemetery, coming from near and far, for now many of our World War boys are lying in this eternal camping ground awaiting the last bugle call.

The same hush, the same peaceful quietude, the same saddened memories that hover round the silent city of our dead at Arlington are felt at our own National Cemetery at Fort McPherson. Here is the same subdued rustling of leaves, the sighing of the winds, the sleepy twitter of birds. The same sun shines and the rains fall on all alike in these silent cities of our dead.

It seems such a little thing to do, to pause, as it were, by the side of the road, away for a little while, from all the noise and bustle, and take time to be thankful, that the integrity and safety of our country has always had loyal men to guard it, to protect it even with their lives and we have faith to believe always will have them. And a grateful nation does not forget.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CORPS AREA

By General H. A. Smith

The Department of the Platte was established in 1866. "To consist of the states of Minnesota and Iowa and so much of the territories of Dakota, Nebraska and Montana as lie north of the Platte and Sweetwater Rivers."

In 1867 this department was re-enacted to include Iowa, Nebraska, Utah Territory and part of Dakota and Montana Territories.

In 1871, the Department of the Platte was merged into the Department of Missouri and again in this same year was recreated to include Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah and part of Idaho with headquarters established at Fort Omaha in 1878.

The Department of the Platte was discontinued March 11, 1898, at which time it was included in the Department of Missouri.

In 1913 the Department of Missouri consisted of Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory with headquarters at Omaha was absorbed by the Central Department consisting of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado with headquarters in Chicago.

September 1, 1920, the Central Department was discontinued and the Seventh Corps Area created consisting of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Arkansas.

Fort Omaha

The reservation of Fort Omaha is situated in the city of Omaha, Douglas County, and contains 82½ acres.

A tract of 40 acres was purchased in 1868 and another tract of 42½ acres was purchased in 1882. These purchases were made from private individuals as follows:

20 acres from Emerson S. Seymour and wife, dated August 26, 1865; 20 acres from Charles B. Wells and wife, dated April 17, 1862; 42½ acres from Augustus Kountz and wife, April 17, 1882.

The reservation was ceded to the United States by an act of the Nebraska State Legislature approved February 23, 1870.

List of Generals who have commanded different Departments from Fort Omaha or Omaha, Nebraska:

1. Brigadier General Philip St. G. Cook, USA, April 1, 1866, to January 22, 1867.
2. Major General (Brevet) Christopher C. Augur, Jan. 23, 1867, to December 10, 1871.
3. Brigadier General Edward O. C. Ord, USA, December 11, 1871, to April 26, 1875.
4. Brigadier General George Crook, USA, April 27, 1875, to Aug. 29, 1882, and April 28, 1886, to May 4, 1888.
5. Lieutenant General Phil H. Sheridan, USA, August 30, 1882, to September 5, 1882.
6. Brigadier General O. O. Howard, USA, September 6, 1882, to March 6, 1884; and October 5, 1884, to April 28, 1886.
7. Major General (Brevet) John Gibbon, USA, March 6, 1884, to October 25, 1884.
8. Brigadier General J. R. Brooke, USA, May 5, 1888, to May 16, 1895.
9. Brigadier General John J. Coppinger, USA, May 17, 1895, to March 11, 1898.
10. Brigadier General Edwin V. Sumner, USA, April 20, 1898, to March 30, 1899.

11. Brigadier General Henry C. Merriam, USA, March 31, 1899, to December 3, 1900.
12. Brigadier General Fitzhugh Lee, USA, December 4, 1900, to August 12, 1901.
13. Brigadier General John C. Bates, USA, August 13, 1901, to November 20, 1903.
14. Major General S. S. Sumner, USA, November 21, 1903, to January 14, 1904.
15. Brigadier General Camilio C. C. Carr, USA, January 15, 1904, to Feb. 22, 1904.
16. Brigadier General Theodore J. Wint, USA, February 23, 1904, to Dec. 5, 1906.
17. Major General Adolphus W. Greeley, USA, December 6, 1906, to May 20, 1907.
18. Major General Earl D. Thomas, USA, May 21, 1907, to May 29, 1907.
19. Brigadier General Edward S. Godfry, USA, May 30, 1907, to October 8, 1907.
20. Brigadier General Charles Morton, USA, October 9, 1907, to Nov. 26, 1907; and December 10, 1908, to December 12, 1908; then again from February 1, 1909, to March 18, 1910.
21. Brigadier General John B. Kerr, USA, November 26, 1907, to December 10, 1908.
22. Brigadier General William H. Carter, USA, December 12, 1908, to December 1, 1909.
23. Brigadier General Frederick A. Smith, USA, March 18, 1910, to February 5, 1913.
24. Major General Omar Bundy, USA, September 1, 1920, to February 28, 1922.
25. Major General Francis J. Kernan, USA, May 28, 1922, to September 15, 1922.
26. Major General George B. Duncan, USA, December 19, 1922, to October 10, 1925.
27. Major General Benjamin A. Poore, USA, October 11, 1925, to May 31, 1927.
28. Major General Harry A. Smith, USA, the present Corps Area Commander, assumed command on June 1, 1927-1929.
29. Major General Johnson Hagood, 1929-1933.
30. Major General Frank R. McCoy, 1933-1935.
31. Major General Stuart Heintzelman, 1935.

NOTES FROM TALK BY MRS. C. H. VAN ARDSDALE
At D. A. R. Meeting, January, 1921

Mrs. C. H. Van Ardsdale was the daughter of M. V. Nichols, who was one of the four owners of first stage route entering the town of Beatrice, which at that time had about fifty inhabitants.

She told many interesting incidents about early stage coach days in Nebraska. The picturesque Concord coaches were not the universal type used. They were considered especially for traveling with speed and luxury and regarded somewhat like the Pullmans and parlor cars of today. They were found only on the main lines between large places like St. Louis and Omaha, but were not found across the plains.

She told an amusing tale of a bride who lost her hat somewhere along the trail and wept copiously because they would not turn back and hunt for it. It had probably blown out and the stage was traveling on schedule time. Her husband sued the company for \$1000.00 (?) for her hat and wounded feeling as she had been made sick, he stated. The officers of the company, meeting the husband, offered him \$100.00 which he seemed to consider very generous and readily accepted. The pettifogging lawyer had added to his request and was much put out at the peaceful settlement.

This company found the old Pacific House, Third between Court and Market, the only inn. Owner was always drunk and it was badly kept and travelers avoided the town because of lack of accommodations, so the Stage Coach Co. had to buy and manage the hotel.

As they carried U. S. Mail the government gave them the privilege of taking a section of land at every station—but they did not do so, to the full extent—wasn't worth it and taxes cost much. (It is now selling for \$200 an acre.)

Land around the new townsite of Lincoln sold for 25 cents an acre. A company was organized to boom Lincoln and by hook and crook they landed the new capitol, the successful rival over Omaha.

Nebraska City was expected to be the great metropolis of the new state. The speaker was born there and had not revisited the place for many years till last summer and found that the government had honored her birthplace by replacing the pioneer house with a fine permanent postoffice.

With the breaking up of the prairies and the development of the state the climate has changed.

"Father was perfectly delighted with the prospects of the country now that he had his family with him, but I cannot say so much for all of us. One of the great trials of my childhood was that I slept in the trundle bed. We had to get up so early it was necessary to push it back before there was room to get the breakfast.

"Housekeeping was very simple in those days. There was no dusting as there was nothing to dust.

"The days that followed were hard ones for at least this little girl of seven years for I was in constant fear of prairie fires and Indians and cowboys driving great herds of cattle over by the house. Had they gone on a stampede they would have run right over our house.

"There were lots of wildcats, wolves, rattlesnakes, etc. We children had to herd the sheep all day on the prairie alone. With the pony and dog (sometimes herding made a little shelter of grasses and branches where they could crawl in as protection from sun) and that caused me much anxiety and several times we had to hurry the flock home to escape the terrible prairie fires that came roaring along, driven by a strong wind. The neighbors often had to fight the prairie fire for hours, to prevent it burning our home, corral and cattle. We went to school in a dugout, or rather a half-dugout. It was dug down three feet in the ground and built of sod above ground. It had no floor and two and one-half windows on each side. The half windows set even with the ground and we looked out at a level with the waving grass and could see the fleet of passing horsemen. Within was a room of about 10 to 15 with long bench on one side and desk against the wall.

"Our teacher was a young man named Edgington. There was no floor so when it rained the water ran in and we hopped around on pieces of bark to keep our feet dry.

One day a terrible prairie fire came but our schoolhouse was fireproof and no harm was done, but I can well remember how the bare blackened fire prairies looked. It was the custom to backfire as a protection as if the ground was bare there was nothing to burn and the prairie fire must stop or go around.

"We rode horseback to Sunday school (several children on a horse, perhaps), six miles to Bower and there we sang, 'I Have a Father in the Promised Land,' and other hymns. On the day we often saw deer, antelope and wolves and foxes. The wild animals would jump up from the grass and run away like rabbits. Father brought home some little foxes once—cute little things about the size of a kitten. We thought we could make pets of them but they were too fierce.

"We never had any trouble with the Indians, but occasionally heard of them killing someone. My childish pleasure in a bright red calico dress was mixed with fear, for I knew the Indians were fond of bright colors, and I was desperately afraid of Indians, lest they should kidnap or tomahawk me.

"Another memorable event for me was when we went to the Indian reservation south of Wymore. We visited the agency school taught by a white woman whose husband kept a store.

"The Indian men would stand outside and look in the windows. We went into several tepees which were smoky from the fire in the middle of the floor. A bench was built all around on which the men would lie while the women did the work.

"Father bought some buffalo robes of them. I can still smell the peculiar odor of the tepee. I have often eaten buffalo meat. It seemed much the same as our dried beef. But the buffalo at that time were not so plentiful right around here though they were still found further west.

"I remember crossing the old Overland Trail. It was worn deep and wide enough for four or five wagons abreast, 21 years after the old '49ers passed over it. This must have been the one that the D. A. R. marker monument marks near the corner of the county.

"The first stage route for carrying mail was established in 1868 from Brownville and Nebraska City, Tecumseh and Beatrice and you all remember (but we didn't), the old stage farm on the Scott Street road two miles east of Beatrice.

"Mr. Mayer had one of the old horse shoes from the stage horses nailed on the door of his carriage shop for many years but it was lost when the building was torn down and rebuilt.

"It took many years of privation and hardships for the early settlers to overcome the conditions that existed at that time and when you see these few now that are left living in comfort and luxury you may well believe they are entitled to the best this state can give them today for the people of the state owe much to them."

EARLY LIBRARY DAYS

By Mrs. Jean Allan Johnson

In 1871, through the generosity of the late John T. Edgar, the Omaha Library was founded.

In a single room in the Simpson Block on Fourteenth Street, between Douglas and Dodge (the building is still standing) the library was prepared to circulate, with Miss Louise Honey as acting librarian. She was succeeded by Miss Delia Sears, who later became the wife of Judge Arthur Ferguson. She held the position until she resigned to accept a position in the land office of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1874.

The library was then moved to the Willis Building, now the present site of the Union Pacific headquarters.

I was appointed librarian in September, 1877, and held the position until June, 1879.

Some of the names I recall as directors were Louis Reed, Nathan Shelton, Albert Henry, William Wallace and Judge Bartholomew.

Mr. J. M. Pattee, who conducted a lottery at the time, contributed financially to the library for the purchase of new books. No book was permitted to circulate until it was covered with a cloth cover, and if a board of health had existed, many books would have been condemned for the unsanitary condition in which they sometimes were returned.

Before one was accepted as a subscriber, it was necessary that a certificate be signed by some responsible person. With the payment of three dollars, one was entitled to the privileges of the library.

The rooms were heated with two soft coal stoves, and it was my duty to keep the fires burning. Often during a "rush hour," the fires had to be re-kindled, and with no

assistant, the duty naturally devolved upon me. The compensation for my labors as librarian was \$25 a month.

In 1877, to avoid bankruptcy, the city council ordered the formation of a Public Library, and the original institution was moved to larger quarters, in the Williams Building, on the northeast corner of Fifteenth and Dodge Streets.

It was necessary to close the library for a short time in order to prepare new rules and regulations. Mr. Wallace was a wonderful assistant in indexing and arranging the books preparatory to the opening of Omaha's first Public Library.

Omaha merchants contributed liberally to the new institution, and their donations made it possible for me to compile the first and only catalog that was ever issued by the library, and that could be taken from the building by patrons. The book, which carried the advertisements of these generous Omaha business men, sold readily for the sum of 25 cents.

The library hours were from 4 P. M. to 9 P. M. on weekdays, and from 2 P. M. to 7 P. M. on Sundays, with books circulating on this latter day as they did throughout the week.

Mary P. Allan succeeded me as librarian and served until 1886. The circulation had increased so rapidly that it was necessary to move to larger quarters and rooms were secured in the Falconer Building at Fifteenth and Douglas. In a short time the public demanded more space for the many who patronized the reading room and one floor in the Paxton Building was leased. The library remained at this location until moving to the present building, the site and a valuable collection of old coins and manuscripts given by the late Byron Reed. Jessie Allan continued as librarian until her death, September, 1894. B. H. Barrows, the only man to hold the position as librarian, served from 1894 to 1898 when Miss Edith Tobitt was appointed and served until her resignation the past year.

The library, like many other local enterprises, has undergone wonderful changes, but despite the passing of time, I am still proud to say that the institution was at one time, under my direct supervision.

PIONEERING STORY

By Lillian Cooper King

Before giving the story of my emigration and first eight years of pioneer life as a child from eight to sixteen years, at play, or running errands as a child usually does, I have little aside from memory to guide me.

I have a few facts and names which are authentic, gleaned from a pamphlet loaned by the Holdrege library. I found in going over it some things are correct and others traditional.

My parents kept no diary of the happenings on our journey from Galesburg, Illinois, to Sacramento, Nebraska. Like most everyone else, they were too busy getting food for their families and fuel with which to cook it, or longing for loves and pleasures left behind.

The land had to be cleared of buffalo bones, then broken. No crops could be raised the first year and little on back-setting the second year. Seed planted in the hot, dry soil cooked or blew away and was lost.

I was a few weeks past eight years old when I came with my parents, Isaac Callahan Cooper and his wife, Julia Breed Cooper, and was placed on the soft buffalo grass-carpeting of the wide and rolling prairie without a tree for shade or shelter; not a bush for a bird; no, not a sagebrush.

Tumble weeds and jack rabbits bounded before one's eyes from sunrise until dark; then came the blood-curdling yips and weird cries of the starving coyotes that inhabited the surrounding draws and ravines.

The stories repeated to newcomers and strangers kept them ever fresh in my child mind. Now that I am past my youth, I wonder how my mother, or any of those girl wives, went through what they did. They left comfortable homes and loved ones to come to a new, wild country to build up a new civilization and blaze a trail for the youth of today.

Being the oldest and a girl, I was deprived of the freedom some children had—to roam, play and hunt curious plants and “varmint.” I had to rock the baby while mother performed a task beyond my years. The sister, two years older than baby sister, was my constant care. I never went to play that mother did not call for me to take Ellen with me. We always ran and walked faster than her short little legs could. She would cry and I would worry, and my play was spoiled.

The constant company of my mother was a storage for my brain. Mother was my encyclopedia.

All pioneers went through practically the same hardship, hunger, longings, anticipations and sorrows. Disappointment was in almost every undertaking.

God blessed those anxious, industrious people with good health. Doctors were scarce and seldom needed. Some were good, honest, human-hearted and some the opposite.

Children were taught early to watch for snakes, and avoid eating berries found on the prairie.

I am thankful today for all the help I gave my tired mother. Was there ever a happier wife and mother than she? I cannot recall a morning her songs did not waken me.

“Oh, how much there was missing in that new, wild and unsettled country where man found no roof nor tree under which to place his family, but he found that God had been there ahead of him and had planted one of the most beautiful flower gardens in the world. The land was a home of sweet-singing birds, and oh, the joy one found at sunrise and sunset when the meadowlarks joined in praise to the Heavenly Father for life in this glorious world—Nebraska. All those beautiful things were waiting for us to come and enjoy them, and protect and care for them.

Do we enjoy what we should the way in which we should? Have we taken care of and protected what God gave us? Have we been thankful through the years of blessings that followed those years of hardships?

I am afraid we have destroyed many of those sweet singers, placed in our keeping for our pleasure, and uprooted many plants given us for our necessities and pleasure.

Oh, the beautiful buffalo grass, none such, no imitation, no joints, no blossom and no seed; just a cluster of curly blades shooting up from the roots, and man has destroyed most of it. It cannot be moved for death is certain. God gave those things to us and we have destroyed many of them thoughtlessly. I would walk miles to see, and put my hands once more on, a mat of that grass I gamboled over when a small child.

I hear of people called "pioneers" who have spent a few years in a certain locality. To me a pioneer is one who has sacrificed and made possible something beneficial for those those who are to follow after him. One whose teardrops have dried upon the trail, and whose moans of grief are heard in the winds that blow. The men and their wives who made and laid a foundation for civilization, fitting the following generations, were actual pioneers.

I am not complaining because of someone's gain or success where I was loser, but oh, how I wish the child of the pioneer in the '70s and '80s had good schools with learned teachers. I must thank my sainted parents for my earlier education.

Life is in actuality a school, and I have tried to obtain a practical knowledge as I pass on, but the seat of learning is the essential point from which a child starts.

At the age of 16 years, I was offered a school. I was the choice in my district (but as my family were not teachers but performers), I declined with the satisfaction that I could and would have taught as successfully as anyone who had taught me.

Had I a fortune I would go to educate the world. I am doubtful at times if our school laws are not responsible for the present lack of education. Too many girls and boys are earning dollars when they should be at their studies. Their brain cells become dwarfed and only manual labor or crime works a way in.



Logan Fontenelle
Chief of the Omahas

ROMANCE
of the
FONTENELLE
FAMILY
in
NEBRASKA

THE ROMANCE OF THE FONTENELLE FAMILY**By Harriet D. MacMurphy and Cora Phebe Mullin**

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In 1795, after the upheaval of the French Revolution, Francois, son of Henri, Marquis de Fontenelle, with his wife and sister emigrated to the French province of Louisiana.

Francois lived at a plantation called Point-de-la-Hache below New Orleans. After several years one of the devastating Mississippi River floods swept away the buildings, drowning all of the family. Only the two eldest survived who were at school at New Orleans living with their father's sister.

Lucien and Amelie continued to live with their Aunt, Mdme Mercier, who placed Lucien in a bank at the age of sixteen. Soon after in her anger at some misdemeanor, Mdme Mercier struck the youth upon the cheek after which Lucien left home.

He came up the Mississippi with a member of the Choteau family whom he had met in the bank. He found employment at once with the Choteaus in St. Louis.

To his great delight, Pierre Choteau sent him on trading expeditions up the Missouri and into Canada; over the mountains and finally to the Pacific with the missionary Marcus Whitman. After some years Lucien Fontenelle set up a trading post at Bellevue with Peter Sarpy, buying furs and selling knives, kettles, cloth and foo - foo - raw, to the Indians.

The French traders were very friendly with the Indians and many of them took Indian wives.

Peter Sarpy married Nicomi, widow of Dr. John Gale of Fort Atkinson: Manuel Lisa, the Spaniard, married Metain: It was quite natural that Kit Carson and Lucien Fontenelle should marry two sisters of the Omaha tribe. Their father was the "Keeper of the Treaty" and a Chief of the Omahas. This treaty was the "writing" sent by Napoleon in 1803 when he sold Louisiana to the United States.

Copies of the writing were sent to all the Indian Nations west of the Mississippi River to explain the change of Rulers and to guarantee them their rights, as well as secure peaceful occupation.

It is a curious fact that in 1878 when my brother Jared J. Smith was Indian Trader at Omaha Agency, he was shown a tin cylinder which contained this treaty which my brother was allowed to read.

It was written upon parchment and rolled upon two slender rods and to it was affixed the signature and great seal of the Emperor Napoleon. It read as follows:

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the union of the United States of America and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizenship of the United States and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and the religion which they profess."

Signed—Napoleon,

Dated June 5th, 1803, Paris, France

There is no doubt but what Lucien Fontenelle read this treaty and believed its promises. He could scarcely vision occupation by the white race to the exclusion of the red.

In May, 1825, while Lucien was living at Fort Atkinson as interpreter for the commander, a son was born to him who was called Logan and his second son was named Tecumseh by Meumbane after her Indian heroes and relatives.

At the Fort were a thousand men with a school and mills and farms which charmed Lucien Fontenelle and when, in 1827, it was abandoned, as no longer needed, he built a stone house in Bellevue and cultivated a large farm there while still pursuing his business as a trader.

Travellers like Prince Maximilian who came up the Missouri on steamboats wrote of the "wealthy Mr. Fontenelle" and enjoyed his hospitality.

In 1833 Pince Maximilian stopped at the Fontenelle home and later at Cabanne Post, a few miles north of Omaha. His journal is the best picture of the Nebraska of that day.

Father De Smet, a Belgian, went with Fontenelle in 1838 into the far west, pitied the Indians whom he saw ravaged by smallpox and ruined by trader's whiskey and gave up his life to be a missionary to these tribes.

He married Lucien and Meumbane and baptized their five children. In 1840 Lucien Fontenelle died of cholera after a visit to his sister, Mrs. Emily Lockett in New Orleans.

To give a picture of the times I wish to introduce a letter from Henry Fontenelle to Mrs. Harriet McMurphy written in 1894 which she kindly gave me to copy and use later.

Copy of letter, from Henry Fontenelle, Decatur, Nebr., to Mrs. Harriet McMurphy (Mrs. John A.), Sept. 2d, 1894:

"Mrs. John A. McMurphy—My Dear Madam:

"Your favor of the 27th ult. read. No, it is not asking too much and I will give you what information I can with pleasure. My mother's name was 'Meumbane,' definition of which is 'The Sun.'

"My father died at Bellevue in the trading post he built, afterwards occupied by Peter A. Sarpy. He was buried at Bellevue. Logan was buried by the side of his grave. Next to Logan in age was Albert, then Tecumseh, myself and Susan. Albert died at Bellevue and was buried there by the side of my mother on the brow of the bluff opposite to where Elton Becksted now lives.

"I was at Bellevue to visit my invalid sister Susan (Neal) about a month ago. While there, I in company with Mr. Patrick (an attorney), Louis Neal and Elton Becksted went up to search for Logan's grave, but failed to find it on account of growth of bushes and weeds and trees.

"The article in the state historical report is correct, excepting the place of death and burial of father.

"After the death of father about two years Tecumseh, myself and Susan were taken to the Shawnee Indian Mission, seven miles north of Kansas City, Mo., to school where I stayed about two years, when the teacher gave me a severer punishment than I deserved for giving a good pounding to another boy that cut me with a knife.

"Of course I ran away from these and went to Weston, Mo., with another Omaha boy. On our way the Delaware Indians that occupied the country at that time were very kind in giving us shelter and food. We got to Weston among strangers where we got employment as we could.

"I got employment at a tenpin alley for the 'enormous' salary of five dollars per month, to set up the ten pins, was there a month, when I resigned that important position and jumped aboard a steamboat for Kansas City, at that time but a steamboat landing and a few stores, a hotel and warehouse on the bank of the river.

"After landing I went up to Mr. A. J. Dripp's residence, a former partner in trading with the Indians at Bellevue and Fort Laramie on Platte River.

"He was kind and considerate in his treatment toward me, advised me to go back to school. I hesitated about it; he then put me in a wagon and carriage factory where I stayed two years and learned the trade.

"That was in the year 1850, when Mrs. Choteau told me that Logan was a passenger on a steamboat to St. Louis, that being the nearest United States Court, as interpreter in a case where a white man was arrested and taken there to be tried for selling whisky to Indians.

"Stephen Decatur was with them as a witness. My informant Madam Choteau, said they would be back on the same boat, the St. Ange, in ten days. The news made me home sick as it was five years since I left home. I anxiously

waited for the return of the boat, when it did Logan asked me if I was going with him. I said I was and went aboard with him and there met Mr. Decatur for the first time.

"I lived with Logan about three months, then went as an employee with P. . Sarpy upon the Running Water River trading with the Ponca and Sioux Indians during the year 1851; spring of 1852 I was employed to Logan and Sarpy at their ferry across the Elkhorn and Loup fork rivers, crossing the California emigrants.

"The year 1853 I lived at Bellevue being employed either at the mission or Sarpy's Trading Post. The year 1854 I was employed as an United States interpreter.

"During that year I was employed more or less at the Mission. I met my future wife at the Rev. Samuel Allis' house, who then lived near St. Mary's in Iowa, after his long service as missionary among the Pawnees in Nebraska and the home of my future wife and to make a long and pleasant story short, we of course made up our minds we loved each other and we were made one at Mr. Allis' house and lived near the Trading Post until we permanently moved to this reservation.

"I was about eight years old at the death of father (1840). Yes, Logan left three children, all girls, one is living, wife of William Tyndall. Albert left one girl and is the wife of Thomas Macauley; both are educated Indians, and Tecumseh left one girl, wife of Matthew Tyndall. Logan's wife's name was Ge-pa-wa-Tai.

"The only education that my sister and I got was what little we got at the Shawnee Mission.

"Soon after I came away from the Mission she lived with the family of Mr. Drips at Kansas City until the spring of 1854 when Logan brought her home.

"I remember very little of Father DeSmet. I remember his stopping at father's house (the Trading Post at Bellevue) in his travels up and down the river.

"I well remember of his services at father's death and burial. We were all baptized by him. I do not remember of Father DeSmet's care of any of us unless it was to take Logan and Albert to St. Louis to school. They were there only two years when my father died and were brought home.

"Indeed the story would be very acceptable and I feel flattered in your interest in the matter.

"I am Very Respectfully,

Henry Fontenelle"

(Copied by Mrs. C. H. Mullin, November 14, 1927.)

On December 24th, 1932, at Decatur, Neb., the death of Emily Tappan Fontenelle is recorded at a great age. She was the daughter of LaForce Tappan, a French trader, and a Pawnee woman.

When the Pawnees sold land south of the Platte in 1833, they still occupied, from Wahoo to Columbus, land which they farmed while they hunted in their Loup River territory.

The Rev. Samuel Allis went as missionary to the Pawnee. He lived near Genoa and after a scourge of cholera, found a tiny baby wailing on its dead mother's breast. He took the famished child home to his wife.

They cared for her and found her relatives gone, but that her name was Emily Tappan. Mr. Allis and his wife, in fear of the Sioux, came to live at Bellevue and later at the town of St. Marys on the east bank of the Missouri.

Their son, Otis Allis, was born at the Pawnee mission in 1843 and he and small Emily were playmates.

Henry Fontenelle omits saying that he lay ill of typhoid fever in Mr. Allis' house, but Otis Allis tells of the wedding after Henry's recovery.

Mrs. Henry Fontenelle went to Decatur as a bride which dates their wedding as 1854 and says she was eighteen. If so, she must have been born in 1836 and her age was 96 at her death on December 24, 1932, instead of 108, as stated.

However, that is unimportant. Henry Fontenelle, born in 1832, died in 1896 at Decatur, so he was 62 when he wrote this letter.

I saw the original which Mrs. McMurphy allowed me to copy to use and it was very well written.

Henry Fontenelle's letter barely touches on their hardships after his father's death, but the Government put the children in an Indian school while Mrs. Fontenelle recalled Logan and Tecumseh from their school at St. Louis.

Logan tried to preserve his father's property but his mother entertained her Indian relatives so lavishly that it made inroads upon their fortune.

One of Meumbane's nephews was killed by a Sioux, in a Sioux foray on Bellevue. The Sioux were the Highlanders of Nebraska who despised the Omahas because they farmed and were peaceful.

It is related that Meumbane learned where the Sioux slept that night, took an axe and killed one and wounded another and walked home unmolested to a house which also sheltered her sister whom Kit Carson had married and left behind when he went west on one of his trips with John C. Fremont.

For a long time the girl went daily to the brow of the hill where the college now stands and watched for his return.

After a time her health failed and she died, nursed by Emily Tappan and Meumbane who followed her sister to the grave.

This is the explanation of Henry's apparent friendlessness when a boy. Later Henry acted as interpreter at Bellevue and at Washington when the Omahas, led by Logan Fontenelle, Chief of the Omaha's sold their land and agreed to remove to Decatur and the land now constituting Thurston County.

Logan and Tecumseh were young men of fine character, lived and dressed as white men and spoke the French, English and Omaha languages.

Logan made a fair bargain for their land, receiving 19½ cents per acre. This was to be paid in yearly instalments. After about seventy years Francis La Flesche, grandson of Nicomi and Dr. Gale, was at his post in Washing-

ton, D. C., in the Department of Indian Affairs when he read the treaty of sale and discovered that the half cent per acre had never been paid.

In behalf of the Omahas he sued the U. S. Government and recovered \$400,000 which had accumulated in principal and interest.

I happened to be in Rosalie, on the Omaha reservation, when this money came and was divided among the Omaha tribal heads of families.

There was a brisk sale of cultivators, automobiles, silk shawls, ten-gallon hats, going on that day and many days after.

William Coolidge, cousin of the late Calvin Coolidge, a merchant in the town of Rosalie, smiled as he sold expensive goods in his store and seemed as pleased as the Omahas—a proud and honest people and worthy citizens.

Mrs. Henry Fontenelle lived in a comfortable home with her son Eugene and his wife and one of her granddaughters who had married a young third cousin, Henry DeMilt, a grandson of Mrs. Locket, Lucien Fontenelle's sister.

When Henry Fontenelle stopped in Chicago on one of his trips to Washington as interpreter, he was called upon by a youth called Henri DeMilt who said his great grandfather was Francois Fontenelle and his grand uncle was Lucien.

Young DeMilt came to Decatur with his cousin and later married the granddaughter of Henry Fontenelle whose children have a double strain of Fontenelle blood.

Logan Fontenelle sold the land for Quincy Colony at Fontenelle, Neb., and gave the land for the college there, now moved to Crete, Neb., and called Doane College. He set up a bank and was a wealthy young man.

When at 21 he leased land in 1846 to Brigham Young and the Mormons he little thought that it would increase the clamor that the Nebraska territory be opened to settlement; but that was the result as the fertility of the land was talked about by the great stream of people going to Oregon, Utah, California or Colorado.

The sale of the Omahas' lands was concluded and Logan Fontenelle came home to move his mother's people to Decatur which he named for his friend Stephen. Together they laid out the town.

Logan asked for military escort as he feared the Sioux would destroy them but when none arrived on the next boat, the Omahas began their trek to Decatur alone. They carried the flag given by President Pierce to Logan Fontenelle in Washington, D. C.

This flag was given in 1894 by Henry Fontenelle to Mrs. McMurphy who in turn gave it in 1927 to the Daughters of the American Revolution in Omaha. It is carefully preserved in the vault of the clerk of the court in the post office, federal building, at Omaha, Neb.

The Omahas suffered from lack of supplies before the spring of 1855 and Logan rode horseback to Bellevue to urge that food and soldiers be sent as promised. Nothing was done but his friend, Rev. Mr. Hamilton who built the stone house near the river at Bellevue, decided to follow the Omahas to Decatur where he lived and served them to the end of his life.

In June, 1855, the hungry Omahas went hunting near Petersburg on Beaver Creek near Albion.

They found buffalo but were surprised by a band of Sioux. Logan had a new double-barreled shotgun and felt he could repel them until the Omahas had escaped, but the thirty Sioux overcame him.

Logan Fontenelle was found a little later with thirty arrows in his breast. His people brought his body to Bellevue where he was buried at midnight beside his father, Stephen Decatur reading the Episcopal service with Father DeSmet.

The grave has been kept secret but the Isaac Sadler Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, have set up a marker near the spot on the Missouri where Logan Fontenelle lies buried.

He died in defense of his own and his mother's people. It is well that Nebraskans pay honor to Logan Fontenelle for he is of heroic stature among the gallant figures of Nebraska's early history.

The French blood of the noble Fontenelles and the La Flesches and Tappans flows in the veins of some of Nebraska's best citizens of the Omaha nation.

From them and from Peter Sarpy, who married Nicomi, we get a vivid and honorable contribution to Nebraska records.

The Union Pacific Railroad

Written by T. J. Bevins, Curator, U. P. Museum, at the
Request of Mrs. John B. Berry, Mrs. George W.
Sumner and Ruth A. Sumner, Omaha

The early history of Nebraska and the story of the organization and development of the Union Pacific Railway are so inextricably woven together in such a manner that it would not be good judgment giving the one without a mention of the other.

The territory of Nebraska was formed out of a portion of the Louisiana Purchase which is defined as lying between Latitude 40 to 43 North, Longitude 95 to 104 degrees West. It is about 425 miles east and west and from 138 to 208 miles north and south. The area being 75,995 square miles. The territory was formed in 1854 and was made a state in 1867.

Lewis and Clark, in 1804, made a stop about four miles above the mouth of the Platte, and it was at this point where John Jacob Astor established the first trading post of the American Fur Trading Company in 1810.

Capain Lewis, in his journal record of this trip, which was published in 1904, says: "We reached the mouth of the Platte river Saturday, July 21, 1804. We remained there two days for repairs." The next entry in their journal says: "Having completed the object of our stay we set sail and at ten and a half miles we saw and went ashore to examine a curious collection of graves or mounds on the L. S. (left side) of the river. These mounds I found to be of different height, shape and size; some composed of sand and some of earth and sand; the highest next to the river; all of which covered about 200 acres of land, in circular form. On the side from the river a low bottom and small pond. The Oteaus formerly lived here. I did not get back to the boat until after dark night."

This spot is without doubt the location of the present city of Omaha.

This early story of Nebraska and Omaha would not be complete without including a short account of the founding of Bellevue whose early history dates back to this first trip of Lewis and Clark.

As before noted, John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company established in 1810 a trading post at Bellevue. The second man in charge of this post was Joseph Roubideux, who later founded the city of St. Joseph, Missouri. Roubideux remained here from 1816 to 1823 when Peter Sarpy was appointed the first Indian Agent at Bellevue. This caused the settlement to become an important trading center and Indians came here from hundreds of miles to trade. This post was maintained by the American Fur Company until 1855. Colonel Sarpy, in the meanwhile, had established a ferry there across the Missouri river. At the beginning of the great movement of emigrants to the far western frontier, this crossing of the Missouri river was one of the best advertised.

The first post office in Nebraska was established at Bellevue in 1849, at the time of the gold rush in California.

Governor Francis Burt, the first Nebraska Territorial officer appointed by the Government, reached Bellevue in the fall of 1854, but he died ten days after his arrival. Territorial Secretary Thomas B. Cumming offered to locate the territorial capital at Bellevue in consideration of the donation of 160 acres of land, but Rev. Mr. Hamilton, who was in charge of Presbyterian mission at Bellevue, refused the offer. Then Acting Governor Cumming convened the first territorial legislature of Nebraska at Omaha.

The action of Acting Governor Cumming, in convening this first territorial legislature at Omaha, gave the town its great boost and from that time forward Omaha was considered the logical location for a future city, though Bellevue made a strong effort to hold its early advantage.

Of this history of Omaha a most interesting statement was made by the late A. J. Poppleton, one of the earliest settlers and the first of the Union Pacific attorneys, who, in speaking of his first visit to Omaha, said: "On the 13th

of October, 1854, about 9 o'clock in the evening, I was set down by the western Stage Company at yonder city of Council Bluffs. At the rising of the sun the following morning I climbed to the summit of one of the bluffs, which overlook that prosperous and enterprising town, and took one long lingering look across the Missouri at the beautiful sight on which one now sees, in the full vigor of business, social and religious life, the youthful but thriving and this day jubilant city of Omaha.

"Early in the day I crossed the river, and along a narrow path, cut by some stalwart man through the tall rank prairie grass, I wended my way in search of the post office. At length I found an old pioneer seated apparently in solitary rumination upon a piece of hewn timber, and I inquired of him for the post office. He replied that he was the postmaster, and would examine the office for my letters. Thereupon he removed from his head a hat, to say the least of it, somewhat veteran in appearance, and drew from its cavernous depth the coveted letters. On that day the wolves and the Omahas were the undisputed lords of the soil, and the entire postal system was conducted in the crown of this venerable hat."

According to the census of 1860 the population of Omaha was 1,912—that was six years after Mr. Poppleton took up his residence there. By 1870 the population had grown to 16,083. The cause of this phenomenal increase in the years was, of course, the organization, construction and completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, with the initial point at Omaha.

The success of the movement for the organization of the Union Pacific Railroad, and its construction, is too long and involved to attempt in this article; suffice it to say that the parties responsible for the movement were the men who had been engaged for some years with Joseph E. Sheffield, Henry Farnam and Dr. T. C. Durant in the construction of railroad lines from Buffalo, New York, to Chicago, and then west to the Mississippi river and beyond.

At the time the Union Pacific bill passed Congress, in 1862, the engineers of these gentlemen were in Iowa, and as early as 1853, Dr. T. C. Durant, Henry Farnam, with Grenville M. Dodge and Peter Dey in charge (Mr. Dodge on May 15, 1866, having been called in U. P. service as chief

engineer), were building the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad (later the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway) across the state of Iowa to the Missouri river, and had instructed their civil engineers to investigate the question of a proper point on the Missouri river for their road to connect with any line which might be built across the continent. And they also, at that time had engineers running lines west of Omaha, into the Platte valley and beyond, which was done at their own personal expense.

As noted above, the charter for the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad was granted July 1, 1862, and signed by President Lincoln the next day. The initial point for the Union Pacific was fixed by President Lincoln in Iowa, just opposite Omaha. This final decision was dated December 2, 1863, fixing the eastern terminus.

A hasty celebration of this event was held in Omaha that day and ground was broken for the building of a trans-continental railway on the river bank near the ferry landing, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Present on the occasion were Governor Alvin Saunders; Mayors B. F. Kennedy, of Omaha, and Palmer, of Council Bluffs; Judge Larimer; Andrew J. Poppleton; Augustus Kountz; George B. Lake, Edward Creighton, John J. Redick, Experience Easterbrook, J. J. Brown, George Francis Train and others; A. J. Hanscom, presiding. Governor Saunders moved the first shovel of earth and George Francis Train made one of his characteristic speeches, as did Mr. A. J. Poppleton and many others. Numerous congratulatory telegrams were exchanged on this occasion between this Omaha committee of arrangements and Mayor Geo. Opdyke of New York, John Hay (private secretary to President Lincoln), Brigham Young, Governor Stanford of California, Governor Yates of Illinois, from the Mayor of Denver, and others, contributed to the joy of the occasion. But it was not until the spring of 1864 that the active work of construction was begun at Omaha. The line had been surveyed and the contracts let for the first 100 miles. Some difficulty was encountered in locating the first section out of Omaha, but this was soon overcome. Samuel B. Reed was made chief engineer of construction. The first rail was laid here in Omaha upon July 10, 1865, along the bottoms between Cut-off Lake (Carter Lake) and the grade leading through the hills out of Omaha toward the Summit, near where 29th and Vinotn Streets would meet today; and by Christmas 25 miles of track had

been laid. Four engines, two passenger cars and a lot of flat cars were brought up the Missouri river from St. Joseph, Missouri, on barges.

When fifteen miles of track had been laid, Vice President Durant decided to run what might be called an excursion train out to the end of the track. The train comprised a locomotive and one flat car which had been equipped with some nail kegs and benches for seats. About twenty gentlemen, comprising General Sherman, Thos. C. Durant, Andrew J. Poppleton and other influential men, were invited to take the trip to the end of the track. When they arrived at the front, the guest of honor—William Tecumseh Sherman—was invited to make a speech. He made a very short one, the gist of it being only, "This is a very great undertaking and enterprise; I hardly expect to live to see the line completed."

The General was not a prophet; he lived to ride over the entire length of the road within four and a half years from the date of this excursion, and many times later.

History has slighted the recording of an event that occurred half a century ago; an event that has had more than any other to do with the growth and prosperity of the western section of America in general and the intermountain states in particular.

The first sledge blow delivered to the golden spike that completed the laying of the last rail connecting the Union and Central Pacific railroads at Promontory, Utah, on the north shore of Great Salt Lake, was heard throughout all America and was echoed to countries broad. In the large cities, fitting celebrations of the event took place. No event since the Civil War had caused such a demonstration.

Of all American railroads, the Union Pacific has the most interesting traditions. It has been said, of its location, that the earliest engineers of the western country were the buffalo and wild game. It certainly is a fact that across the great plains and through the mountain ranges, in changing from one grazing section to another, in leaving the dry ranges for water these paths cover the shortest distances and invariably the easiest grades. The locating engineers of the great railways which have built across the great western spaces, without exception have examined these

trails and cow paths before deciding upon a definite location; and as a matter of fact the Union Pacific was located many miles along the "Old Oregon Trail," officially designated as such by the states through which the route passes to honor the memory of the brave pioneer men and women who faced the great unknown to carve out for themselves new homes in the wilderness, because the trail is a natural highway, following the lowest altitudes, being the most free from snow in winter, and presenting the fewest long stretches without water. Originally chosen by the Indians for their annual migrations; the first adventurous traders and explorers from the east followed it, then the hunters and missionaries, followed in turn by settlers in increasing numbers. The original trail began at Independence, Missouri.

The first 25 years after its completion the Union Pacific operated with varying success. In that crucial period it had shown exceptional earning power, but its management had been severely criticized. But it had played a most important part in the opening of the west, even though it was terribly handicapped by its burden of debt to the Government.

The railroad had opened vast regions of fertile country to settlers and brought the west in touch with the markets of the world. But its changing owners, bringing new policies with conflicting interests, and without good feeder lines, its entire dependence upon through business while the country was new, left entirely to its own resources, was more than it could stand up under. So the great property went into the hands of a receiver during the stringency of 1893.

During the next five years many attempts for a reorganization were made but the country was slow to react. It was at this time that Edward H. Harriman appeared. It seems he had planned and laid the foundation for a reorganization that astonished the railroad and financial world. He had based his reorganization plan with the idea that it was necessary to expend a large sum of money upon the property to place it in a position to care for the business when prosperity returned and the population had increased. To carry out this idea it would take many millions of new capital and at least five years time.

It seems that Mr. Harriman had been a close student of economics for some years before he undertook the reorganization of the railways of the west and when this

climax in the affairs of the Union Pacific came in 1897, his plans were already formed. In this connection we recall a statement said to have been made by Mr. Harriman, in 1907, at a meeting of the Irrigation Congress. The remark was to the effect that he saw the possibilities of irrigation in transforming the semi-arid regions of the west into the richest agricultural sections of the United States.

It had been shown that in other districts of the west where irrigation was used, there were no dry seasons. In one irrigated area it had been demonstrated that upon land where there had been no other moisture, yields of 50 bushels of corn, 40 bushels of wheat and 60 bushels of oats and barley were average crops. Alfalfa, which is always one of the best paying crops, in many districts furnished four cuttings in one season. This alfalfa, making often 8 tons to the acre, sold for from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per ton.

But the time for the reorganization was at hand; the properties were ordered sold by an officer of the United States Court.

There were two sales of the Union Pacific properties in 1897; the main line from Omaha to Ogden was the first. The sale was held in Omaha on November 1st, and was sold for \$57,564,932.76, which amount cleaned up the Government lien. The next day the second sale was held; the sum of \$50,637,435.00 was realized. This wiped out all first mortgages. The two sales amounted to \$108,202,367.76.

In July, 1897, the present Union Pacific Railroad Company was incorporated under the laws of the state of Utah. The foreclosure sale was conducted by Judge W. D. Cornish of St. Paul, Minnesota, who had been appointed Special Master of Chancery for this purpose. The property was purchased by Edward H. Harriman and associates through a syndicate represented by Alvin Krech. The new company did not come into full possession of the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company until some time later as these two properties were not included in the above sale.

It is not true that the reorganization company acquired merely "a streak of rust and a right of way." The record shows that the property was in fair physical condition and

was earning a good income, sufficient to have kept it a going concern if the mortgage and accumulated interest could have been eliminated. The potential earnings of the Union Pacific system since 1897 have been amply demonstrated.

Immediately after the sale was approved by the Court Mr. Harriman took control of the property and personally directed its reorganization. With the enormous means which had been provided he began his five-year plan of rehabilitation.

In February of 1898, at the beginning of the Harriman ownership, Mr. Harriman was keen to realize that the rehabilitation and reconstruction of the property, with the expenditure of such a vast sum of money to place the road in the best physical condition, needed for this immense work men of the highest executive ability. As his president of the Union Pacific he selected Mr. Horace G. Burt, who as an officer of the Chicago & Northwestern had made an enviable record; and with Mr. Burt came Mr. J. B. Berry as Chief Engineer, recognized as one of the very ablest engineers in America. These gentlemen went to work with a will and accomplished wonders. Mr. Berry was directly responsible to Mr. Harriman, Chairman of the Board of Directors, for the extensive reconstruction program he had visioned for his railroad. It was a big undertaking, a big job, perhaps the biggest job ever assigned to an engineer in American railroad history and was accomplished with a thoroughness and rapidity that bespeaks his broad knowledge and judgment. During his service most if not all the subsequent developments of the system have been based upon plans laid out by him and a substantial portion of this vast improvement completed under his personal direction, a number of the more important items of construction being the relocation and construction of the main line through Wyoming, as per following tabulation:

Location	Distance Saved in Miles	Grade Red. in ft Per Mile	Max. Red. in Curva- ture Degrees	Total Angle Degrees	Total Curvature Miles
Buford to Laramie.....	— .37	97.68-43.3	6 -4	1187-1273	7.55- 9.06
Howell to Bosler.....	3.11	45.4 -42.2	3 -1	290- 36	3.51- .70
Coopers Lake-Lookout....	.38	52.8 -43.3	5 -1½	341- 61	2.22- .30
Harpers to Medicine Bow	12.03	53.9 -43.3	6 -3	3322- 532	15.88- 6.11
Allen Jct. to Dana.....	3.87	75.3 -43.3	6 -5	1577- 593	9.50- 5.99
Rawlins to Tipton.....	1.44	70.22-43.3	6 -3	1560- 855	13.64- 9.62
Green River to Bryan....	.45	66.67-43.3	5½-4	893- 462	5.58- 3.89
Leroy to Millis.....	9.56	68.6 -43.3	5 -3½	2017- 646	13.15- 6.49
Total.....	30.47			11187-4458	71.03-42.16

The change of line Leroy to Millis, embraced the Aspen Tunnel, a mile and a quarter long, which was built from both ends, and during its construction coal and oil were encountered, with their resultant hindrances and delays, resulting in approximately a year with its added increased cost over that estimated. Numerous other line changes and sections of second track construction in Nebraska; the replacement of wood bridges with permanent structures of concrete and steel; relaying of heavier rail and ballasting of the main tracks with Sherman Hill gravel; the construction of the principal locomotive and car shops and the Union Station at Omaha, dedicated in 1899; the preparing of a complete set of plans preliminary to the construction of the Union Station at Kansas City; preparation of plans and estimates for the entire arrangement of double-tracking Omaha to Ogden; plans and preliminary arrangements for building the Lane Cut-off, Summit to Lane, built during period 1905 to 1908; the North Platte Valley branch started in 1903 and at that time projected through to a connection with the main line at Medicine Bow, Wyoming; the extension of the branch from Stromsburg to Central City; the cut-off or connecting line from Marysville to Topeka, Kansas.

As chief engineer, his duties embraced all engineering matters incident to a railroad, including new line construction, maintenance and operating economies. His work was the real foundation upon which the success of the Union Pacific was built.

It is a difficult matter to give in a brief article a comprehensive account of Mr. Harriman's career as an Empire Builder since that time. Without delay or hesitation he set about the creation of the greatest railroad system the world has ever known. No railroad president before him had really evaluated the great potentialities of the Union Pacific system and its strategic value. His keen vision told him that it was but a short time before the revival of business of the country would justify the placing of the railroad in a position to care for the prosperity which was sure to follow the depression. Mr. Harriman's plans were carried out to the letter and were scarcely completed when prosperity was upon the country, but the Union Pacific was ready for it, and it has been clearly demonstrated that wherever the Harriman control has been exercised, the results have been imposing.

HOW CRETE WAS NAMED AND HOW NEBRASKA OBTAINED ITS STATE FLAG

By Mrs. B. G. Miller

What is now Crete, in 1868 was called Blue River City, and Mapleton.

In 1868, the Burlington surveyed a road to Camden, a distance of four miles north of Crete, and laid it out and platted the town. The people thinking that Camden was to be a railroad center, came there and started a saw mill and two other business concerns.

The Burlington then swung into what is now Crete, and surveyed their road and plotted the town. The Burlington selected this site in preference to Camden for there were the following business establishments by the time the road was completed,—Norris Grocery; Hotel by D. S. Low, this is where the Cosmopolitan now stands. J. W. Ruffler, Dry-Goods Store; Dr. Band's Drug Store; three or four saloons; Thibadeau Barber Shop; Frank Jelinek, Sr. restaurant; Stewart, contractor; C. J. Bowlby, teacher in 1871; he had ten or twelve pupils, among them were Myrtle Bridges, Will Bridges, and a Miss Sunday.

In 1871, the Burlington Road was completed and the first train entered Crete, July 4th. A band was on the train and people were given a free ride. It was a gala day for Crete. In 1871 by act of the Legislature, Blue River City and Mapleton were thus consolidated and became known as Crete.

It was futile for factions to keep the names of Mapleton and Blue River City, when the United States Postal Department and the Burlington recognized the one name Crete as early as 1868.

J. C. Bickle, the first to serve as Postmaster, was given the privilege to select a name for his postoffice, and he would not take sides with either faction, thus he named the Post-office "CRETE" after the old home town of his wife from Crete, Illinois.

Those living in Blue River City in 1868 were as follows: Bridges; Frank Jelinek Sr.; Bickle; Bird; Steiskl (known as homesick); George Miller; L. George; Bigler; John Lee; Eli Cross; it was Cross who built the first house in Crete in 1868. He sold milk. In 1868, a saw and grist mill was started at the south part of town but in 1869, was sold and became the roller mill which to-day is known as the CRETE MILLS.

**COPY OF POSTMASTER'S CERTIFICATE OF 1868
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT**

Alexander W. Randall

Postmaster General of the United States of America

To all who shall see these presents, greetings
WHEREAS: on the 26th day of August 1868, Jesse C. Bickle was appointed Postmaster at CRETE, in the County of Saline, State of Nebraska: and whereas he did, on the 16th of September 1868, execute a Bond, and has taken the oath of Office as required by law. Now know ye, That confiding in the integrity, ability, and punctuality of the said JESSE C. BICKLE, I do commission him as Postmaster, authorized to execute the duties of that office at CRETE, aforesaid according to the law of the United States and the regulations of the Post Office Department; To hold said Office of Postmaster with all the powers, privileges, and emoluments to the same belonging during the pleasure of the Postmaster General of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have herewith set my hand and Counsel the Seal of the Post Office Department to be affixed, at Washington City, the twelfth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and sixty-eighth and of the Independence of the United States, the ninety-third.

A. W. RANDALL

During these early days, Mr. Bickle would place letters in the top of his stove pipe hat and take a long walk, and as he met people, he would hand them their mail, thus giving Crete an early City delivery.

H. B. 62 Introduced by J. Lloyd McMaster of Lincoln, a State Banner Bill, passing the House 92 to 4 in its favor, and the Senate 32 to 0; then signed by Governor Adam McMullen, Apr. 2nd, 1925, and becoming a law three months later on July 2nd, 1925.

"The State Flag shall consist of the Great Seal of the State of Nebraska in gold and silver in the center of a field of National blue."

Mrs. B. G. Miller was the author of this bill.

The State Seal was designed by Isaac Wiles in 1867, who also introduced the bill as one of the first acts after Nebraska became a State. Judge Dundy of Omaha helped Mr. Wiles frame the bill, and an Omaha jeweler arranged the design of the Seal.

This statement was made by Mr. Wiles the summer previous to his death in 1921.

CAPTAIN NORTH'S STORY OF HOW PAWNEES HELPED WHITES

(Courtesy World Herald)

The Pawnee war-cry rang over the prairies for half a dozen years beginning in 1864. That was when the other plains Indians—the Sioux, the Cheyennes, the Arapho—were on the warpath most of the time in a futile effort to stem the flood of white migration. They demanded all the territory north of the Platte river and south of the Arkansas river, leaving a strip in what is now Kansas and southern Nebraska for the whites. This, said the whites, was absurd; so the Pawnees were organized to protect emigrant trains and specially the Union Pacific construction.

Captain North relates many narrow escapes in his days of Indian fighting. At 17 he was a member of the Second Nebraska Volunteer cavalry which, with an Iowa regiment, went to White Stone Hills, S. D., to quiet some unruly Sioux. One night after fighting had been called off for the day he discovered that he had left his rifle on the battleground from which the troops were retiring.

He went back to get it. Then he heard the officer give the order to fire, and a salvo of shots rang out. None hit him; but he heard the order to fire given again. Running at top speed he made for the troops line. As he ran he saw the flames spit from the rifles, hid in darkness. He arrived before any more firing endangered him. There were two bullet holes in his jacket and one in his trousers. That night he was kicked by his horse.

Captain North also tells of being chased on horseback by seven Sioux when he was 16. He had a mile and a half to go before he reached the safety of a trading post. Six Indians gave up at the end of a mile, but the seventh pursued him doggedly, steadily gaining. The Indian's 10-foot spear crept ever closer till it almost touched his back.

Just as young North thought himself lost, as the spear was about to stab him, the Indian's pony stumbled in a prairie dog hole and fell. North rode on to safety.

WITH LOVING, LOYAL MEMORIES FOR NEBRASKA**By Mary Elizabeth Hewett**

Well do I remember the day of my arrival in Blair one November morning 1879. I was in no mood to appreciate the strange, new sights which greeted me in every direction and, for some time, was decidedly homesick.

Oh, the mud! Shall I ever forget the real estate carried about in those days whenever I appeared on the street? It was many months before I could make the crossings on the back of my heels, a trick which had to be accomplished, however, to save my pride.

But the people, with their loving, generous hearts, captivated my admiration at once and I have always been keenly alive to the royal welcome received everywhere in that place.

It was there I first met Mrs. James B. Adams of Omaha, one of our own D. F. P. A., a loyal friend to the end of her busy life.

Omaha claimed me as one of her corps of teachers in Mr. H. M. James' administration. Have always been deeply grateful for the training received under his efficient and kindly regime. The years of service in that city till June, 1924, when I was placed on the retired list, are full of rich experiences with pupils, comrades in the profession and personal friends.

My thoughts often wander now to the state of my adoption and I know, though absent, that I am a part, in spirit at least, in all the activities pertaining to the best interests of dear old Nebraska.

EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER FROM THOMAS W. WARD

**One of the Early Settlers at Norfolk, Nebraska,
To Mrs. Cora A. Beels, Norfolk,
Dated October 1st, 1913**

"My first knowledge of Norfolk was in April, 1869—via Sioux City, thence by "Pony Express" by the way of the "Humbug" creek (more correctly the Humboldt), in company with Rev. Joseph Wilson from the Winnebago agency. We were accomodated with lodging at Rev. Mr. Heckendorf's, and I stayed there during the three months I was engaged in building my house and getting my family to our new home on "Ward Hill" as it was afterwards called. During these three months I was engaged in hauling the material for my house. For the foundation I hauled oak logs from the "Yellowbanks" and lumber from Columbus, where it had been freighted from Chicago. It was a three days' trip to Columbus and back with a load, stopping at a ranch house, enroute, for a night. The season was wet and some times the streams were too flooded to ford, so nothing to do but to unload and go back to Columbus and get another load and haul it as far as we could. At one time I had three loads of lumber at different places between Columbus and Norfolk, beside a load at both of these places.

"We had good social times, tho our neighbors lived from one to ten miles apart. We thought nothing of loading up the big farm wagon (the only thing we had to ride) and going off with the family to spend the day, summer or winter. I remember on one occasion we had a family come to our house from above where Hadar now is, to pay a visit and stay to dinner. Soon after dinner there came **very suddenly** one of those blizzards from the north west and soon it was so severe that all thoughts of going home were abandoned for the day. There were three adults and two children to be provided for when night came. This was done, and all were happy, tho they did not get home until the second day after.

"The Indians used to come around occasionally, but always friendly. They never would rap at the door, but come to a window and look in. On one occasion two or three came to our window. Presuming that they wanted something to eat, I went to the door. They could not speak a word of English, but made signs of distress from which I made out that one of their number was dead, and they wanted the privilege of burying him on the hill just a little way back from my house. As it was ground of the United States that they wished to use for burying, I very generously gave them the privilege, and went with them and saw the ceremony. A grave was dug by the squaws, just deep enough for the incumbent to sit up (or down) within, and a quantity of food put by him to last him on his way to his Happy-Hunting-Grounds. After the burial one of the Indians jumped from his pony, and, kneeling at the grave offered a prayer as fervent, no doubt, as most prayers are under like circumstances.

"These old times are pleasant to look back upon, tho many hardships were endured and the future at many times looked dark. Yet, taken all in all, they are the days which give the most satisfaction to a life now nearing its close, in all human probability."

Respectfully submitted,

Thomas W. Ward.

EARLY OMAHA HISTORY

By Lulu Allis Lillie (Mrs| Jerome A. Lillie, Jr.)

My husband's mother came from Pottsdam, New York, to Council Bluffs (or Kaneshville as it was called at that time) crossing over the Missouri River on the ice landing in Omaha in 1855. She later married Jerome A. Lillie, Sr., who came here from Nashville, Tenn., in 1865. He became identified with the building of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1865, which was the one great outstanding thing in this part of the country and our state at that time and he was still working for the company at the time of his death.

Mrs. Lillie was related to one of the old pioneer families; her sister married Henry Wyman, who was controller of currency in Washington, and her daughter later married George A. Hoagland, who was one of the first lumber dealers in the city.

The date of my parents' arrival from California to Council Bluffs was made more memorable by the dedication of the great project, the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway bridge across the Missouri River. This was a great feat to be accomplished at that time, marking the progress made in the facilities of transportation along the lines from the old horse-drawn cars to the electric street car. As time advanced, the university at Lincoln was established showing the great desire for education in this part of the country. Since the founding of this institution its rapid growth demonstrates specifically the untiring interests of the most prominent citizens in the education and upbuilding of the American youth of our land. Many successful and distinguished citizens of the United States were graduates of the Nebraska University.

The development of Douglas and Farnam Streets, from Fifteenth to Twentieth, was an outstanding mark in the history of Omaha.

The permanent need of the future in the growth of the city was most ably cared for by the erection of many permanent buildings at this location, among them the Fontenelle Hotel, named for Logan Fontenelle, who was chief of the Omaha Indians. The portrait of the chief hangs in the lobby of this hotel. It was placed there by the Colonial Dames in memory of the great chief. It has been of great interest to all visitors who have been privileged to hear about the life of this great man. Fontenelle Reserve and Fontenelle Park were also named as memorials.

MADISON COUNTY

Among the early pioneers of Madison county, Nebraska, was the Halverson family, who settled in Shell Creek Precinct in 1870, when there were only five settlers in this community. This family started their new home in a dug-out, without a team of any kind, without wagon, plow, farm implements or tools, and with an ox as their sole possession.

The neighbors helped to put in a few acres of wheat the first year, and this was harvested with a scythe or cradle, raked with a flail and fanned by hand in the wind. Mr. Halverson bought two steers on time, but he had no wagon so he made a sled out of green timber and hauled his winter's supply of hay after cutting it with a scythe. He trapped wolves, mink, muskrat and beaver, and made overshoes, mittens and caps for the family out of the furs. Prairie chickens were caught in wooden traps, and with fish from Shell Creek, the family was furnished their meat supply.

A log house was built for the family after about a year, and with improving conditions the family acquired a wagon, farm implements, tools, and a team of horses.

An Indian raid had occurred early in 1870, and Indians still frequented the locality after the raid. Mrs. Halverson learned to deal with them in a friendly way, giving them butter, dried meat, bread and other edibles. Indian mothers greatly admired the youngest children, and indicated that they would like to have one. Once an Indian drew a sword, standing in the doorway, feeling its edge with his hand, but he indicated by tendering a ring that he was not hostile. The Indians had been emphatically warned by the government since the raid not to molest the white settlers. Soldiers were camped along the border, about twelve miles apart, one encampment being located on Shell Creek.

Recollections of the children of this pioneer family are many and vivid. They recall a pack of wolves gathered on the mound roof of their dugout one snowbound winter night.

They were frightened when they heard the weird howling sound above their heads, and Mr. Halverson went out with the ax to scare them away. Likewise have they seen the antelope bounding ahead of a sweeping prairie fire. They recall the Texas Cattle Trail, when thousands of long horn cattle, driven by cowboys, passed thru the Shell Creek Valley, — a presage of the westward trend of civilization.

From "History of the Pioneers" — compiled by H. Halverson of Newman Grove, Nebr., in the interest of the Madison County Historical Association.

Submitted by,

Edna Ward Osnes.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES

By Charles Novotny

In 1869, my father sold a 30 acre farm in Linn County, Iowa, in view of preparing to move his family of five sons and one daughter further West. My two oldest brothers set out in the fall under a covered wagon, with 2 yoke of oxen, a cow, and a dog, and reached Schuyler, Nebr., after several weeks. They located homesteads for father and 3 brothers, and built a shack on father's homestead, 16 miles North of Schuyler. They broke sod and planted some corn. After enduring many hardships, they returned for us next July.

We all started out for Nebr. under covered wagons. Five other families joined our group and traveled with us all the way. Crossed Missouri river on a ferry-boat, and camped where main part of Omaha is now located. After the four weeks' journey, we reached our destination, Sept. 27, 1870. Father looked over the treeless prairie and said "Children, this is that promised land."

Two families, besides our own, lived with us before they built their sod-houses. Our shack was 14 feet by 20 feet and 10 feet high, had one room downstairs and an attic upstairs. Father put up a sod stable and a sod chicken coop.

One morning, when a strong north wind was blowing, we noticed a dark cloud, which soon turned out to be the dreaded prairie-fire. My older brothers plowed around the shack and saved it. However, everything else burned to the ground, except a little corn-fodder, that had been brought home. That winter, our only fuel was slough-grass, that we gathered for miles around.

We had several interesting experiences with the Indians. The second year we were here, 700 encamped right across the creek from our shack. This frightened mother, but we boys were anxious to see everything. We surely didn't sleep that night, as they kept up their revelry till morning. However, they never harmed us, then, or ever after, but begged for everything from bread to horses.

Once, 17 Indians came and wanted something to eat. Mother had only some dry bread and handed it to them. One stuck it on his gun-rod and walked off. The others wanted more. Mother had some bread baking in the oven. They forced her to give this to them, but brought it back to finish baking when they found it was raw inside. Another time, when the Indians had broken camp, we went to pick up trinkets and I found a lovely Indian horse-whip. Suddenly, a big Indian appeared, calling to us. We were so scared, we ran as fast as our feet could carry us, losing everything. When we looked back, the Indian was returning with some package they left behind.

In 1874 and 1875, the grasshoppers came. They ruined nearly everything, and many people were so discouraged, they moved away. All these were trying years. Our main articles of food were black bread and wild game. We killed 150 deer and an elk in Colfax and adjoining counties before Clarkson was on the map. Prairie chicken, wild duck and geese were plentiful. Several times, when we could not go to Schuyler for flour, we ground wheat in a coffee-mill, and made bread. Our coffee was mostly roasted spring rye called "Lincoln coffee."

Oftentimes, we would not get our mail oftener than once in 4 weeks. I remember when we sold eggs at 3 cents a dozen, dressed hogs at \$2.50 per 100 lbs. and bought corn at 6 cents a bushel. Will never forget my first 4th of July. Was 16 and had earned 25 cents, replanting corn. Went to Schuyler with my brothers and wondered how best to spend my money. Finally bought some soda-crackers, bologna, and firecrackers, and had a better time than a lot of folks now would have if it were 25 dollars.

The first school I attended was a small 2-room house. In one room, a family lived, while in the other, we went to school. The school term was 3 months long. Finished fourth grade and cried to go further to school, but folks could not afford to send me.

There was no church here for many years, but we held meetings in our home, where services were usually read. Some folks walked as far as 5 or 6 miles, to attend them.

My parents have been dead for many years. I am now 65 years old, and we are still living on the old place. An old cottonwood tree, that father planted 56 years ago, is about the only land-mark remaining, to mark the early days.

We have lived to see great changes, and owe our success not only to faithfully staying with the plow, but trusting God, no matter what came.

NEBRASKA AS I SAW IT FIFTY YEARS AGO

Reminiscence given by Mrs. J. W. Mayer
at Womans Club program at Beatrice High
School Chapel exercises, celebrating
"Nebraska's Fiftieth Birthday and also
given before the D.A.R. by whom it was
compiled."

My father (P. J. Myers) came to Nebraska in 1869 with 100 sheep, the first brought into the state. He drove them through, grazing on the way and had to force them to swim creeks and rivers as there were no bridges.

When the family came in 1870, the railroad was only built as far as Nebraska City. The Omaha and Southwestern was built Nov. 1871. We crossed on a ferry boat at Nebraska City. Father met us with a covered wagon and it seemed to one little girl at least that it took a long, long time as we crept slowly along over the prairie to Beatrice and beyond. There were no laid out roads, but the trails that there were, across the boundless prairie were well traveled and the long buffalo grass was waving in the wind as far as eye could reach and the hot summer sun beat down upon us. The only trees were along the creeks. Occasionally we saw a dugout or a sod house as they had been built as a protection and near water.

We camped on Bear creek on the Scott street road east of Beatrice and got some milk and things from the house that still stands there I remember. In camping father slept under the wagon with his gun while we all slept in it. Mother and we four children — myself about four years old at that time.

Next morning we broke camp and came on through Beatrice. We children had been anticipating our arrival at Beatrice but it was so small that we wondered where the town was. We forded the Blue river on Scott street just below where the Court street bridge stands. I well re-

member how frightened I always was on the drive through the creeks and rivers. They had such steep banks and there were perhaps just a few logs in the bottom for a bridge.

After this long, tiresome ride, we finally reached the home that father had prepared for us. We found nothing like the good commodious six room house we had left in Wisconsin; but a tiny dugout close to Cub Creek, 20 miles from Beatrice and half way between Plymouth and Bower and nine miles from Fairbury. Of course it was really too small for a family of seven, our own family and an uncle who staid with us, so father immediately decided to build a new house, and we lived in the wagon or anywhere while this new house was being built.

I remember one night a terrible storm the wind was driving the wagon and father had to turn it to keep it from running into the creek with us. In the morning the sun was shining, but I got up just soaked with the rain that had driven in around the edges of our wagon cover.

The new house was 12 x 14 feet dimensions, built of rough cottonwood boards, up and down and banked with sod and had $2\frac{1}{2}$ windows. The beds were built in on one side, and there was a trundle bed, a table, two chairs, and a stump to sit on and a trunk and a stove and cupboard.

In the '65's and '66 many of the freighters worked independently, buying and selling the goods they hauled, instead of driving for some of the big companies. But they were not allowed by the Government to travel alone beyond Ft. Kearney. From there they must not start out unless there were from 30 to 50 teams and wagons, all well armed according to the varying conditions.

Sometimes the Sioux Indians were much more numerous and vindictive than others. It took about three months to make the round trip, counting the time of the rest needed by the teams in Denver. They traveled about 15 miles each day with oxen. On my father's first trip, they came on the remains of an expedition just two weeks ahead of them. The wagons had been loaded with machinery, bound for a place northeast of Denver — a grist mill equipment for a settlement. The Indians had ridden along by the oxen, cutting each hind leg a slash just below the knees, ham-stringing it was called, and of course the oxen were helpless. The burned wagons and dead cattle were a forceful object lesson to travelers.

My father was known as the youngest freighter on the road at this time but he must have had more knowledge of the route, camping places, etc. than the others of one company, for he was selected the captain. The loads of freight were varied. Sometimes much depended on the shortness of time of travel on account of changing prices at the market.

Once the wagons were loaded with kegs of powder, and being overtaken by a severe thunder storm all the men were much afraid that the powder might be struck by lightning. In making camps they all took their blankets and went a good distance away to sleep on the ground. My father had tools in his wagon he wished to guard, so he stretched out on top of his load of powder kegs in the covered wagon. About two in the morning he was awakened by the other men who had been about drowned out where they had been, though the storm had now abated somewhat they still considered it entirely too dangerous to be on their cargoes of powder so they had crawled under the wagons.

Sleeping on the ground rolled up in a blanket was the usual thing of course. Cooking was done in what was called "ovens." These were kettles holding six quarts perhaps, fitted with tight heavy iron lids so that in them bread could be baked in the coals, using the fuel of the prairies—buffalo chips.

Baking powder, made in Boston, was just becoming known and this made cooking easier.

Stew of antelope was good, made in those kettles, with big pieces all around the sides, inside, leaving a hole in the middle for the flour to be stirred, when the meat was partly done, for the gravy — casserole cooking as it were.

But to go back to that cargo of powder which, though dangerous was not the cause of the most anxiety on that trip. The Indians were becoming more bold and numerous and the freighters were now on that section where hostilities were unmistakable.

News had come of approaching Indians in large numbers and then more news of raids on ranchers, stations and freighters. When it became known that the Indians were only a short distance away and rapidly gaining on them, this company of freighters decided to stop and make prepara-

tions to avoid being taken alive. After corralling, that is driving the teams in a circle, wagons on the outside, they arranged a means of setting off all the powder simultaneously, thus to sell their lives as dearly as possible—and they would rather give their lives than to suffer the tortures of slow death in store, if captured by the savages.

But after a period of suspense—it was learned that the hostile pursuers had unexpectedly met another band of Indians with whom they were at war and so their murderous plans were suddenly changed.

Another time and another trip, Indians were momentarily expected but did not come. A large party of immigrants, including women and children in the number, were together with the freight train a little way beyond Fort Morgan, and an hour before sunset were making camp. The immigrants were at one side, a short distance from the freighters.

My father had gone some distance for water and was listening to the singing as the camp arrangements were unpacked and set up. It was the time of day when sounds seem to carry farther on the quiet air, and he remembers the song as one of the most beautiful he ever heard. It was a **new song** that everybody was singing; one of the popular songs born of the Civil War: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching." Such was the romantic setting and peaceful scene. When a soldier rode by in haste, telling my father that the Indians were cleaning up everything below and directed him to warn the campers. He recalls vividly, the sudden change his words made in that charming scene. The song quickly changed to alarm, confusion and distress.

But this story also ends happily for the dreaded Indians had paused to take in a train of travelers three miles away and had themselves been worsted.

REMINISCENCES

Written by (Mrs. F. A.) Nellie Robbins
Miller for the November meeting of the
D. A. R. 1920.

Just where does reminiscence leave off and history begin? The dictionary speaks of "reminiscence" as "remembrance recollection" and gives quotation thus: "The other part of memory called reminiscence which is the retrieving of a thing at present forgot or but confusedly remembered.

If I were to speak of my reminiscences, it would be to mention my lost opportunities for gathering those memories of people who were moving forward to take and hold "the outposts of civilization oblivious to those marches of events which I might have heard echoing there.

We had a family album of course, and it was treasured the picture of a beautiful dog and below was written in my father's hand "My Dog Brave" and on the back a little rhyme also composed by my father:

1. "This famous dog of noble birth
2. **
3. "Eight times with me he crossed the plains
4. **

Yes and I remember being told that "Brave" had saved my Father's life.

How could I understand that my father so particular about me keeping quiet and not slamming doors, so annoyingly precise about my table manners — just a few years back had been an adventurous youth of 21 in the business of hauling merchandise across the great plains, where the railroads were soon to push across and bring the stupendous movements of that great trail to an end.

And I did not know either until recently, my mother told me, that he had been so impressed with what he had seen and experienced that he could talk of nothing else for

some time, until he perceived that people were tired of it, when he suddenly, absolutely ceased to mention those stirring events — and he never resumed.

After his marriage, at close of the Civil War, my father was a resident of Ill. and for several years was traveling over Iowa, Nebraska and eastern Colorado. The farthest any R. R. went at that time was Marshalltown, Iowa, and Grinnell, Iowa. Nebraska was a territory and Omaha its capitol. Lincoln had not a building. There were scarcely any settlements west of Omaha off the stageroad.

In just a few years all this was changed and my inquiring infant eyes did not take it in at all. Why, my own father was immigration agent then, running semi-monthly excursions over the Chicago and Alton railroad to Kansas City and the old Missouri River, Fort Scott and Gulf R. R. (now the "Frisco" line) for two years, helping to settle northeast Kansas and southeast Nebraska.

My chief thought in coming to Steele City, Nebraska when seven years old was to acquire wealth by raising onions and I had with me all the way on the train a package of Yellow Danvers onion seeds. In Jefferson county I had the most wonderful friends — they could have told me much that I now realize that I want to know, but my child mind was not prepared to appreciate it I suppose and instead, they gave me "History of Greece" and "Light of Asia."

On one trip to Hanover, Kansas, I now think we picnicked at the very place described by Gen. Fremont.

Charles Dawson in his very interesting history of Jefferson county mentions people who had done important things earlier — Why! I used to know these people. They were my best friends but I never dreamed of their figuring in the romance of early days and the pioneer movements such as I read of now.

Those deep wagon worn ruts in a narrow passing place in a road I often went over in some of my rides with the country doctor — WHY! WHY! didn't some one tell me of the Oregon Trail?

We came to Beatrice in 1884. A little later I used to write down how much tobacco and how much coffee for a little roll of butter and eggs brought by the nicest old men from close to the line between Jefferson and Gage Counties, to the little old store on Third and Court. And those nice

old men used to tell me the most interesting things about Indians and the grasshoppers — — Why! didn't I write down those stories? Those who told these stories are gone now.

Some of them had driven stages over that trail! Some had been freighters, traders, trappers and then settlers. That trail linked everybody up in an interwoven pattern that connected all the little sub-elements, so that the history of no country can be written without reaching out and touching all this great plain.

Over somewhere near the county line, I wouldn't care to be too definite, dwelt settlers who were not exactly settlers, those times they went a long distance cross-cuts to the trail and from advantageous points came out by stealth and took away mules from the freighters just like the wild Indians.

Yes! the patterns of the lives of the people of these countries are very much interwoven.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN BEATRICE

Written by the late Mr. A. D. Sage

In the summer of 1868 there was a forward movement in the then little village of Beatrice.

There had been a few new buildings erected, notably the brick house (south side of Market street near City Hall) built and still owned by Jacob Shaw, likewise the brick block on south side of Court street, just above third, built expressly to be occupied by the U. S. Land Office at that time in Brownville. This was the first building "boom" in Beatrice.

We felt we were soon to become a city and in considering the needs of the place we thought we ought to have a church. And to the credit of the people outside of the church, I must say, belong in a great degree, the erection of the first church building in Beatrice. They decided to circulate a subscription paper among the "outsiders" and get as large an amount as possible subscribed and then donate this to some Church Society who would go on and finish it. They found however, that many would give double the amount if they were to build a Free Church.

So they raised what they could from people outside the churches and started the wall of the old stone building, which still stands at the corner of 4th and Elk Street.

They worked with a will and raised the walls above the windows and found by that time that the money was all gone, and they were considerably in debt. So a halt was called and after due deliberation they concluded to donate to some Church Society who would assume the indebtedness and would finish the building.

In the spring of 1870, Rev. W. A. Presson was sent by the Nebraska Conference held at Nebraska City, Bishop James presiding, to Beatrice, and it was during his pastorate here that the M. E. Society received the site and unfinished walls of what was our old Stone Church. Rev. W. A. Presson was the right man sent to the right place. The membership was small and money scarce and we had to turn in many ways to finish the building.

In fact it never was finished. Our pastor always looked on the bright side and sometimes made promises that he could not, to the day, make good. One man whom we were owing, he promised, if he were alive, that he should have his money the next day. As the money was not forthcoming the man thought he would at least have a little joke on the preacher, so reported him dead all about town and for a time it made quite a little excitement.

We think we are having a hard time raising the present church debt. So we are. But this is not the first time that some of us have helped pay church debts. If it had not been for the noble women in the days gone by and at this present time, I do not know what the people in Beatrice would have done for a house of worship. God bless the women of the Methodist Church.

WHEN AND WHY AND HOW I CAME TO NEBRASKA

Written by A. D. Sage in 1909, 50 Years Later

In the spring of 1859 a schoolmate, living in southeast Wisconsin, started for Pike's Peak in search of gold, which according to report was just laying around loose in that vicinity. In his journey he went through Nebraska, coming into the state from Marysville at the place where Fairbury now stands, going up the Little Blue to Fort Kearney, then following the Platte river to where Denver was — or rather now is. He spent the summer in Colorado without getting his wagon load of the yellow stuff and came home in the fall with considerable less than when he started.

But nevertheless from that time we were planning to "go west and grow up with the country." In the spring of 1863 two old school mates of Kenosha County, Wisconsin, with their wives and children started to the far western state of Nebraska. And on May 6 1863, with our ox teams and wagons in which all our belongings were loaded, we having resisted the persuasion of parents and friends and brothers and sisters, turned our faces westward, joining the ranks of those who were even in advance of Horace Greeley's advice, quoted above.

We had one yoke of oxen and one yoke of cows and a yoke of three year old steers; and a fresh cow and a horse in addition. Our first night camp was twenty miles from the

starting point and three miles west of Fox River. It rained all that night and the next day and the following night three inches of snow fell and came near caving in our tent. On the morning of May 10th, the sun came out bright and the snow soon began to melt. We plodded on all day through snow and mud and camped that night thirty-eight miles from home.

Upon the night of May 10th, we camped at a grove on the prairie twenty-five miles west of Janesville. There we saw our first covered wagon and in it — under it — and around it were 17 human beings — two families. There had been but sixteen to start with when they left Milwaukee some ten days before but a bright little baby boy had been added four days before we met them. They had but one yoke of oxen and led two cows. The next morning the rain was pouring down again and we lay in camp all day with our tent full of little ones from our neighbor's wagon. We had a sheet iron stove with which we could keep our tent comfortable. They saw that our cow teams were helping us along so we went to work and fixed them out with a yoke for their cows and with a rope which they had, their team was much strengthened. We moved along together for one day but as their team could not keep up with ours we left them behind the second day and never saw them again. They were going to Kansas and I suppose helped to make that state and added much to the population.

We continued to have rain and mud for the first 200 miles, but through good and bad we kept our faces westward and our 700 mile journey ended at Beatrice. We were ferried across the Mississippi at Dubuque, continued an almost southwesterly course through Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Creston, Red Oak, Sidney, and crossed over into Nebraska at Nebraska City.

At Red Oak we were camped near the mill and having taken our cook stove out of the wagon we were doing our regular weekly washing and baking. During the day the miller called on us and after inquiring where we were from and where going, proposed to sell us some choice winter wheat flour, saying business was slack and times close and asked to help him by buying of him. As we were getting low on flour we went with him to his mill. He opened a 100-pound sack. It looked fine so we took sacks from beside this one branded "Winter Wheat Flour," packed it into the

wagon and the next morning moved on, and after camping a week when over in Nebraska we found our flour to be of very poor quality of shorts. Whenever I hear the name of Red Oak it always reminds me of "Shorts."

We ferried across the Missouri river at Nebraska City the middle of June (June 22) and drove up to the city we inquired the way to Beatrice which place we had first heard about 75 miles over in Iowa in this way.

When in camp near Sidney, Iowa, a man going east came to our campfire and asked to be allowed to cook his coffee on our fire. We soon learned he was from the Little Blue (the part of Nebraska we were headed for). He asked us what we expected to do out there. We told him we intended to take up land and make a home. He said I live out there and it is as fine a country as ever lay out doors. But I see that you have woman and children and I would advise you to stop and look around at Beatrice on the Big Blue where there is a fine stream of water, a grist mill, blacksmith shop, school house and settlers in all directions, while on the Little Blue there was no one but ranchmen, meaning in that time tavern keepers. Tha man's name was Hughes. He was going to meet his brother a day's journey behind us. I have never seen him since, but I remember him with different feelings from the miller at Red Oak.

We had to lay over a couple of days just west of Nebraska City on account of an accident to one of our steers. They trespassed in the early morning upon a farmer near our camp and he cut one of them open with a corn knife. We got help from another neighbor and sewed up the wound and he was soon well.

On the morning of June 24th, we pulled out for Beatrice, crossing the Nemaha at Tecumseh. The old rickety bridge at that place was condemned so we drove our wagons over by hand and drove the animals through the muddy stream.

A few miles east of Tecumseh we overtook a party of freighters with wagons loaded with corn for the Denver market, and camped with them. There was David Kilpatrick, Albert Curtis, little Fred Roper, a Whitmore that at that time lived neighbor to the Kilpatricks.

We left the next morning and as we traveled faster than their heavy loads of corn, we saw no more of them that day.

On the 27th of June about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, knowing we were near Beatrice, we inquired of a man we met near where the Grand Hotel (7th and Court) stands, how soon we would find Beatrice, and he replied you are right in it now. It is just over the hill.

We pitched our tent on Market and Second streets, where von Steen's warehouse now stands.

Hardly was our tent up before we began to have callers and before sun down every man in the settlement had called on us. An honor coming to Pilgrims on those days.

The names of the callers as I remember them were Albert Towle, called by everybody "Pap Towle" (the postmaster) Fordice Roper (the miller), J. B. Weston, Dr. H. M. Reynolds, Oliver Townsend, Joseph Saunders, Orin Stephens, Richard Davis, a Mr. Burks, father of Henry Burks of our city, Steel and Coulter, blacksmiths, a Rev. Mr. Wells living on second street between Market and Bell and Rev. Wm. McLaughlin, a circuit preacher. Perhaps others that have escaped my memory.

The first question of nearly all was "Where are you from and where are you going." We told them we were looking for a place to take up a homestead. Then they were unanimous in telling us that Nebraska territory was a good country and that Beatrice was the best part of it and that there was no use looking farther. I had expected to prospect a little before going further but we took them at their word and located here. We had two good yokes of oxen, cows, one horse, one wife and two babies.

There were at that time perhaps a dozen families here. One little log store building with possibly four or five wheelbarrow loads of goods, a grist mill and a saw mill. The rains had been plentiful and the country was looking its best.

After looking around a few days we found a claim that suited us. Made the trip to the land office at Brownville and on July 12th got our papers and on July 14, 1863, we moved on the place where we now live. July 12th made and received homestead Application No. 135, Certificate 59. Only 57 between the first homestead and mine.

Drawbacks we had from the start. On August 26th and 27th, ice froze a quarter of an inch thick killing everything. Then in November our grist mill burned down with considerable wheat grists from all over the country. We had 15 bushels burned; our bread for the winter.

In July dug a well, cut saw logs and had them sawed on shares to make a little house. I have lived on the same spot of ground for 50 years without a move.

June 27, 1913. Families in Beatrice 50 years ago today:

Orin Stevens

Single Men

Fordice Roper

Oliver Townsend

Albert Towle

Joseph Saunders

J. B. Weston

2 Blacksmiths, Steel & Coulter

— — Burks

Horace Wickham

A. L. Tinkham

Ed Cartright, nephew of old

H. M. Reynolds

Peter

Preacher Wells

Richard Davis

Benjamin Fredenberg

McLaughlin, circuit preacher

A. D. Sage

**MRS. MAX A. HOSTETLER TELLS ABOUT
LOWELL IN THE SEVENTIES**

"I was born Ella M. Doggett, in Hillsboro, Ohio, and lived there until in my early 'teens my mother's relatives in the 'Little Mountain State' of West Virginia sent for me after her death. I attended school there and began my teaching in Preston county. After some years my older half-brother William H. Doggett, living in Lowell, secured the school of that village for me and I went 'west.'

The members of the school board were Isaac Matlick, L. A. Kent and Peter Phillipar. The former lived on a farm nearby; Mr. Kent in a pretty white house and Mr. Phillipar in the village. He had a hardware store.

"Many people have arrived in the west with the same sensations I had, of dropping off in the sand and finding hopes of seeing a real town shattered. It had been many years since I had seen my brother. I had grown up and we might not have even known each other had we met elsewhere. I was met at the station by Johnnie Phillipar, a young boy, and later my trusted pupil and friend. His duty was to carry the mail from the train to the post office, quite a distance, through the sand. We trudged along together, and one of the brightest pictures in my memory of my reception was Johnnie's happy face. I arrived in March, 1878, and from what I heard from those who liked to talk of thrilling things, I know I was fortunate in not having arrived sooner. Many had moved away, among them some who were a menace to the peace of the community, and had sought new fields for their misdoings.

Lowell, in 1878, had the appearance of a quiet peaceful country village, there was a very good sized hotel directly north of the home of my brother. Mr. Munhall was the proprietor, and he had a charming daughter named Mamie. But the good, as well as not good, left Lowell and I was astonished one day to see the hotel on wheels headed for Bloomington, where I heard it was located.

The I. D. Evans home west of Lowell, with fine hospitality, opened its doors and friendship to me. Mr. Evans had taken as a partner in a drug store a year or two before that time Eugene O. Hostetler, and late in 1877 he sold his remaining interest to Max O. Hostetler. The store then was known as Hostetler Brothers. Eugene was also postmaster. Their store was the second building south of my brother's home. Later, in 1879, they moved to Shelton, in Buffalo county.

The Robert Steen home was opposite my brother's on the east, one of the common types of square front houses, but inside a most uncommon home for a village of pioneer days. Art, music and a refinement that was real. The brick court house in a grove of fine trees was in very good condition and not far from it was the school house, a very good looking building. I have a very good picture of it. It was while I was teaching there that a "raid" was made on the village by the people of the county at large it seemed. I found at a noon hour a crowded condition with people talking excitedly. A note from my brother on the dinner table told me to eat and go back to school. I went to see Mrs. J. H. Heatherington and asked her what the crowd meant. She put her finger to her lips with a "S—h," and gave me no satisfaction. They were living in the old land office, a very good looking building which stood directly east of the hotel. It remained for the school children to tell me with much excitement that there was a "mob" in town to get the county records for the center of the county. Late in the afternoon I watched the long line of wagons leaving over the sand hills. They had received assurance that the records would be turned over to the new location as soon as provisions was made for their safekeeping. The promise was kept and the county officers living in Lowell were soon in what is now Minden.

J. H. Sears was the County Superintendent of the Kearney County schools in 1878. He had also taught the Lowell school for some time. I succeeded him because my brother had brought pressure to bear to get me the school, and some desired a change. After teaching there two terms the people wanted a man teacher. The officers of the Bloodgood school, west of Lowell, came to me and secured me as their teacher. Mr. Sears had been an applicant for it and needed it. I taught there two terms, boarding first at the Vanduzer home, then at that of Hiram Bloodgood.

Soon after I began to teach that school one Friday afternoon Mr. Sears rapped at my schoolroom door. He had come, he said to invite me to go home with him and spend the week-end. I looked at him in amazement, I who had the school he needed, was invited to be a guest at his home. I saw sincerity, and no malice, in him. I saw a real Christian gentleman. I went with him. I visited there often, and as long as he and Mrs. Sears lived they were my dear friends. So Lowell, in the sand, and minus sidewalks, a western village that had the courage to shake out the rougher element, had within it and its community some of the finest people to be found anywhere. I have a curl pinned to a page in my dictionary from a little pupil from Newark, who was in my school in the Bloodgood district. We lose sight of each other along the way of life, but memory lives with us, and if we could realize the full meaning of "I shall pass this way but once," how different most lives would be, how much more helpful to us, and those to whom we minister.

Dr. Howard Cooper, an uncle of my brother's wife was a gentleman, and one of the most interesting characters I met in those early days. He lived on a "claim" west of Lowell. He had many bright stories of pioneer days and enjoyed telling them. He married widow Carpenter.

The D. C. Blackburn family arrived in Lowell in 1878 from Iowa, Hattie and Vienna were among my fine pupils and I boarded with them.

I missed the beauty of the West Virginia Hills on my arrival in Lowell, but I soon grew interested in watching the waving of the tall grass. There seemed an ocean of it, and the graceful waving of it fascinated me. It seemed to say—keep on, keep on and on.

My husband and his brother Eugene owned land near Minden from about 1877 to 1883 or 1884. I am not sure when they sold it. A lack of funds in starting his farming life near Minden caused my husband, as a young man to purchase some cannon wheels from Old Fort Kearney, which he used in constructing a wagon, and to it he hitched his two fine oxen, and started out over his hills which seemed to him a thousand when the oxen ran off trying to relieve themselves of his new wagon and of him. He held on and lived to laugh over his ingenuity many times, but it spoiled what might have been a good farmer.

The removal of the county seat from Lowell greatly reduced the population, and the completion of the railroad I was told caused the exodus of the gamblers and other bad men from Lowell to fresher fields.

Returning to Shelton from Minden probably in 1881 and leaving Minden late in the afternoon we took a short cut to the main road across the sand hills. We had nothing to guide us and got lost until we found our way by the north star in the big dipper.

SPLENDID SURVIVORS

Dedicated to the Pioneers of Nebraska

By Cora Phebe Mullin

I sing the valiant, the brave
The splendid survivors
Who have come to their full growth
Like trees that stand alone.
They are marked by the air
Of having lived through great days.

They are figures of splendour
Illumined by the glow of their service —
Service of honorable living, of steadfastness
Of sacrifice, of making great history.

They hold the steady look of heroes
Strong, calm and invisible,
As one who owns his decent past;
There is in their bearing a confidence,
Grim courage to meet hardship,
Determined to win nor quit nor whine;
Determined to wrest subsistence from the soil,
Uncertain trade, from rusty pen and broken sword.

I sing the valiant, the brave
The splendid survivors.
By what means does a man live
To be three score or more?
By patience, by service, by faith in his God.

Ada Gray Bemis (Mrs. George Whitfield) mother of Anna Bemis Cutler, won the first prize in the 1933 contest for pioneer stories of Nebraska sponsored by The Native Sons and Daughters and the following excerpts are taken from the Nebraska State Historical Magazine:

MY OWN BIOGRAPHY

By Ada Gray Bemis (Mrs. George Whitfield)

Andreas' History of Nebraska says: "May fourth, 1871, Hosea Wilson Gray, his son-in-law, George Whitfield Bemis, son J. M. Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Cunningham came to Nebraska, settling in Clay County." In that book and thousands of similar ones, are announcements which have behind them stories more thrilling and interesting than all the combined fiction.

The little company above mentioned made the traditional covered wagon trip I wish I might describe since my prosaic journey on one of the first trains run into the town, four months later, lacked the beauty romance and interest of my husband's entry.

When I say the town, I mean the little village of Sutton, which was laid out and named after my arrival. The homestead seeking men had followed the course of some railroad surveyors and were sure a town would be located there and had stopped and taken land in the vicinity.

One settler, Luther French, was on the ground when my husband arrived, and when my dignified appearance took place, a girl with her first baby, his (French's) was the first home I saw, and while I had no such experience, his may be described as an example of many, it being a typical dugout.

Mr. French had lost his wife and none of us were able to explain how he kept the seven motherless children in good health, well fed, and happy. His abode was half of it a hole in the ground, or rather, the hillside, logged up inside and

roofed with bark and earth, with a tunnel running down to the banks of School Creek, the inside entrance being covered with a dry box cupboard. If Indians approached, his little band were instructed to run through the passage to the creek and hide in the overhanging foliage until the father arrived. A boat was hidden near.

The floor was of dirt, there were no windows, and every particle of furniture was made by French from boxes, kegs, barrels, branches of trees, and any piece of metal he was able to acquire. Each can and scrap of tin he became possessed of was utilized for something. Tools were made of wood and the house had hardly a whole dish in it.

The eldest girl would go with her little brood out on the prairie to pick the wild buffalo peas, then most abundant, and boil a huge kettle full. She made pumpkin butter, used wild sorrel for sauce, cooked whole wheat and corn, and in season, picked the wild plums, cherries, grapes and berries which abounded on the creek banks. Meat and fish were always plentiful and were stored and dried for emergencies though game was abundant all winter.

Later that fall, (1871) Dr. M. V. B. Clark and his brother Isaac N. Clark, bought the French homestead and laid out the town site and built the Clark house, where they lived up stairs and opened a drug store and hardware in the lower story.

No finer men and women ever lived than these early adventurers. Most of them had left homes of culture, were college graduates, and had come to the new country to build up an inheritance for their children. There is a blessed sense of comradeship among the pioneers which is unlike any other relationship and binds me to the sons and grandsons of those former neighbors. Herbert Johnson, cartoonist, is an example of the type, he having been born in our village. My daughter tells of his school books being covered with pictures of animals, schoolmates, even teachers.

Our first editor was Walter Eugene Wellman, who, incredible as it now seems, came to Sutton at the age of fourteen, to take charge of the Sutton Times. My husband brought him to eat his first meal in town with us and I filled his pocket with cookies when he left, thus beginning a "beautiful friendship," which endured throughout the

years. The last visit he made to York, he told us of his ill fated polar expeditions and passed them to a joyful perusal of the yellow, time worn copy of the first copy off the press one of our treasures, "The Sutton Times."

My own first home was of lumber hauled in a wagon from Lincoln, about 12 x 24 feet. Two rooms, no foundation, with real doors and windows. Made of boards, covered with tar paper and ceiled. Later my husband was in Lincoln and found some wall paper, each roll different. He promptly bought the entire stock and put it on in panels, there not being enough of any one kind to cover a whole side of the small room. After that, whenever we had nothing else to do, we made paste of flour and water and covered cracks where it peeled from the boards.

Our furniture was brought from Iowa in a wagon and consisted of a very few pieces of black walnut, the kitchen table, now in a high state of polish, adorning the reception room in my daughter's home. I sat up at night to admire the set of corner shelves made by Mr. Bemis to hold my wedding vases, books, the ever present sea shells, and glass covered wax flowers. He also evolved a clock shelf which he put on the wall so high that each day he must stand on a chair to wind the clock, but while he grumbled throughout the process, he never moved the shelf. It had to be out of the way.

I especially remember that all the pies I made that first year were rolled with a big round bottle and each bore the caption, "Jaynes Expectorant," and my husband invariably said he needed another dose. We bought a cow and it was brought home one night and milked with great ceremony. The next morning when my spouse made no move to repeat, I asked, "Aren't you going to milk?" And to my amazement he said, "Why, are you out of milk already?" Heretofore, his experience with animals had been limited to driving horses.

Just once in my life I had made a crazy quilt with small bits of silk, velvet and satin, and this I ripped apart and covered, draped and cushioned everything possible with its fragments. The color scheme in our home blended perfectly. We did not pay any bills for electricity or gas the whole time we lived there as our kerosene lamps and a lantern were ample when supplemented by tallow candles which I molded for emergencies.

We had real floors but the new lumber soon had open cracks between the wide boards and after I had seen a snake crawl under the house one day, we covered the floor with straw and then laid a yarn carpet sent from the east by my father.

Later we shipped out my piano and it's great square rosewood case filled more room than we could well spare but since when company arrived we filled a tick with straw and slept on the floor, giving the guests the bed in the recess behind the curtains, we did not miss the bed room space but rather liked the little corner under the piano. Often our hospitality was limited only by the size of our floor space as travelers came driving by, all of whom were welcomed to rest for a day or night. So dextrous did we become with our toilets that we could dress and undress in the same room and never see each other.

We shipped our necessary groceries from Chicago and lived much better than we do now in some respects. With our cream never was such a dessert known as the little wild fruit. We had wild geese, duck, elk, deer, antelope, snipe, quail, fish, with ham and bacon of our own curing, and grape, plum or wild cherry jelly made of fruit brought from the Blue River. Our gardens grew as they never have since. We did not have weeds those first years.

The things we missed most were concerts, lectures and books. We had been used to hearing such men as Theodore Tilton, Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greely, or Wendell Phillips, for a course of lectures. My husband came home one day and found me reading "Men of our Times," for the sixth time as I rather petulantly explained, and he said, "Never mind, I'll write you a story." After that, each evening he brought home from his law office a new chapter of his book, which he read to me. After he had all the characters in a cemetery at midnight, with a most unusual storm going on, and murders galore taking place, he calmly announced finis and left them there! Modern writers could do no more.

We organized lodges, clubs, and especially temperance societies, and took turns editing the Good Templars Lodge paper, which old inhabitants can yet quote from.

One reads much of the blizzard of 1888 but the one I recall was much more severe, it seems to me. It was Sunday, April 13, 1873, when the terrifying, life destroying storm commenced and grew in intensity for forty-eight hours.

Only those who experienced it can realize the terror of such a time and no one can describe what has never been equaled in the state as an example of elemental fury. The afternoon had been dark and cloudy, deepening into rain, and as the darkness fell changing to sleet. Black clouds rolled up from the north and shortly before noon the next day a gale of wind with snow came with incredible velocity, blotting out the landscape and sweeping everything before it. At times the wind seemed to come from all directions. The air was darkened with a whirling, seething mass of powder like snow which appeared to come up from the ground as well as down from the sky. It was like being in a maelstrom peopled with howling, shrieking demons. Never since have I heard anything like the roaring voice of that storm.

We could not hear each other speak unless close together, nor see without a lamp burning. We placed a light in the window and kept it there during the entire time of the storm. My husband ventured to the stable, only a short distance. When he opened the door our only pig bolted out and we never saw that pig again. Coming back, he lost his sense of direction and found himself in front of the house instead of the back, as his groping hands discovered. After he had removed his coat, vest, jersey and a shawl which was tied around his neck, snow was found in his vest pocket.

During the night the storm increased in vehemence. The wind blew in long gusts, paused to get it's breath, seemingly, and then resumed with redoubled fury. It was not at any time intensely cold. I remember standing at the window trying to see out when there came a thump against the glass. We opened the window and a white dove fell into the room, so crusted with ice and snow that it was unrecognizable. We had it in the house until the storm stopped and it lingered about the homestead until fall.

You will wonder what we did to pass the time. We played checkers, backgammon, chess and the guitar, and sang for hours when not reading. How weird our puny voices must have sounded accompanied by the diapason of the storm.

After midnight the wind died away and the snow stopped. When morning dawned, the world was made of snow. Our small barn was "out of sight." Two sides of the house were entirely covered and the digging began.

By the next day reports of disaster and comedy drifted from house to house. At my father's home when he opened the door into the kitchen in the morning, he found the outside door open and a black and white cow in possession. It was identified afterwards by a farmer who lived nine miles north of us. Two men who had gone to the Little Blue river to cut wood, expecting to camp and fish for a few days, started for home when the storm came on. After driving for hours they decided to allow the horse to go in their own direction. At nightfall they found themselves back where they had started in the morning, the horses having circled, and spent two days in an abandoned dugout.

A neighbor, whose shed collapsed brought his horse into his one room sod house with his family. My husband's brother, wealthy proprietor of five cows, tried to drive them into shelter. Panic stricken, they ran before the wind and were found dead in a ravine five miles distant after a mountain of snow had melted from them. Pawnee Indians came and camped on the spot and did not leave until all the slightly damaged animals were eaten.

The tragedy of the storm was the death of a young woman named Kelly, who, carrying her baby, attempted to walk to her father's house. She was found with the dead infant held to her heart.

We were but a boy and girl and did not realize the gravity of the situation until it was all over. It was a new experience in a place where all was new.

I never like to tell of the time the grasshoppers came. It seems too much like a fable agreed upon. It was in the fall of 1874 that my husband came hurrying home and called to me to come quick and see some grasshoppers. He had heard that a swarm of them had alighted on a farm two miles from us and were eating a field of corn. I did not like to leave my baking but he said it was the sight of a life time and to hurry for they might be gone before we got there, so I dropped my work and went. There was scarcely a vestige of the ripening corn left and innumerable swarms

of the insects were lighting with seemingly no end. We returned home thankful it had not happened to our fine crop and pleased to have seen the unusual sight though sympathetic with the neighbor's loss. The next morning we awakened to a sea of grasshoppers. Coming, they darkened the sun like a heavy cloud and many people went to their storm cellars. Not a green leaf nor blade of grass escaped them and thousands of newly planted trees were killed, the bark being stripped as thoroughly as a tool could have done the work. We had a fine patch of cabbage ready to eat and covered it with sheets and blankets. The next day not only the cabbage was gone but the bedding was eaten full of holes. Tools in the garden had their handles eaten nearly through. Later that was explained by the theory that the hoppers were hungry for the salt that was left in the wood by the sweaty hands.

Trains were stopped by the masses of crushed insects which caused the rails to be slippery. I find it almost too much to believe, myself, after this lapse of time. One neighbor had a cow which he tied in the middle of his cornfield to get one last meal. She was dead in the morning from too much corn but my philosophical neighbor said she died happy and he had nothing left to feed her anyway.

Another friend, seeing the cloud approaching, hurriedly plowed a fire guard around his premises and called his family to fight the fire. Truly, it was the sight of a lifetime.

In 1872 we held our first Fourth of July celebration. Everybody helped and preparation went forward swiftly. The magnificent natural park with School Creek meandering through it was an ideal place to have such a gathering. Benches were made, tables erected, and what we were most proud of, a speakers stand finished. But when it came to the flag pole, cut from a young ash, we were utterly dismayed to find that there was not a flag in town. Now, before you look superior, tell me how many of you brought with you a flag in your covered wagon.

The committee called on somebody to make a flag and I not knowing any better said I would gladly do it. They sent me several yards of white muslin, and some red and blue oiled calico. Sewing the stripes together was easy but when it came to the five pointed star I ardently wished that George Washington had insisted upon the one with six

points, for what Betsy Ross accomplished with one clip of her scissors I could not do with dozens of snips. I cut and cut and only succeeded in making pieces that resembled crooked legged animals. My husband, strong on geometry, came to my rescue with angles and triangles and finally we evolved a five pointed star fully as good as any kindergarten child can make to-day. It was tiresome sewing them on with tiny stitches that must not show and long before I finished I began to consider that there were enough states in the Union, especially when I realized that there was another side and it must all be repeated. The night it was really completed, I was standing waving it joyously when Mrs. I. N. Clark came hurrying in to tell me she had been asked to substitute for A. C. Burlingame who had been appointed to read the Declaration of Independence and she wanted to know if I had anything that would clean her white kid gloves which had not been worn since her wedding and were yellowed. We rubbed those gloves with bread crumbs, corn meal, covered them with starch and finally decided they would do.

We had a local speaker, R. G. Brown and a man named Flick, a member of the Virginia legislature and I remember we were very proud to have him come to Sutton. My father, H. W. Gray, was president of the day, and I can see him now as he rode by in his blue uniform of a Civil War Captain.

Sad to tell, it rained all day the third and the morning of the fourth we backed the largest wagon in town to a knoll near the park and went through every number in our program. Only the top of our flag pole showed above the water in the park.

I must tell you of some of our modern conveniences. We had the first iceless refrigerator brought to the state, I know. It consisted of a large tin pail, tightly covered and lowered into the well half of it's hundred feet, and food kept in this fashion stayed firm and fresh for days.

When the town did not have any kerosene as occasionally happened, and our candles gave out, I put a saucer of lard on the table with a stick wound with strips of cotton cloth in it, and this form of indirect lighting was very satisfactory. We set the stick upright in a piece of dough made of flour and water. I remember my first dinner party had to be lighted that way and I felt about it as you would now if your electric lights went out. But, we had

on the table a haunch of venison, a plover on each plate, fresh vegetables, dried red raspberry pie with thick cream and home made cheese and conversation that rivalled any I have heard lately.

We had Indians each fall and spring but they did not harm us. My father had a lumber yard and used to give the little papooses shingles. They would stand straight up in their bare feet and slide down the snowy banks of School Creek to alight on the ice and go spinning down for a half mile. The Pawnees were our friends but we dreaded the Sioux. Once our men, several of them, were called to fight the Indians and went out to a place near where Sidney now stands. Marion Littlefield, a young man of great promise was killed in the skirmish.

We had a violent county seat fight of course ending in the honors going to Clay Center where it yet remains, but our most interesting trouble was with the B and M R. R. The officials would not locate a depot at Sutton and the trains stopped at Grafton eight miles to the east of us. After months of going to Grafton for mail with the passenger trains flying past us and not pausing, and also months of talk, protests, visits to Boston, Lincoln, Plattsmouth, anywhere our men could locate a railroad man in authority, one night my husband and other men went to Grafton and removed every building in the village with the exception of the box car depot, to Sutton. The Railroad Company had demanded so much land from our citizens that it was simply impossible for the men, some of them destitute, to comply with the unreasonable exactions.

EARLY DAYS IN FAIRBURY

By Mrs. Theo. Westerman and Mrs. Fred C. Williams

The firm of Whiting and Jenkins began business in Fairbury in January, 1879, A. V. Whiting who had travelled out of St. Joseph, Missouri, for a boot and shoe house and George E. Jenkins who had represented a dry goods company, forming the partnership.

I was not quite five years old when we came from the city by the Missouri River to the tiny town on the Nebraska prairie and settled in the ugly frame house built by a Pennsylvania German. My father had bought the house and the first thing my mother did was to have a partition put across the ell, making a dining-room separate from the kitchen. The quarter block on which the house was situated compensated somewhat for its deficiencies and I recall the whole side yard planted in melons and cantaloupes that first summer as somebody had told my father that such planting was good preparation for the blue grass seed which would give the greatly desired lawn. I also remember the box-elder switches set out around the property. They fully justified the recommendation that they were quick-growing, altho they and the cotton-woods could never rank in beauty with maples, oaks and elms. They provided shade, however, as the years passed and for that we were grateful.

It is difficult to be sure that I remember some of the things which happened during our first year in Nebraska and do not merely recall hearing them talked of later. But I do remember the place on each window-sill where the paint was wrinkled up from carbolic acid and I can still smell the asafetida in the little bag hung around my neck. We arrived almost simultaneously with the outbreak of a smallpox epidemic in the county.

A German immigrant came to Fairbury late that winter and stayed with the shoemaker, Todd. He was not very well, but able to come to the shop and sit and talk of the Fatherland with Germans who came from all over the country for news from home. Time proved that he had a mild

case of Varioloid. Virulent cases of small-pox were the result and the epidemic swept the county. In the midst of this excitement my little sister was born. The house condemned as a pest-house was situated east of the C. F. Steele property and was occupied twelve or more years later by Rev. J. V. Whiting, the minister who succeeded Rev. Mark Noble in the pastorate of the Baptist church. I never felt quite comfortable in that house, not feeling sure of its complete reformation. People were brought in from all over the county to be cared for in the pest-house. The wagon, with a bell being rung as a warning, came always up the street at the side of our yard, and on a block north and another east to its destination. Was it in Dicken's *Child's History of England* that I later read of the Great Plague in London and felt that I had actually experienced it? I do not remember the number of cases, but the file of the *Gazette* would doubtless give this information, also the number of deaths. Badly scarred faces were seen here and there thru the years, sad reminders of this tragic episode in the history of Jefferson County.

May C. W. Westermann

Probably no one person exerted a greater influence in Jefferson County during the two decades, 1870-1890, than did the Rev. Mark Noble who organized the Baptist Church of Fairbury on May 29, 1870 and served as its pastor for twenty-one years.

Brother Noble, as he was always called, was a convert of the great English preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon. I have never known what influenced him to come to America when he was thirty-five, bringing with him his wife, several members of her family, and others, a party of a dozen. Surely, he must have regarded Nebraska as the "promised land" or he would never have undertaken the trip across the Atlantic and half way across the United States. What did he expect to find? What people did he expect to shepherd? However important Fairbury may have sounded in London, or looked as a dot on a map, it could be called a village by courtesy only. When the Noble party arrived it contained but one building and no accommodations for travelers. Three miles up the Little Blue River C. C. Callaway and John Ehret were "batching it" on Roper's ranch. There the hospitality of the one room - a dug-out - was offered, and then, without delay and with no questioning of the Providence which had led him, Brother Noble entered upon his life work.

In addition to the Fairbury church he organized Churches at Alexandria, Dry Branch, Carleton, Endicott, and at Ryddle Creek, Kansas. First on horseback, later with team and buggy, he traveled in all sorts of weather over the stretches of prairie which he made his parish, answering every call. He visited the sick, performed more than 200 marriage ceremonies, buried the dead and preached in farm houses and, later, in school houses - wherever opportunity offered. He was literally "all things to all men," and thousands, even to the third generation of those whom he had married and ministered to have followed his long useful life even to its close on January 11, 1933.

Adelloyd W. Williams

SOME EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN SHERMAN COUNTY

By Byrdee Myrtle Needham

By the Pre-emption Act of 1854, the Free Homestead Act of 1863 and the Timber Culture Act of 1873-74-78, one could obtain 480 acres of land from the Government. In the region of which I write, most people found it a sufficient task to qualify under one Act, though some obtained two or three quarters of land.

July 25th, 1872, the year of Nebraska's first great immigration, William Harrison Stephens and wife and Charles E. Webster and wife, came with teams and wagons into Sherman County, then unorganized. The county is traversed from northwest to southeast by the Middle Loup River. Mr. Webster homesteaded east of the river, a portion of his land being the present site of Rockville; Mr. Stephens taking a homestead one mile farther up the river.

One settler preceded these families, Jonathan Arthaud, unmarried, located on Oak Creek in April, 1872.

Other settlers came almost immediately and before winter there were settlements near Rockville and at the present site of Austin and Loup City, the first to come choosing land along the river for the advantage of shallow wells and timber. This was also the line of travel.

William Young and Mr. Soule located Southeast of Rockville. Mr. Soule's was the first death in the county which happened while Mr. Young was on a trip to Grand Island. Neighbors could find no lumber anywhere for a casket so, in desperation, they tore the roof from "Billy" Young's dugout home and took the boards to make a casket. Burial was on Mr. Young's land, and the cemetery is there today, known as "Soulville Cemetery."

Three sturdy German families were some of the earliest at Rockville, viz: Johann Treffer and Jacob and Reimer Schmaljohn, the third and fourth generations now a part of the community. Mrs. Treffer, at the age of 89, lives alone and manages her business affairs.

Grand Island, 40 miles distant, was the Land Office and railroad center serving this territory. Several homesteaders walked the distance. This, also, was the nearest postoffice so people were anxious to start a village.

Mr. Stephens was appointed postmaster. Coming from an inland town of Laona, Winnebago County, Illinois, he suggested that name be used but the Postal Department rejected it with advice there was a town "Laona" in Nebraska. "Rockford," the county seat of his home county, was rejected for the same reason. Still wanting a name as near as possible like his home, he changed the ending of the latter to "ville," and "Rockville" was accepted and bi-weekly stage established up the river as far as Loup City. The driver would deposit the mail sack at the rude store kept by the Stephenses and wait a certain number of minutes for outgoing mail. Postmaster's remuneration was the amount of cancellations. Mrs. Stephens, (whose death occurred while this narrative was being written), recently mentioned to the writer one year when the earnings were \$12.00.

Produce for the store was hauled by wagon by Mr. Stephens and a trip to Grand Island with a load one way required three days. Often people were enroute when a severe storm would come up, but narrow escapes from freezing did not daunt the courage of either men or women. They came to build homes.

A creek crossing the Stephens claim had an outcropping of limestone in its banks. Mr. Stephens said it was the first rock he had seen since leaving Illinois so he called the creek "Rock Creek;" others did likewise, and "Rock Creek" it remains. He first used the rock with mortar to make a curbing to a dug well. Once he tried burning the stone into lime, but the venture was not altogether successful, part of the stone being too hard. A few years later a quarry was opened two miles south of the village(and, as the dugout and sod buildings were replaced with frame, this stone, the only bed in the county, was hauled to all parts of the county for foundation work.

March 31, 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens started for Iowa, leaving one team and wagon on the claim with Noah Vanscoy in charge. They returned in the summer, driving 100 head of cattle they had purchased.

In November, 1872, Cyrus E. Rossiter, then keeping hotel in Grand Island, and Martin W. Benschoter, looking for a place to organize a county, took refuge in a log cabin found in the then heavy timber east of the river and west of the present site of Loup City. Surroundings seemed suitable for carrying out their plans. Mr. Benschotter sent for his brother William, who, with his family, arrived July 4, 1873, bringing four loaded wagons and 100 cattle from Delaware County, Iowa.

Men of various trades gathered during the winter 1872-73. Mrs. Humes, wife of H. M. Humes, who later was employed as surveyor, was the only woman at this settlement that winter. It is said she baked bread for the men settlers.

The town was laid out on Benschoter Brothers' land. At the first County Commissioners' meeting, June 28, 1873, a tax of fifteen mills was levied and soon plans were laid for building bridges, schools and courthouse. November 3rd the first issue of the "Loup City News" was printed, money for the venture raised by subscription, and E. S. Atkinson first editor. That fall Gov. Furnas declared the county organized. At the end of the year there were 80 people in the county, the following year, 460.

Trappers still plied their trade along the streams and were resentful of encroachment by homesteaders. Elk, deer and antelope were plentiful, and there were some wildcats.

In April, 1873, occurred the worst blizzard ever known to the settlers here. On the 5th some soldiers, scouting in the interest of the North Loup residents, took camp near the creek. When the storm began, a few days later, they sought shelter in the log cabins with the settlers, who advised them to take their horses and mules and camp in the timber, but they preferred staying in "town." The storm became so bad they dared not venture out to look after their animals and when the three day blizzard was over they found some 28 head drifted into the creek and smothered to death, being completely covered with the drifted snow. The creek is since known as "Dead Horse Run."

Leading out of town and across prairie pastures, is still visible the trail made by the Cavalry as they came through here to Valley County, where Ft. Hartsuff was eventually built. Indians came and went along the Middle Loup for

several years, usually armed, and their appearance gave much fright, but the homesteaders were never molested in this county.

The bridge built in 1875 near Loup City was the first across the Middle Loup; the pilings were red cedar, hauled from the Cedar Canyons 50 miles north, and contracted for at \$1.25 per lineal foot. Stage connection with Kearney, 50 miles southwest, was thus enabled that year.

The hauling of logs from the canyons became an industry with the farmers a little later on. It was not uncommon to see 25 or 30 loads of 40 to 100-foot logs pass through the town in a day, some sold to the settlers but mostly marketed at Grand Island.

In 1876-78 this valley became a favorite route to the Black Hills, Loup City being the last town, where the travelers would stop to rest and take on supplies. The "Roster House," a pleasing hostelry, accommodating 40 guests, enjoyed good trade, as did the stores.

A brickyard furnished some employment, and the courthouse built in 1878 was of this local product.

Austin post office, half way between Rockville and Loup City, served another little group of homesteaders; was named for Elder Austin, a traveling minister who carried the gospel to the dugout and sod homes. Oliver S. Brown was the first postmaster. Others who turned the first sod here, and completed life in the valley, were Orville J. Dunlap, William W. Carruth, A. J. Wilson, Norman B. Thompson, Edward Vandegrift (Sr.), and Abel Gates. They are buried in the Austin Cemetery beside the road first cut by the wheels of their wagons, now Highway No. 58.

In March, 1874, my father and his brother, E. B. Needham and their families drove with ox team from Moingona, Iowa, to Clarks, Nebraska, where they intended homesteading, but they came west to Sherman County, filing under the Timber-Culture Act, on lands just beyond the valley, a mile east of Austin. They planted trees, plowed fire-break and met all first-year requirements. As it was not necessary to live on a Timber Claim, father returned to Iowa, resuming work as bookkeeper in a coal mine.

In August of that year the great swarms of grasshoppers appeared here, taking every green thing in two or three days, then passing on to new fields. Little trees were part of their spoils. Father supplied seeds and cuttings the next year and my uncle continued planting for him. Each year many little twigs succumbed to the weather or 'hopper harvest. In 1878 father brought his family to live on the claim, continued planting trees, and by 1884 had the required number of growing trees to secure his Patent.

Cottonwoods and poplars were most apt to grow on the prairie, but among those, disproving the thought trees could not grow beyond the valley, were many ash, maple, boxelder and a few black walnut.

In the Fall of '78 a large colony of Germans came from New York, advance agents being Jacob Albers and Frederick Erhmann. Men from Austin drove to Kearney to meet the first group who were accommodated in the homes in this vicinity until they could locate. They settled on the tablelands near Oak Creek, the vicinity now served by the town of Ashton. They built a sod school and church that year, and soon secured a post office called Wilhelmshoke. A few who could not adapt themselves to prairie life returned to New York but the most of them became a permanent part of the community.

Perhaps the greatest event in pioneer life, next to securing title to one's land, was the coming of the railroads. May 23, 1880, the O. & R. V. R. R., predecessor of U. P., opened a line from Grand Island to St. Paul (Howard County), which town then attracted marketing, being only about 30 miles from Loup City. May 30, 1886, service was opened to the Middle Loup Valley as far as Loup City. June 4th a barbeque and program celebrated the event, with rail officials present, and Gov. Dawes addressing the 5,000 people present.

October 31, 1887, the Burlington opened service across the county from the east as far as Loup City.

The produce daily moved by rail and motor truck through the county, tells the ultimate story of pioneer faith in the two basic resources, grasslands and fields. Development has marked time as agriculture lagged; after each lull a period of greater activity ensued.

STRENUOUS SEVENTIES**By Mrs. Jas. Ainscow, Sr.**

My deceased husband, James Ainscow, often mentioned the following incidents in regard to the early laundry industry.

What is known as the Evans Laundry, was started in a small frame building, on the present site at 11th and Douglas Street, in the year 1870. It's first owner was a woman, whose name is now forgotten. The equipment of this infant industry consisted of a few ordinary wash tubs. There was no city water at that time, and all water was secured from nearby cisterns and wells.

The business was quite successful and it was acquired later by Harry Wilkens, who built it up and installed machinery. The irons used were ordinary hand irons and were heated on a stove equipped with many shelves, from fifty to one-hundred irons being heated in this way. The laundry catered principally to men, hotels, etc., and was not patronized by private homes to any great extent.

At this period the business had increased so that it was necessary to have facilities for securing more water. This was done with a tank, mounted on a two wheeled cart, with one driver and two horses. The entire time of this driver was occupied in making trips to and from the river, where the new water supply was secured. The streets were not paved, and the water had to be carefully conserved until such time as it should be unfit for further use, when it was turned into the alleys, to run off as best it could, there being no sewers at the time. The water supply was handled in this manner until the early '80's, when the basis of the present water system was established.

The business continued to be operated by Mr. Wilkens, until 1882, when John H. Evans became associated with it, and it was operated by both of them until the death of Mr. Wilkens. During the early history of this particular laundry, it was known as the City Steam Laundry. By the com-

parison of the crude methods used in those days with the up-to-date equipment of present-day laundrys, one is able to form an idea of the progress made in this particular industry.

For instance, when two hundred shirts are put in a bin they are called a "load" and washed together and finished and delivered at the same time.

In the Seventies the shirts were dumped with other clothes in a bin and more washing thrown upon that, until the laundress was ready to wash when she began at the top and washed down so that the first shirt to go in was often the last to be washed.

This caused much trouble; I was told of one hostess who sent her husband's white shirt on a Monday one April in the 70's to be washed and insisted it be delivered Friday.

When Friday came, as there was no telephone and Douglas St., was so muddy that a sign was put up in a deep hole which said "No Bottom," Mrs. Blank appeared at the door wearing rubber boots to get the shirt and after a lively search it was found at the bottom of the bin still unwashed.

Mrs. B—— explained that John must have the garment to wear at her dinner party Saturday night and she watched it washed before she took her muddy way home to the Withnell Hotel at 16th and Harney Street. The next day the shirt was delivered by a boy who also wore rubber boots through the muddy streets.

In those days the J. J. Brown and Cruikshank's Stores kept a very fine brand of shirts, marked "E & W." It was a laundry joke that though only a few people could afford E & W, if a shirt was missing it was always an E & W shirt! The laundry workers began their work at six o'clock in the morning and worked till six at night and they were glad to do it.

Mrs. Jas. Ainscow, Jr. contributes the story that her grand father, Oliver Smith, had a contract to build a new Post Office in Fremont, Nebraska. The basement was dug when a change in Presidents was made and the incoming party said the Post Office should be built by a Democrat. For five months while the argument raged, Mr. Smith sat by his basement and his contract was finally confirmed and Mr. Smith collected \$5 a day for the five months.

Of such mettle were the founders of the state of Nebraska.

IMPRESSIONS OF OMAHA**By Anna V. Cornish Metcalf**

With my Father and Mother, Brother and Husband, I came to Omaha from Sidney, Iowa, in 1882. We found Omaha a thriving town of 50,000 people.

We stopped at the new Paxton Hotel, where we lived for four years.

Farnam street was paved with stones but most of the streets were muddy and unpaved. Boyds Theatre at 15th and Farnam street had just been opened and there was an "Academy of Music" with freaks, Wax Works and a German Band.

When we went for a drive it was out to Fort Omaha at four in the afternoon to see the troops parade and hear the band play. There was a horse car running out 24th street a little ways and to Hanscom Park, which had just been given by Andrew J. Hanscom to the city.

Byron Reed made a gift of a lot on 19th and Harney Street for a public library. The Creightons had just founded Creighton College and very soon after endowed St. Joseph's Hospital.

George Liniger built and maintained an art gallery open to the public at 19th and Davenport. The early citizens of Omaha who were many of them like ourselves, of Plymouth ancestry seemed to feel an obligation to the community in which they had prospered.

During the fifty-three years I have lived in Omaha many of her citizens have endowed their city by rich gifts.

My brother, Edward Joel Cornish, came to Omaha from the College and Law School of Iowa City, Iowa and eventually in 1892 he became Assistant City Attorney of Omaha, with W. J. Connell and as such had charge of most of the cases triable by jury for four years.

In the year 1896 he was appointed a member of the Park Board and moved his office from the Barker Block to the Park Office in the City Hall where he worked for the City Parks and boulevards for sixteen years - or until he moved to New York City to become President of the National Lead Company, a corporation of thirty five subsidiary companies in the United States and in Europe.

While he was Park Commissioner, the board wished to enhance the beauty of "Cut Off Lake" and make of it a park. The fifty thousand dollars necessary was not available with which to purchase the lake and land on the north; Mrs. Levi Carter heard of this and she offered to give this amount if they would name the Lake, "Levi Carter Lake Park" in memory of her deceased husband; her gift was accepted.

Mrs. Carter also gave ten thousand dollars each year for five years to enable the park commissioners to dredge the lake and fill in the land around it six feet and for the trees planted upon it.

Mrs. Carter and Mr. Cornish were married in July, 1909. Mr. Cornish has lately given one hundred and twenty acres on the south side of the park to be developed into recreation and sport grounds.

Mr. Cornish conceived the idea of linking the parks with boulevards and as city attorney condemned the property and designed the boulevards from Riverview Park to Hanscom then on to Curtis Turner Park, then to Bemis Park and on north to Miller Park, which he and Mr. W. R. Adams developed from a cornfield.

They bought a nursery from ex-Governor Furnas for trees for Miller Park and the boulevards; the trees planted cost the board but nine cents each, some 16,000 trees.

My brother Edward has a keen mind for business but he is also a dreamer and his greatest dream is coming true, of making Omaha a beautiful city of boulevards and parks.

Especially he desires Carter Lake Park to be a great center for sports and recreation. To this end are his gifts of over \$250,000 in land and money for its development.

When he visits Omaha he drives over the boulevard and park system and his eyes light up when he sees some special group of trees he planted when Park Commissioner.

The birch trees and the redbuds in Miller Park and the pin oaks in Elmwood are especially fine.

He was very glad to know of Dr. Harold Gifford's splendid gifts of one hundred acres along the east side of the river as well as on the west bank.

The gifts of Bemis Park, Mercer Park and Turner Park show the generosity of those families to Omaha.

Most recently the Joslyn Memorial is a grand endowment to Omaha. My brother Albert J. Cornish who settled in Lincoln, Nebraska in 1881 gave the community twenty-two years of service in the District Judge's office and later on the Supreme Court.

He died greatly beloved by his associates in 1920. His grandson Joel Cornish, age six, lives in the Cornish Apts. in Omaha and is the 8th in descent from Joel Cornish, who first came to Plymouth from Cornwall.

In my own love for my city, I have made a will, bequeathing my home at 1234 south 10th street to the Omaha Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, as a Chapter House and Museum and endowed it for its upkeep and preservation.

I have not space to mention all the gifts made to this city by her citizens, Jacob Hall, Joslyn Hall, Wattles Parish House and many others.

But in all my travels I have never found a city with a more generous public spirit than has Omaha. Many men and women gave of their time and strength which is of as great importance as the gifts of the well to do.

Soon after I came to the Paxton Hotel, I helped to organize a Tuesday Musical Club, which met, Oct. 4th, 1884, at the Max Meyer Music Hall. On Oct. 29th, 1884, we gave the first program. Clara McIntosh, Libbie Poppleton Shannon, Mrs. Jessie Crounse Hitchcock, Mrs. H. D. Whitmore, Mrs. Anna C. Metcalf, Miss Julia Officer, Co. Bluffs. They met twice a month. Presidents, 1st, Mrs. J. B. Buchanan, 2nd, Mrs. Judge Woodworth; 3rd, Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm; 4th, Mrs. Anna C. Metcalf.

In 1892, when the Omaha Womans Club was organized, I took the Tuesday Musical into the Club. The members who did not join the Woman's Club, reorganized as the Tuesday Musical which still is meeting and sponsoring fine music.

In 1907 I joined the Omaha Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution and every year I have given a musical for them in Oct. of each year in my home.

It makes me very happy to have been of some use in promoting the welfare of my home town, the City of Omaha.

NEWPORT, BROWN CO.**By Leta G. Kellogg**

Frank Gibson Kellogg, 1863-1931, was the first of this line in Nebraska. Omaha was his home after 1903 and he was in business at the Union Stock Yards.

Although my father's family had no part in the early history of Nebraska, my mother's family became vitally interested in the "West" when my grandfather, Aaron Russell Zink, in the spring of 1886 became so obsessed with the pioneer spirit that he left St. Joseph, Mo. and drove west searching for a desirable place to settle. He located about eight miles southwest of Newport, Brown County Nebraska, and later found so many Indian arrowheads in the neighborhood that he decided that the place must have once been the scene of an Indian battle.

My mother filed on a tree-claim in an adjoining township and a homestead near Pony Lake. She lived on the homestead long enough to absorb much of the pioneer spirit but after her marriage sold both pieces of property.

My uncle, F. M. Zink, left his home and business in Missouri in 1892 to make a new home at Newport because he had been suffering with asthma for some time and his father wrote him that the Nebraska climate would benefit him. His asthma was better for many years but he and his family lived through all of the hardships that pioneers in a community usually suffer including terrible prairie fires and blizzards as well as the struggle to keep his family clothed and fed and to educate his children. He started farming just in time for the disastrous crop years of 1893 and 1894 when even the pigs had to be killed because not enough grain was raised to feed them and the market was too low to pay freight to ship them. However, they learned to utilize the natural resources of the locality in building up the community and they now look back upon those years as among the happiest of their lives.

In the fall of 1886 Newport consisted of a general store, a blacksmith shop, one frame house that had been a farm home and was being enlarged for a hotel, a box-car housing railroad employees and a platform, about as long as a baggage car, on the tracks of the Fremont Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad which had only recently been constructed.

Everywhere was prairie, here and there a sod house, occasionally a little patch of sand cherries and, less frequently, a plum thicket and all so low that the view seemed just one grand sweep of waving grass with not even a road to break the line. One just started out in the direction desired and if his judgment was right he reached his destination—but it was easy to get lost. The scattered places where early settlers had broken ground and planted crops did not change the general effect of vast, sweeping prairie.

The sod houses were a striking example of the way in which these Nebraska pioneers made use of nature's provisions. The walls varied in thickness according to the size of the breaking plow used in plowing up the sod which was piled up layer upon layer until the walls were as high as desired. They were thick and kept out the heat in summer as well as the cold in winter. Nature also provided the plaster in the little alkali spots which here and there appeared. The alkali mud must be dug up immediately after a heavy rain and spread on the walls at once as it dried quickly and was as hard as a cement finish. Some even plastered the outside of the houses to prevent them crumbling away.

The fuel was also nature's offering—being hay or cow chips. Some people just pulled hay from the stacks, twisting it into a big rope as they pulled, coiling it around in a heap and chopping it off as needed. That was best done before the hay was very dry. Most everyone had a hay burner, a deep, oblong sheet iron receptacle that looked like a wash boiler. It was filled full of hay, packed tight, inverted over the fire box of the stove and the hay fed down very gradually - the lasting quality depending on the perfection in packing. Some kept a maul handy to pound it down but frequently it was the task of the boys to pack it down by jumping on it. The boys also had to go out with a stick and turn over the cow chips so they would dry on the under side before they were gathered up and hauled in for fuel.

In the nineties it took a whole day to make one round trip from the farm to Newport with a load of hay and many loads had to be used in filling the roads to keep them usable for heavy hauling. The roads now are the section lines, so well made that six round trips may be made in a day. Hay was the main crop in that part of the state and Newport became the largest hay shipping station in the world. That distinction still belongs to the county, which is now called Rock County, but Bassett now ships more hay than Newport.

Those early days had two terrors always threatening—blizzards and prairie fires. Try as they would with wide fireguards plowed and the greatest care, all around was the inflammable hay and the slightest spark carried destruction for miles. A rabbit or coyote would get its fur afire and race over the fire guards, or a blazing tumble weed might carry it to a new field. Many tales of such disasters come to my mind, but a comparatively recent one was a big prairie fire about 1922 when my cousin J. C. Zink was seriously burned in fighting the fire for two days.

Blizzards were so common and so severe that everyone kept a ball of binder twine handy so that if one had to leave the house during a storm he could tie the twine to the door-knob and let it out as he went. If he could not find his way back he re-wound the twine - which led him safely back to the house.

It was a happy time for all when the telephone reached them though it was simply strung on the barbed wire fences. When communication stopped someone rode along the fence until the broken wire was found and repaired—and all was well again.

Better roads and a means of communication with distant neighbors made the lives of these pioneers comparatively easy and attracted more settlers to the place. Newport is still a small town, having around five hundred inhabitants, but the hard pioneer days are a thing of the past and good roads, the telephone (not strung on fences), the radio and the good old Ford car have made them neighbors to all.

SETTLEMENT OF THE PLATTE VALLEY

Written by Mrs. James Cook Suttie

One never knows what question will next arise in the thoughts of a child. Many of the questions my sons ask are entirely out of the realm of my knowledge but I do always try to give the question honest consideration; and so it was not surprising to hear one of the boys ask recently "Where in all this world would you rather live, Mother?" It took but a moment of reflection to answer that Nebraska really seemed as desirable as any place in the wide world. Can I explain that feeling? I shall try.

I have never driven westward from Omaha and viewed the plains from that last row of hills that borders the Missouri River, that I have not wondered at the sensations those pioneer settlers, our Fathers and Mothers, must have felt, as they first beheld that view. They had left their eastern homes and now to West, somewhere out in those miles of waving grass land was a new home - what would it hold for them?

This summer as I accompanied my Father and Mother on a day's drive through Nebraska fields and orchards, lush with tall corn and shaded by large trees, we remarked on the beauty of the state. We were near that stately pioneer home, Arbor Lodge. Father said "It never looks as good to me as it looked when I first saw it without those trees, without those fields, just tall waving grass." And then he recalled how after driving their 150 head of cattle and their ox teams and covered wagons from Wisconsin, they crossed the Missouri on the ferry at Nebraska City, drove their cattle through the main street of town, and headed westward.

I grew up on history, local history of Nebraska. Every day of my childhood I listened to stories of the settlement of Lincoln and Dawson counties. I slept in a bed of native cedar made by the soldiers who had been stationed at Fort McPherson. We had many pieces of furniture made by them, for Grandfather had purchased furniture and build-

ings at Fort McPherson when he came to Nebraska. The Indians had recently been moved to the reservation and the soldiers were no longer needed as protection.

The first permanent settlement in Lincoln County was made at Cottonwood Springs in 1869. Of the travel on the trail past Cottonwood Springs it was said that from 700 to 1000 wagons commonly passed daily. Mrs. Charles McDonald counted 1900 wagons from 'sun to sun', one day. The Fort had been established in 1863 for protection of travelers. White men in the 60's and 70's slaughtered the last of the buffalo. Thus with the buffalo gone, the Indians under reservations and the country settled to Plum Creek (now Lexington), it was natural that in 1879 this rich Platte Valley between Plum Creek and North Platte began to be taken.

Joshua S. Peckham and sons arrived and filed on homesteads in what is now Peckham precinct.

Father and his brothers herded cattle in the hills just south of the valley in Gilman canyon. The canyons in these hills; Dan Smith, Tree, Gilman, Jeffry, Conroy, Snell, Cottonwood and Moran, are named for early ranchers. In Gilman Canyon (and I suppose the other canyons too), the buffalo trails are to this day plainly discernable. The "pockets" and canyons were abundant with trees; elm, cottonwood, ash, etc. Grass was shoulder high. Father dug a well for the cattle in this canyon. It was 125 feet deep. Dug by hand, he spent over a month working at it. At 75 feet he struck a layer of rock. This summer I saw him go over much of this ground, recalling where corner stakes were set, for these early settlers saw all the land surveyed.

1880 and 1881 saw a rush of homesteaders that took all the desirable land. In the year of 1886 the land office at North Platte had in round numbers 161,000 acres of homestead entries and 157,000 acres of timber culture entries.

The Mormon trail followed the Platte River through Nebraska on the north side of the river. The Overland trail on the south side of the river was used by other immigrants. The scars of this trail through the cornfields of the valley thrill me each time I cross it. But a word about those scars that tell the history of your country; those deep paths over the hills worn by buffalo; those depressions dug as shallow trenches by immigrants fighting Indians; those few early

posts made for rails through them instead of barbed wire, - are all unseen and unread unless one has been schooled in early history. Dr. Geo. Condra says of Nebraska "We have a wealth of early history to be proud of. Let us not shirk our duty in teaching our children to love their native state."

As grandfather's family camped near Sioux Lookout the night they filed their claims on their homesteads, father sampled the native fruits growing nearby. Others in the party said he might be poisoned, but he was sure they were good for food, and grandmother started preserving the native fruits, chokecherries, buffalo berries, and plums, the next Spring.

Those early settlers transplanted young native trees to their homesteads and Joshua Peckham, my grandfather, brought walnuts from Wisconsin as well as the first squirrels in that country. He kept a post office, Peckham post office, and the home of Uncle Josh and Aunt Ann was a sanctuary for many young men who later became progressive farmers in the community.

The towns of Cozad, Gothenburg, Brady and Maxwell grew up later with the development of the country. Of course the topography of the valley, the Union Pacific Railroad, and in more recent years the Lincoln Highway, are influential factors in the lives of all who have lived there.

This part of Nebraska did not produce politicians; instead it produced farmers and ranchmen loving the soil, owning the land, building schools and churches, - the best kind of citizens an agricultural state could wish.

EARLY DAYS AT DOANE COLLEGE

By May Bennett Avery (Mrs. Samuel)

The Avery family moved to Crete in order that the four boys might secure a college education, while living at home. The "Faith of the Fathers" was evidenced by this move for the college was a toddling infant of four years, when the change was made. The college land, the present beautiful campus, was rented and became a beautiful field of corn.

About 1870 Mr. Thomas Doane and Rev. Fred Alley had organized an academy at Crete, and in 1872 it was a going institution with a substantial building, which stood on the low ground in the south west part of Crete. The plan of the building was simple: two recitation rooms opened off the larger study-room; The second floor consisted of one room, an immense room to boyish eyes, where the services of the Congregational Church and Sunday School were regularly held. The lumber for this building was brought from Lincoln, by team, for the railroad had not reached Crete at that time.

In 1872, the Nebraska Congregationalists decided to organize and support a college, and Crete was selected for its location. The Academy property was turned over to the trustees of the College and the first year thirteen pupils were registered. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Doane and Rev. Mr. Alley for their wise guidance along material lines.

The expansion of the railroad interests caused Mr. Doane to be in Nebraska at this time. He was the Head Enginer of the Burlington Line in Nebraska. He already possessed a national reputation as the engineer who had put through the Hoosac Tunnel. He was also the pioneer in "compressed air construction" in this country. He persuaded the Railroad to deed the young college a section of land at Crete, when the college should have secured academic recognition, and be possessed of thirty thousand dollars worth of property.

The first college building was located on the hill east of Crete, and was paid for thru privation and sacrifice. Friends gave out of their poverty; Sunday-school children bought "bricks" in the new building; friends in the East considered it a missionary enterprise and donated to the cause, and in every possible way the money was raised. Merrill Hall, named for the early Superintendent of Home Missions in Nebraska, held the Chapel, dining room, recitation rooms, and dormitory for the girls.

When the ground was broken for Merrill Hall, the bigger boy, who held the plow, was Carroll G. Pearse, who became a well-known educator, and was president of The National Teachers Association when that organization was at the height of its influence. The younger boy, who drove the team, was Samuel Avery, later, for nearly nineteen years, chancellor of the University of Nebraska.

Boswell Observatory with its telescope, and other mysteries, was ready for use in 1881 and Gaylord Hall, then called Ladies Hall was completed in 1884 and provided dining room, chapel, and dormitory for the girls and women teachers.

Merrill Hall was now used for much needed recitation rooms, and sleeping rooms for the boys.

Gaylord Hall, at that time was considered quite complete. It was heated by steam, Merrill Hall had a stove in each room, and had gasoline gas for lighting. The girls had to go to the spring for their drinking water, but cistern water was piped to every floor. Crete had no water system at that time but the college was fortunate in having a large spring situated about three hundred feet from each building. Many meetings, accidental, no doubt, took place when a man and a maid became thirsty at the same moment.

In those early days, no young lady might have company nor accept the attentions of a man without permission from the Preceptress. Study hours for the girls began at eight o'clock every night, except Friday. Friday night was the only night open for social activities, which included the literary societies. Ten o'clock was supposed to find every girl in her room, before the bell ceased ringing. Not until many years later, after many petitions had been presented, did the Chapel bell ring later than ten o'clock.

The Blue River was a source of joy to the students, both summer and winter. Boats for two were in great demand on pleasant Saturdays. When the ice was safe, there was skating and in that auto-less age, coasting down the hill was full of thrills, both going down, and pulling the sled back up again, when there was snow.

It is worthy of note, that even in those primitive days the appreciation of the beautiful had its part at Doane. The location and form of its groves and groups of trees were the well thought-out plans of these early founders. Of late years, Nature has often received credit, due in part to these men.

This is a brief outline of the physiographic development of Early Doane. The Educational program went hand in hand with it. But, as Kipling would say, "That is another story."

EARLY DAYS OF ALLIANCE

Florence McKean Knight

Alliance has been called the Queen City of the Plains. It is a division point of the Burlington Railroad and was named and located by the Burlington officials who in building the railroad saw in the locality an obvious place for a thriving town. They bought the land themselves and formed what was known as the Lincoln Land Company. This land was laid out into lots and a lot sale for the new town was advertised. One could come to the sale from as far east as St. Louis for \$5.00.

The lot sale was the first event of real importance, the extensive advertising had brought one thousand people to the sale, some to buy and others to witness the auctioning of the lots. Alliance was to be the Metropolis of the West, so read the ads and one could not afford to miss so historic an event. Many who had expected to come, however, gave it up at the last moment when they saw it was to be a typical Western Nebraska day, with a heavy wind and the promise of a bad storm. Perhaps it is as well that they did not come for the settlers round about who were coming just for the excitement of the event had no money to buy lots and there was not food enough in the town for the crowd that they had. A dinner had been planned and advertised, the menu sounded well but alas, there was not enough roast beef and it was not well roasted and the apple pie somehow had no apples. The sale itself was a success, the lots sold much higher than was expected. Settlers with a little more money than their neighbors, who thought they might buy just a few lots for luck gave up the idea when they saw the four lots at the corner of Box Butte and Wyoming (now Third) all sell above \$1000 each. \$50,000 were sold within a few days. The sale had been on Febr. 15, 1888 and by March 1 all the desirable lots were taken, or so they thought.

Many were the "first" buildings of Alliance. No two whose memory we were trusting for facts seemed to agree about which building came first. At last Judge Tash solved the problem: "Why there wasn't any first," he said. "They

had all been camping over at Grand Lake (now the Fair Grounds) for days waiting for the sale of lots. Lumber was scattered everywhere and everyone was ready to start to build as soon as he could get a place to build on. On the day after the sale everyone began to build at once. There was such a racket that to hold a conversation one had to walk several blocks away. All summer the building went on and by fall the town was well started. Two thousand people were here and all had a home of a sort. Now how can we say who or which was first?"

Alliance had a hard time finding a satisfactory name. First it was called Grand Lake but when that name was sent in to the Post Office department they objected because it sounded too much like Grand Island, Nebraska. Previous to this Broncho Lake had been considered but was objected to by the department in fact the Grand Lake was a compromise name being suggested to take the place of the too western name Broncho. (We still call it Broncho Lake out by the Country Club and it so called on the maps). Finally the Burlington officials choose the name Alliance because it was the meeting place of two branches of the Burlington. Even that is not entirely satisfactory as mail is often sent to Alliance, Ohio, a larger town of the same name.

Before Alliance was started there were two thriving towns in the county, Nonpareil (named by a newspaper man after a kind of printers type, the word meaning unequal and he said there was nothing like this country) and Hemingford. These rival towns had been competing for several years, but when the new town of Alliance was started many came on down to the new town. Dr. Knight had bought the second lot sold in Alliance. He was a physician who preferred banking and who foresaw in the new town a larger opportunity. Like many others he had his house put on wheels and brought to Alliance. He lived in the house en-route, the trip taking three days. He had lived in Nonpareil and had his bank there well started-he merely continued the bank in the new location fifteen miles distant.

Alliance was settled long before the lot sale but with a very different kind of inhabitant. There were prairie dogs here by the thousand and the women who came to the new town were not the type of pioneer who came overland in covered wagon; they were women used to the comforts of the eastern localities and had come by train bringing their

treasures with them. One day Mrs. Gilman was baking pies and as frequently happens when the pie is juicy and the oven hot, the pie ran over and in burning filled her house with smoke. She was trying to get the smoke out of the house when in rushed her neighbor Mrs. Knight saying she had no fire at all and her house was full of smoke. The prairie dogs had a net work of under ground homes, one had evidently tunneled from one house to the other and the suction was carrying the smoke, chimney manner, from one house to the other.

The county seat was long a matter of argument and uncertainty. It was first located at Nonpareil; then at Hemingford and finally moved to Alliance. The move to Alliance was unusual - not so much the changing of the county seat as the fact that it was decided to move the court house also. Many of the Hemingford settlers had moved to Alliance bringing their houses with them but the court house was a large two story square building and the towns were twenty-one miles apart. The court house was finally placed on a box car and brought to Alliance by the railroad - an unprecedented circumstance. The photograph of the court house on a flat car being moved by train was in newspapers all over the country and a large profit was made from the souvenir spoons showing the house on the train.

The D. A. R. Sod House Museum at the City Park in Alliance is collecting and preserving photographs and souvenirs of early events and history. The sod house itself gives an idea of pioneer homes and is filled with the keepsakes that those homes treasured.

THE TUESDAY MUSICAL CLUB OF OMAHA**Mrs. Charles M. Wilhelm**

It was the good fortune of Omaha in the year 1892 to have in their midst, four musically enthusiastic women who met regularly for mutual pleasure and improvement in the practice of two piano pieces: Mrs. Gilbert M. Hitchcock, Mrs. James H. McIntosh, Mrs. Harry P. Whitmore and Mrs. John Ross Buchanan, the group meeting with Mrs. Hitchcock. Mrs. Hitchcock's two sisters, the Misses Gretchen and Marie Counse, who played respectively the piano and violin, occasionally joined them in an informal program, and gradually other interested students were invited to contribute numbers. Thus was formed a plan for permanent programs. At a meeting at the residence of Mrs. Arthur Crittenden Smith in February 1893, at the suggestion of Mrs. Smith, the name "The Tuesday Morning Musical Club" was adopted. It was primarily a study club, members in turn having charge of the bi-weekly programs which were generally given to one composer. There were no officers and no professional members, and meetings were held at the homes of the different members. It is to be regretted that there were no printed programs until 1899, as some of the very best were given previous to that time. In addition to the four originators, there were present on that day at Mrs. Smith's:

Mrs. Arthur Crittenden Smith

Miss Eugenie Kountze (now Mrs. Meredith Nicholson)

Miss Anna Bishop

Mrs. Myron Learned

Miss Helen Millard

There are fond memories of meetings held in the Cudahy, Kountze, Poppleton, Nash, Smith, Millard, Daugherty and Joslyn homes, the latter with its beautiful music room and great organ: There were "President Day" receptions too in those days - Occasionally a professional artist was engaged and the concert held in the Fontenelle Hotel or one of the theatres. During all this time, the local music teach-

ers and professionals gave generous support, as the programs testify, with time and talent. Among many others were the following:

Mrs. Douglas Welpton
Miss Marie Munchoff
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas J. Kelly
Mr. & Mrs. August Mothe
Borglum
Mr. & Mrs. Henry Cox
Mr. Joseph Gahm
Miss Bella Robinson
Mrs. Louise Jansen Wylie

Miss Corrine Paulson
(now Mrs. Thorsen)
Madame Muentefering
Max Landow
Mr. Simms
Mrs. Edith L. Wagoner
Mr. Jean Duffield
Mr. Frank Wilschek

In 1909 the Club attained the dignity of a Year Book. Mrs. Myron Learned planned the cover and presented to the Club, the beautiful emblem which has been in constant use since that time. The contents of the book compiled by Mrs. Wilhelm, consisted of the list of members, a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws, copies of programs given the preceding year and a prospectus of the coming year.

About this time, 1914-1915, some of the members who were in touch with other musical organizations, became convinced that the Tuesday Musical Club was worthy of becoming one of the civic assets of Omaha. After due investigation and some agitation the matter was presented to the Club and at a never-to-be-forgotten meeting at Miss Jessie Millard's house, April 5, 1915, a new Constitution was adopted giving the Club the privilege of an unlimited membership, of engaging outstanding artists and of holding all concerts in the Boyd and Brandeis Theatres. The name was changed to "The Tuesday Musical Club." The club had more courage than funds but the public immediately indorsed the undertaking and it became a success musically and financially.

In 1916, at the suggestion of Mrs. R. Beecher Howell, a membership for all students accredited by teachers, was put into effect. In 1919, Mrs. Howell, who was then president, proposed that the Club should become a Corporate body, and accordingly, this was done on March 14, 1919.

In 1923, under the chairmanship of Mrs. C. W. Axtell, the membership rose to 1,267. The only regular income of the Tuesday Musical Club, is that from the sale of member-

ships which has ranged in price from Two Dollars for students to Seven Dollars and a Half for Associate members, for the complete course. This sum is augmented by single admissions from non-members at the various concerts.

The Tuesday Club fills a need which cannot be supplied by a money-making organization. Four to five concerts are given yearly and since its reorganization, the Club has brought nearly all of the great artists who have appeared in America. The concerts are now held in the beautiful Joslyn Memoria.l

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

By Vera Wattles Kirkpatrick

The Columbian Exposition was over in Chicago. The depression which followed the panic of 1893 had brought financial losses to many. Crop failures for two years had left the people of Omaha and of the state of Nebraska in a discouraged condition, and they felt the outlook was very dark. So it was indeed a courageous group of men who proposed to hold an exposition of the products of the states west of the Mississippi River. At a meeting of the Trans-Mississippi Congress which met in Omaha in November of 1895, William Jennings Bryan sponsored a resolution favoring this Exposition, and proposed that it be held in Omaha in 1898.

The task was a most difficult one, and many were the obstacles to be overcome, and great were the discouragements. Some thought the attempt to hold such an Exposition was utter folly, but the men back of the movement, by their zeal and enthusiasm, made rapid progress, and soon were joined by others to help in the work of making it a success. Congress gave its approval and appropriated money for a beautiful building and exhibit. They sent an Indian exhibit that was splendid, with every tribe in the country represented.

By the fall of 1896, the subscriptions from Omaha business men reached \$300,000, and permanent officers were elected, Gurdon W. Wattles, President, Alvin Saunders, Vice President, Herman Kountze, Treasurer, C. S. Montgomery, General Council, and a board of fifty of the prominent business men of Omaha as directors.

Luther Stieringer of New York was engaged to supervise the lighting and Rudolph Ulrich was the landscape artist. Thos. R. Kimball saw that the cost of every building was kept below the estimate. Of necessity, economy was the watchword, and it was only because every expenditure was carefully considered and every estimate cut down, that the management was able to prepare the grounds and build

the necessary buildings with the meager funds at their disposal. And while the Exposition was not a large one as compared to others, yet in harmony of design, in completeness of detail and sheer beauty, it would be hard to surpass. Because of the depression and consequent unemployment, the management was able to secure both men and materials at moderate prices.

The Cornerstone of the Arch of States was laid on Arbor Day, April 22, 1897, and building progressed rapidly. Mr. Wattles had visited many capitols and asked for the co-operation of the States, and as a result thirty-one states made exhibits, and many put up beautiful buildings. There were also many splendid displays from countries all over the world, art, commerce, agriculture, exhibits of all kinds.

Special celebrations were held on State days, and the Governors, Senators, Congressmen and distinguished men of the state and country were guests of the Exposition. President McKinley and two special trains came from Washington for "Peace Jubilee Day," in celebration of our victory in the Spanish-American War.

The beauty of the grounds and buildings, the attractiveness of the exhibits, the many literary and musical events all added to the success of the adventure. Then too, the Exposition was a success financially and showed to the world the marvelous resources of the Great West.

The success of any Exposition depends very largely on the men and women of the city wherein it is held and the Trans-Mississippi was no exception for the women of Omaha were marvelous in their support of the project.

The Exposition was of incalculable benefit to the state and to the city of Omaha as it awakened the people to new life and gave them a greater faith in the future by uniting them in a great and successful enterprise. It strengthened their faith in themselves, in their State and in the Great West.

EDITORS NOTE:

AK-SAR-BEN

It may be mentioned that the same men who labored for the success of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition were the far seeing spirits who organized and supported the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Out of the romance of Nebraska's early history comes the story of Coronado, Grandee of Spain, who in 1541 visited this region in search of the rich Kingdom of Quivera where were the seven cities of Cibola, by the broad rivers of plenty, a promised land of peace and abundance.

While Coronado and his Conquistadors returned to their Spanish realm of Mexico without having found the fabulous wealth they sought, the story of the fat black land of Nebraska persisted for nearly four hundred years until it became the basis of a vision seen by the Knights of King Ak-Sar-Ben.

Following their great leaders, the business men of Omaha, with King Ak-Sar-Ben, set up a court of Knights and Ladies in the nineties, which for over forty years has held its October celebrations in Omaha.

At first they met in the Colosseum at 20th and Willis St. for Den shows. There Gus Renze planned floats which carried first the Spanish figures of Knights and explorers.

Later Mr. Renze gave many Historical pageants to the thousands who thronged the streets waiting to watch the parade. The floats, twenty in number, came into view led by the twelve white clad Knights, the Board of Governors, mounted on white horses, with gorgeous trappings.

The trappers, the soldiers, the pioneers and the Indians were celebrated in the colorful pageants, for over forty years by the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben.

The institution has a place of its own in the Kingdom of Quivera in uniting the people of the realm in sturdy effort in all the fields of endeavor.

After the burning of the Coliseum a new Ak-Sar-Ben building was constructed at Ak-Sar-Ben field where the great ball is held each October and a new King and Queen of Quivera is crowned amid the cheers of the assembled Knights and Ladies.

The field and buildings are used for races, stock shows, flower shows and horse shows, thus filling an important place in the life of the state.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RANCHING COUNTRY**By Mrs. Frederick W. Clark**

In the spring of the year 1900, my husband went to Harrison, Sioux Co., Nebraska, the most northern town in the state and made arrangements to have our home there. As our furniture had been sent on and a house bought in which it was installed before my arrival with my two little children, the way was made very smooth for me.

From our old home we traveled in a Pullman car to Crawford, Nebr. where early in the morning we changed cars, riding in a caboose the remaining twenty-eight miles we had to go to Harrison.

The caboose was attached to a freight train, as there was then no passenger train on that line. On the way the train was stopped while some of the crew unloaded a flat car of gravel and the engineer and fireman went fishing in the White River at that point.

It was toward noon when we reached our destination on that beautiful day, June 18th. My husband met us at the depot and after dinner a team was driven to the house and we were taken for a drive to Monroe Canyon, north of the town where the scenery is the most beautiful in the state. Wild roses bloomed in profusion through the Canyon and a little trout-stream trickled by the side of the road - I felt that my path was indeed one of roses - There were several Canyons similar to this one, a short distance north of town.

The town was flat and unattractive with scarcely a tree in the whole place. There were no sidewalks excepting on the main street and it was a typical cow-town of that ranch country. Sioux Co. was then entirely a cattle country with large ranches which were not fenced, cattle running at large on government land.

A few years later the "Kincaid Bill" was passed allowing settlers to "Homestead" additional land and many people took advantage of this. Our bank was the only one in the country, one of the largest counties in area in the state and customers came one hundred miles or more to do business.

A great deal was done by correspondence, some of the ranchers not coming to town more than once a year. There was much of interest connected with the big cattle raising industry for a tender-foot. The cattle all had to be branded as they ran at large. It was interesting to see the cow-boys rope and throw the calves and brand them, at stated times there were the big round-ups, the cattle were sorted out of the herds, driven to town and loaded on the cars for Omaha.

I soon learned that our large ice-box was of no account as no ice was to be bought, but we had a cave connected with the house which was the best part of the place, keeping milk and food in good shape winter and summer. There was no meat market, but the trout streams were not far distant and we had grouse, wild ducks, antelope, venison, etc., many of these delicacies brought to us as presents.

The only water was the well in the center of the town. This well was 300 feet deep and said to be the finest water in the world. We had, as did a few others, a cistern and the water was hauled in a tank wagon to it. A bucket was tied to a rope, flung in the cistern and water drawn up.

My sister came out from Chicago, our old home, to celebrate our first "Fourth" with us. This celebration was at Lusk, Wyoming, the next town west of us. A barbecue with every thing free, was a novelty to me.

One wondered from the scarcity of houses where the large crowd of people came from. We enjoyed the trip into the country, especially our visits with Col. and Mrs. C. F. Coffee at their Hat-Creek Valley Ranch, with Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Cook was another of our pleasures. The famous fossil quarries are on this Ranch.

We had to get an early start to drive the thirty miles across country in time for dinner. In 1907 they were one day, indeed astonished when we drove down in our automobile, the first one that had ever been there.

We often drove many miles without meeting any one, but when a team of horses approached we would drive to the side of the road, and stop our engine, not wanting to frighten the horses. We frequently had to dig our way out of the deep ruts in the sandy soil with the spade we always carried with us.

A band of Sioux Indians from Pine Ridge Agency passed through town and camped nearby over night on their way to visit friends in Wyoming, the Arapahoes and Shoshones, that first summer. Our children learned to ride bare-back on a pony bought from a Sioux.

Bishop Graves, missionary, Bishop of western Nebraska, visited us every year or two, and the Rector of the Church at Chadron, sixty miles east came at intervals and held services, often at our house.

In recalling these times of 35 years ago, it seems that we remembered only the pleasant side of the life. Our winters were some times severe but on account of the altitude we didn't feel the wind; dust and hail storms were more frequent than, I'd have chosen. Stray rattlesnake sometimes found its way into our yard, and the howl of the coyotes at night reminded me that I was in the sparsely settled country.

It is said that a greater variety of wild grasses, flowers and birds are to be seen in Sioux County than in any other point of the United States.

Harrison has an elevation of 5,000 feet and it seems to me that there is no place where the air is quite so fine and exhilarating.

**UNITED STATES AIR MAIL FIELD
North Platte, Nebr.**

By Harry A. Dixon

In the Spring of 1920, Mr. A. Dumphey, a representative of the United States Postal Department, appeared before the Chamber of Commerce at North Platte and explained that the government proposed the establishment of a trans-country air mail service through North Platte which would require a suitable landing field.

His proposition was that the business people of North Platte form a corporation for the purpose of providing a landing field and equipment. Accordingly, the North Platte Air Terminal Company was formed and stock to the amount of \$15,000 was sold to the business people of North Platte. Immediately, several proposed sites were inspected and the final selection was the present landing field, two miles east of the city, at a point where the Lincoln Highway crosses the North Platte river. This was selected by reason of its adaptability for landing purposes and for its fine location; it being near the Union Pacific railroad, near the junction of the north and south Platte rivers and near to the city of North Platte.

This field was leased by the North Platte Air Terminal Co., for a period of ten years with an option to purchase within a period of the lease.

A large hangar, storage tanks for gasoline and oil, together with the necessary pumps, heating apparatus and an electric line to the field were completed early in the fall. The federal government immediately established wireless telegraphic communications, with an office at the field.

Regular air mail service was established in October, 1920 and has been maintained to this date. In 1928 the Boeing Co. contracted with the U. S. Postal Dept. to carry the mail, and in 1930 the city of North Platte exercised the right of the North Platte Air Terminal Company to pur-

chase the airfield and in turn leased it to the Boeing Co. for a period of 50 years. The Boeing Company, thereupon proceeded to erect another large hangar at the field, constructed of brick and steel, together with depot facilities and office quarters.

There are, at this writing, four regular passenger planes each way per day and one passenger and mail plane each way per day. Many extra planes avail themselves of the landing privileges during rush seasons. Some of these being private local planes and other planes from various parts of the country.



JOSLYN MEMORIAL

Written at the request of Mrs. John W. Griffith
by Dr. Paul Grumann

After the death of Mr. George A. Joslyn, Mrs. Joslyn devoted much thought to the idea of a satisfactory memorial. She carefully considered various plans, with the advice of friends, notably Messrs. John and Alan McDonald, who had for years been the architects of the Joslyn interests. Her original idea was to erect a large municipal music hall, but in time this plan was extended to include other cultural interests. After a careful survey of the leading art museums in America, the architects outlined a number of plans, and finally the very impressive structure located at 22nd and Dodge Streets was evolved.

Much deserved praise has come to the donor and to the architects for the quality of this building. It is the result of almost ideal co-operation between them. The style of the Joslyn Memorial is severely simple, following in the main Egyptian lines of architecture, and this simplicity is made more effective by the material used, which is pink Georgia

marble. The great portico at the east entrance has been skilfully planned to harmonize with the extensive flat walls of the exterior. The interior follows Roman and Spanish trends, but the styles are blended in such a way that a most satisfactory unity results. Thirty-eight varieties of marble are used in the interior, and here again the combining has been so skilfully done that there are no jarring elements. An impressive atrium, a delightful floral court, ten art galleries, an auditorium, lecture hall, library, office section, and matchless marble corridors constitute the interior.

Mrs. Joslyn appointed a Board of Trustees consisting of Mr. Charles F. Harding, Mr. Herbert H. Fish, Mr. John McDonald, Mr. Coit L. Farnsworth, Judge William Redick, and Mr. Charles W. Russell. When Mr. Fish resigned because of his removal to New York City, Mr. Alexander H. Richardson was appointed to his place. An organization to be known as the Society of Liberal Arts was formed to take charge of the new institution. The Board of Trustees appointed Mr. Paul H. Grummann, who had organized and developed the School of Fine Arts at the University of Nebraska, as Director of the Memorial, and Mr. Coit L. Farnsworth was appointed Secretary and Treasurer.

The new venture at once received the hearty cooperation of Omaha citizens. The Art Institute, which for years had guided the art interests of Omaha, dissolved and turned over its collections and assets to the Society of Liberal Arts. Paintings which had been purchased by the Friends of Art, another art group, became the property of the new organization. Mrs. Jessie Barton Christiancy, a former resident of this city, donated the valuable Guy Barton collection of paintings and art objects. Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Dietz made an indefinite loan of a large collection of paintings and art objects. Mrs. William Newton presented an interesting group of textiles and art objects, and Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Jonas contributed a collection of Mediterranean glass. These gifts enabled the new museum to install six galleries of a more or less permanent nature. In the remaining four galleries temporary exhibits have been housed. One of them is set aside for the artists of Nebraska and Iowa. Each fall the society invites the artists of these two states to submit paintings in an annual competition exhibited in December. At the close of this general exhibition a limited number of paintings are selected for exhibition throughout the remainder of the year. From time to time privately

owned paintings are shown, in order to give the public some idea of the art being purchased by Omaha citizens. Traveling exhibitions are also booked through the American Federation of Arts, the College Art Association, the Western Association of Art Museum Directors, and through art dealers. From time to time there are also exhibitions of textiles in the galleries. A very notable collection of eastern textiles has been loaned indefinitely by Miss Helen Seymour, of Washington, D. C.

One very interesting section of the building is devoted to the library. This is for the use of members of the Society but other individuals may secure the privilege of using it upon the recommendation of members. The library section is provided with cork walls, upon which etchings and prints are displayed. One room is set aside for the Omaha Camera Club, which displays collections of photographs throughout the year.

When the Joslyn Memorial was erected, Mrs. Joslyn gave the Acolian organ which had been installed in her residence, to the institution. It was augmented considerably in order to make it adequate for the large concert hall, and was equipped with a Duo-Art reproducing mechanism. Daily at 12:15 and at 3:30 a program of reproductions is played, and every Sunday at 4 o'clock a recital is given by a competent artist. At 4:30 every Sunday there is an address on some cultural subject in the lecture hall. From time to time recitals by advanced students and artists are also scheduled for the lecture room on Sunday afternoons. The Memorial is open from 7:30 to 9:30 P. M. on the third Friday of each month, and moving pictures of art processes and musical attractions are featured on those occasions. In addition, the Society books lectures on art, music, and literature. Exhibitions of craft work and demonstrations of art processes are also sponsored. During the first year, all of the concerts of the Omaha Symphony Orchestra were presented in the Memorial. The Artists Series of the Tuesday Musical Club is conducted each year in the concert hall, and the Omaha Drama League is planning similarly to utilize the building.

The Society of Liberal Arts extends a cordial welcome to visitors. The docents who are present in the galleries are always most willing to give assistance. Clubs and groups may make arrangements for special guide service by addressing the Director.

THE HOME AND THE VIRTUES

By The National Congress of Parents and Teachers

The home is the oldest unit of civilization. In it the mothers of ancient China taught their children politeness and obedience. In the home during the golden age of Greece, Athenians practised wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice. Christian parents have taught faith, hope, and love. Modern life magnifies industry, service, and cooperation. In these twelve virtues are the dreams of countless generations of the finest men and women the race has produced. These ideals represent a cumulated wealth far beyond our material heritage. That they shall be kept bright in the lives of each new generation is the concern of all good people. The one institution that may most naturally build these virtues into attitudes and habits is the home. Let us cherish and strengthen it. At heart the home is a spiritual unit—a glowing fire of goodwill and mutual helpfulness. The worthy home guards its income and expenditure; strives for efficient material equipment and daily routine; maintains a stimulating mental life; seeks beauty; cultivates fine companionship; fosters meditation and repose; develops the best side of each of its members. Be proud of your home. Give it the best you have. Honor thy father and thy mother.

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THE NATIONAL SOCIETY
of
FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS
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NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS
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Mrs. George F. Crane (Angelina Smith Pickering)
Died May 13, 1923, Lincoln, Nebr.

*Mrs. J. J. Stubbs (Gertrude Irene Gear)
Died Mar. 22, 1924, Omaha, Nebr.

Miss Lucy Garrison Green
Died Oct. 6, 1924, Lincoln, Nebr.

Mrs. Edward Becker (Mary Ann Waite)
Died Nov. 20, 1924, Omaha, Nebr.

*Mrs. Sarah Carissima Green Burt
Died Febr., 6, 1925, Orange, N. J.

Mrs. George C. Winterson (Jennie Day)
Died Mar. 1, 1925, Omaha, Nebr.

Mrs. George W. Carr (Hannah Jane Everhart)
Died Dec. 3, 1925, Grand Island, Nebr.

*‡Mrs. Edgar Allen (Bertha Devin)
Died Jan. 24, 1926, Omaha, Nebr.

Mrs. Daniel W. Cahill (Anna Marie Todd)
Died Sept. 29, 1927, Omaha, Nebr.

Mrs. W. O. Whitcomb (Caroline Mehitable Paddock)
Died Jan. 20, 1929, La Junta, Colo.

Mrs. James R. Adams (Sara Stevens)
Died Febr. 5, 1929, Omaha, Nebr.

Mrs. Chas. F. De Somber (Wilda White)
Died Sept. 15, 1930, Lincoln, Nebr.

**Mrs. A. J. Bingham (Florence Case)
Died May 30, 1932, Abilene, Kans.

Mrs. Martin Ballard (Sarah D. Strong)
Died April, 1935, Blair, Nebr.

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